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JOANNA OF ARAGON

FROM A PAINTING BY RAPHAEL IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS

The Bookshelf for Boys and Girls

Prepared under the Supervision of
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VOLUME IV

Pictures, Stories, and Music

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A Word to Parents about this Volume

PICTURES, STORIES, AND MUSIC

THE IDEA that one can get along without some understanding of art and music is rapidly becoming obsolete. People are beginning to realize that something vital is missing from their lives when they turn a deaf ear to music and a blind eye to painting or sculpture. Indeed, it is no longer *possible* to ignore these arts since radio and television now bring good music into the remotest of America's homes, and more and more communities are giving their people the opportunity to see and study fine painting. More and more people, therefore, are trying to get an understanding of what real music-lovers and art-appreciators find so inspiring about these arts.

Educators especially have come to see that an understanding (and therefore an appreciation) of music and art do much more to enrich the mind, satisfy the emotions, and stimulate creative ability in children than the so-called "practical" subjects. That is why courses in music and in art appreciation are now being taught in good schools everywhere, right along with the three R's. The results have been gratifying indeed. The students have profited not only in gaining a better understanding of art and music, but their horizons have been broadened and their perceptions sharpened in *all* fields.

Now, naturally, some children take more readily than others to instruction in music and art when they go to school. It all depends on the kind of home they come from. If there is no art and no music in their homes, their *natural* interest in them will be lost before their school-days, and it will be more difficult for their teachers to arouse it again.

The present volume is designed to keep the child's natural interest in art and in music satisfied and stimulated. It does so, in the art section, not by "lessons" but by what interests a young child most—*stories*. Looking at a picture, a child will want to know, "What does the painter mean to say?" or "Who *was* this princess?" or "Why are those horses prancing like that?" or "Who painted that picture, and what kind of life did he live that caused him to look at things that way?"

Such questions are answered, in this book, by means of stories about the pictures and about the painters who painted them. By the time the child has read the stories, *as stories*, he has absorbed a good deal of important information about some of the world's masterpieces of art. He has become familiar with them, he understands something of what they mean, and the names of such great artists as Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Raphael, Tintoretto, Turner, Van Dyck, Velasquez, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Murillo, Millet, and the others are more than merely names to him.

INTRODUCTION

In this sense, however, all the pictures in this volume are not great masterpieces of art. Some are merely photographs or drawings of famous scenes, famous persons, events in history, places in geography. But all of them have been chosen with a thought of what would best attract a child's interest. The descriptive stories accompanying the pictures will fix essential information concerning them firmly in the child's mind.

The latter part of the volume is devoted to music. Here, as in the art section, the approach is easy and begins with simple nursery songs for the youngest children. There are well-selected children's songs with piano accompaniment, music for games and dances. And there is page after page of lullabies, hymns, patriotic songs, (including the Canadian), and many of the good old favorites for group singing.

As our children become familiar with good pictures and good songs from their earliest years, in their own homes, they will have a fine background for a better understanding of art and music at school and for a richer appreciation of beauty throughout their lives.

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IF YOU were asked to pick some of the prettiest pictures in the whole world to have for your very own—what ones would you choose?

I think *I* know. You would want pictures about other little boys and girls, and their pets, and their homes. You would like pictures of farms and farm animals. You would also want—oh, lots of things, if you knew what the pictures were all about. That is just another way of saying that you like pictures with *stories*.

Well, here they are for you—the pictures and the stories, too. Just turn the pages and they will look out at you, like old friends. There's a beautiful picture of horses going to a fair. Aren't they splendid fellows! Further along you will find pictures of sheep and cattle—then more horses. There are dogs, too—puppies and big dogs—one of them so big and strong that he saved a little girl's life. You will love that story.

Then, there are pictures of children—some of them not so big as you. Look at that lovely one of the little girl reading aloud to her grandmother; or the child in the white frock and hat playing with the puppies; or the one carrying home the loaf of bread that is almost as large as she is; or the Spanish princess of the long ago; or the children chasing the geese; or, ever so many more! We have tried to tell you all about them, as you go along, so that you will soon know and love them like old friends.

For a good picture *is* a friend, whose memory you may carry with you all your life long. The pictures on your walls at home will be a part of your memory of that home—just like your mother's face.

The pictures here chosen for you have been painted by famous men, some of whom lived a long, long time ago. Their canvases, as the original pictures are called, have been bought for large sums of money and hung upon the walls of public museums; and people go a long way to see them. The copies of these famous pictures, in this book, will give you a fine idea of what the big canvases look like, so that a little later, when you grow up, you can see them for yourself, and then they will indeed be old friends.

But I know that you are waiting impatiently to turn the pages—so let's go!



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

ROMAN GIRL AT A FOUNTAIN

BY LÉON BONNAT

How good a drink of water does taste on a hot day! Over in Italy where the sun beats down fiercely at noontime the public drinking fountains are a godsend. The cool water is piped from the hills

outside the city and trickles and splashes invitingly from the stone spouts.

As the little girl tiptoes up to reach it, note her look of delight. We can almost hear her long-drawn-out "Ah!" as the life-giving stream hits her eager, open lips. Water is indeed one of the best gifts of God to man.

There are still other things to be noted in this pleasant little picture, if we only look for them. Isn't the girl's costume pretty? We might think it gay over here—all this sharp contrast of colors. But the black-eyed Roman lass looks charming, and even her bare feet are in keeping with her dress. She seems a great deal more comfortable than if she had on shoes or even slippers. Back in the old days of the Roman Empire, centuries ago, even grown folks went barefooted, or at best wore sandals, and many people living to-day along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea still dress that way.

Another thing to notice in the picture is the heavy stone fountain with its graceful urn shape.

The Romans built many things of stone which have lasted for centuries and still arouse our admiration for their beauty. Fine examples of this ancient art still exist, to show us how the people lived in those days. They bring us a worth-while message from the past—it is, as the English poet Keats happily says: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty."



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE HORSE FAIR

BY ROSA BONHEUR

THIS is one of the most famous pictures in the world. Thousands of homes have copies of it hung on the walls. Why is it so well liked? Just because it is so real. You can almost see the horses jumping and kicking and pulling to get away.

They are coming in to the horse market, where folks come to buy horses to help them in their work, so the animals brought there are only the very best.

The men are trotting them round to show how fine they are. The whole scene is full of life, color, and action. Right in the middle there are magnificent horses, brown and sorrel and gray; so lively are they that one of them has almost pulled the groom off his feet. It is very hard to keep them in order, for they have no bridles or saddles, just ropes to guide and control them.

This great picture was painted by a

French woman called Rosa Bonheur—a very pretty name, for it means Rose Happyone, and that's just what she was. She was very poor when she was a little girl living out in the country; but she made the best of what she saw and just loved horses and dogs and chickens and cows. She knew them so well that when she painted them, everybody praised her pictures. She used to go out among horses in the barns and fields, and even climbed ladders to get a good view of them capering and jumping around.

When Rose Bonheur grew older, she kept all sorts of animals, even lions, at her home; these she studied and made many fine pictures, but none finer than this one. It shows the horses almost life size, so when you see it you will almost think you have come to a real horse fair, and you wait to hear the horses whinny and neigh—it is all so lifelike.



From a Thistle-print.

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INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE

BY JOSEF ISRAELS

HERE we are peeping through the open door of a Dutch cottage and seeing a simple, homely scene such as lives in the memory. The baby lies in its wooden cradle, in that blissful state halfway between sleeping and waking, while the patient mother stitches away at another little garment for her child.

The morning sun shines in at the open window, and somewhere outside the father is at his daily task. Perchance he is a farmer working on the rich soil behind the dikes. Perchance a dairyman selling his milk, butter, and cheese. Or, he may be a fisherman out in his dory.

He will not return home until sunset,

for they are busy people over in Holland.

Meanwhile, the mother at home is never idle. She must tend the house, cook the meals, make the garments, and do many other things.

Note the furniture in this Dutch cottage. Nearly everything is of wood. There is the huge wooden shutter, the solid mantel, the square table, the spindle chair.

Back of the mother and her child is a great, yawning fireplace. We cannot see much of it, as it is in shadow, but we know what it looks like, as every Dutch home has one. There is a swinging crane for pots and kettles on one side, and a Dutch oven on the other.



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

GRANDMOTHER'S TREASURE

BY JOSEF ISRAELS

WHAT a happy and pleasant picture this is! The gentle old grandmother, who leans back in her armchair, all comfortable with pillows, is listening to the little girl read to her. How glad she is that she has such a dear grandchild to cheer her up. Indeed, she *is* a treasure! You can see that she is reading very carefully; she is so proud that now she can read stories from the big book. It is pleasant to read them to grandmother, for she smiles and nods; they both enjoy sitting there. The sun is happy, too, for it shines brightly in through the window, just touches the grandmother's cap, and comes right over

to the little girl, where she sits on her stool. Do you see the tiles on both sides of the fireplace? Don't they look interesting? It would be fun to go close and look at the pictures on them. There is one that looks like a windmill! You'd like to look at the fireplace, too. See the chain hanging in the middle. On the big hook at the end of it is hung the pot in which the dinner is cooked. There are so many delightful things to look at, it would be hard to leave this cozy room.

We all like to look at pictures like this as it is restful. There is nothing to disturb its peacefulness. Don't you wish you could listen to the story, too?



THE GLEANERS

BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

THIS seems to be such a tiresome, needless task! The three women in the picture are going along painfully picking up every bit of grain that has been left behind by the threshers. Here in America we don't bother to do things like that. But over in Europe and other lands where they do not have such large farms, they do not want anything to go to waste. Perhaps these are poor folks who have no farms of their own.

Do you remember the story of Ruth, which is one of the sweetest stories in the Bible?—How she went into the fields of her wealthy kinsman, Boaz, to glean the scattered sheaves? That was the same custom as is shown in the scene in the north of France, and it shows the same frugal habit of centuries ago.

Back on the far side of the field are the huge stacks of grain belonging to the owner of these acres. A man on horseback stands on guard to see that no harm befalls them, as they represent hundreds of loaves of bread. But these three peasant women are not even looking in the direction of the piled-up grain. They are eagerly searching for the stray kernels, and their industry is being rewarded, for very soon their aprons will be filled with the yellow wheat.

When they come home at sunset, tired but happy, they can show little Jacqueline or François a whole armful and say: "See what I have found for us to-day! There will be more to-morrow, and you shall have a fine dish of porridge for your breakfast!"



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

AUTUMN OAKS

BY GEORGE INNESS

HAVE you ever taken a walk out in the woods in the Fall, just after the first frosts have tinged the leaves with red? Old Jack Frost is a cunning artist and lays on his colors with a lavish hand. The trees which yesterday were green or a pale yellow suddenly stand out clad in nearly all the colors of the rainbow. There are russets and saffrons and crimsons and browns all blending into the most delightful of huge, living bouquets. The outdoors seems like fairyland.

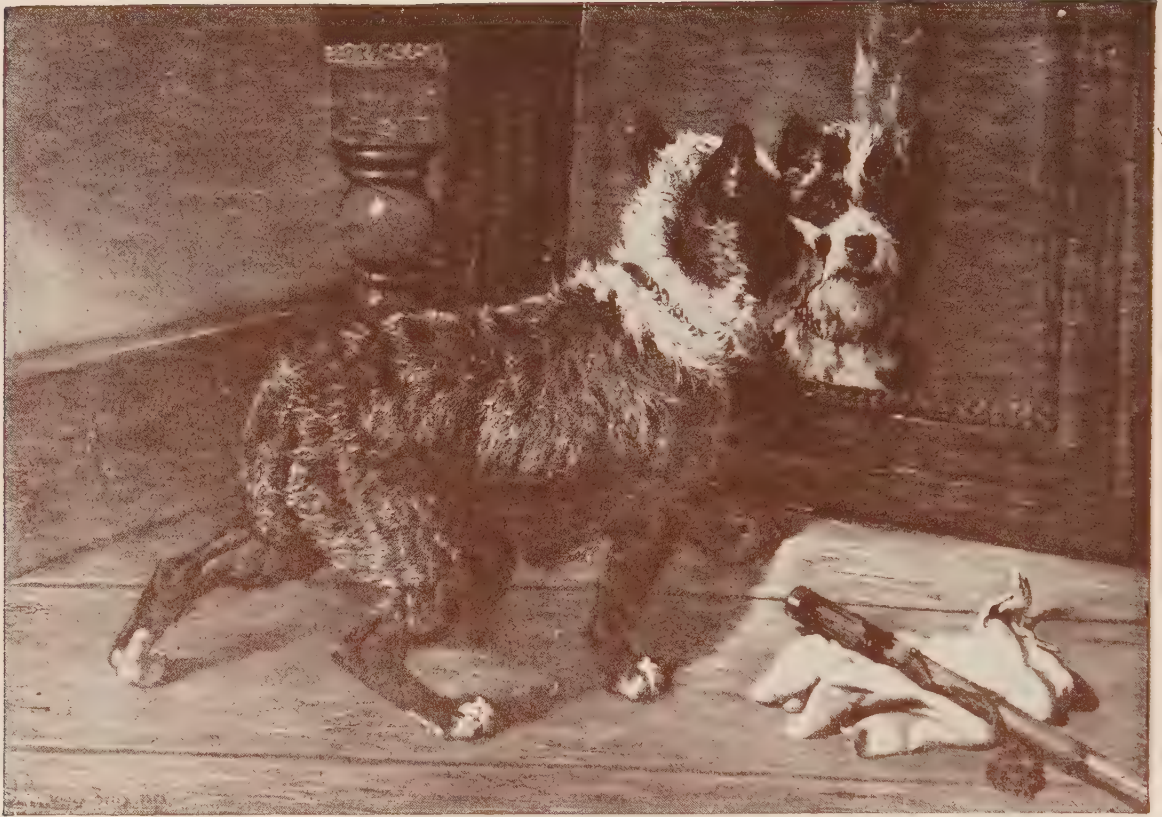
The sturdy oaks are the best of all in Autumn. Besides their riot of color, they hold their leaves long after other trees have shed theirs. Have you not seen sometimes in the dead of winter some

great monarch still wearing his brown dress? That was an oak.

The artist who painted this picture knew trees and loved them. George Inness lived in America and wandered up and down our land from New England to Florida, painting pictures of the trees.

Here we see the kinship of the trees to man. In the foreground is a farm scene—the contented cattle grazing or wending their way toward the farmhouse.

Back of this pleasant farm the friendly oaks stand on guard. They will shelter the house from the wintry blasts. In their branches the birds and squirrels make their homes. This would be a dreary world indeed without the trees!



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

SURPRISE

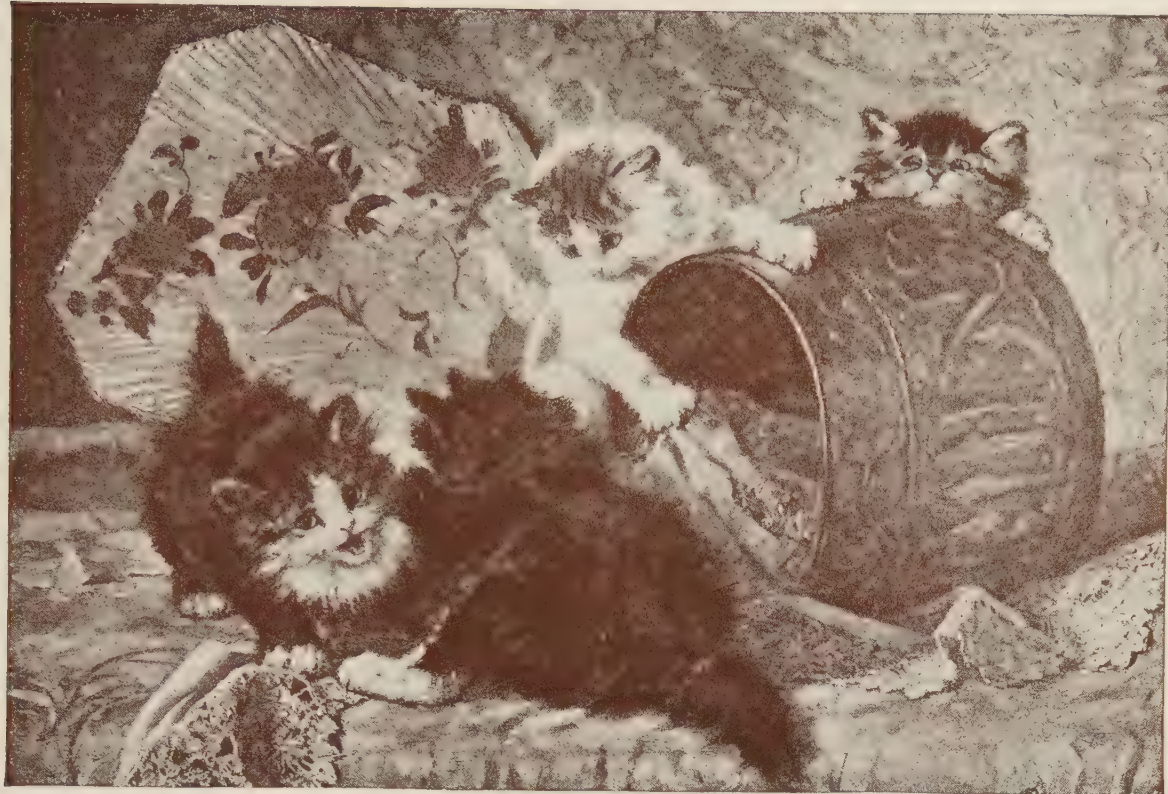
BY EDOUARD JOSEPH STEVENS

"WELL, what is this?" says the dog in the picture. He has been pulling and rolling about the cane and glove which you see on the floor. Then he becomes tired of that and looks around for something new with which to play. Suddenly he sees another dog standing near him. He is delighted to have a new playmate. But what a strange dog this is, for it doesn't answer to his barks, meaning "Hello," and "Who are you?" He just stands there and looks at him as closely as Rover looks at the stranger. Rover thinks that the other dog is most unfriendly, and therefore stares at him with an angry look; right away the other

dog looks cross, too. Rover squares off at him threateningly and the other dog bristles up.

Do you see how this dog's tail hangs down low? That is because he is just a bit scared. He cannot understand why it is when he tries to come closer to the other dog, "bump" goes his poor nose against the hard glass. There is no one to explain to the dog that he is looking in a mirror, and is seeing, not another dog, but just himself.

The funny look on Rover's face, half angry, half fearful, is quite comical. At any rate, we know there won't be any dog fight—unless he fights with himself!



HOW COMICAL

BY HENRIETTA RONNER

WHAT a good time these four little kittens are having! They never think, for even a moment, that they are really being very naughty. First the little rascals have upset the lovely bowl which stood on the table, but they like it that way, for now it rolls back and forth when pushed by their little paws; it also makes a fine place in which to play. See the mischievous little fellow who is peeping over the top of the bowl. He wants to make sure that he does not miss any of the fun. In the back of the picture there is a very pretty fan with flowers painted on it, but I think some small claws could easily hurt it. The lace cover on the table is beautiful, too.

Just see how the playful kittens are tearing at it with their little sharp claws and dragging it about.

The two little black pussies in the front of the picture are tugging at it, and fighting too, but only in fun. See how their fur is all ruffled. They look so real. Don't you just want to pick one up and feel his soft fur?

But if Mother wants to save any of her pretty things, it is about time she was appearing on the scene. It won't be long until *rip* will go the lace.

The artist has well caught the spirit of life and mischief in these kittens. We can almost hear the black and white one *meow!*



THE BROKEN PITCHER

BY JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE

JUST suppose that your mother had sent you out with one of her choicest pitchers to the well. "Be careful, child," she had said, "that was given me for a wedding present, years ago, and I value it highly."

"Yes, mother," you had replied, "I will be careful with it."

The pitcher is filled, and you start

back to the house. Then something happens—your foot turns on a small rolling stone, or perhaps Rover, the big, boisterous dog, suddenly jumps up and barks at you. You don't know just how it happens, but the precious pitcher slips out of your hands and falls with a clatter right on top of a sharp stone. A great jagged piece is cut out of its side, so that the pitcher will never look pretty or be good for anything else again.

That is the little tragedy—but oh, so big a tragedy!—shown in this lovely painting. The pretty girl is trying to keep back her tears; she is thinking about what she shall tell her mother; how she can ever replace the thing that is broken. And she *had* tried to be careful!

But aside from the sad story, the painting is indeed a charming one. The wistful, half-tearful face of the girl, her dainty costume, the ribbon in her hair, and the sombre tints of the background, make a combination of colors delightful to the eye. It is a picture one learns to love.

The dainty girl herself, we suspect, lived in France many years ago. Her costume is that of the old days of royalty, with its full sleeves of fine silk, contrasting skirt, and sheer scarf about her bare shoulders. But at this moment she is not taking any pleasure in her pretty clothes.

THE BALLOON

BY JULES DUPRÉ

Do you remember the thrill you got at the sight of your first airplane? You heard a whirring sound, and there high in the air moving swiftly along was something that looked like a giant bird.

Well, long years before men learned how to fly in airplanes, they went up in balloons. We still see them around fair grounds and places like that. The huge, pear-shaped bags are filled with gas, or perhaps hot air, and up they go a mile or more high. The chief trouble with them is that they are always at



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

the mercy of the winds. They drift hither and yon until finally they come back down to the ground, perhaps many miles from their starting point.

In this pretty scene from France one of these big gas bags is shown in full flight. It is just a speck, high in the air, but the sharp eyes of the little boy discovered it. "Look, Father!" he cries excitedly. And the whole family out busy with the harvest pause to gaze up at the visitor in the heavens.

It is a hot day in July. The sun shines down out of a clear sky. There are

only a few far off clouds in the west. Hardly a breath of air is stirring down on the ground, but up where the man in the balloon is there is a brisk breeze and it is much cooler, so he must be having a delightful sail and a fine view of the country.

"Ah, shucks!" thinks the boy. "Wish I could be up there above the clouds, instead of working in this hot field!"

But soon the balloon has drifted out of sight. "Come," says Father, briskly; "we must get in all this grain, before the weather changes." And every member of the family is soon busily at work again,



TWO SQUIRRELS

BY ALBRECHT DUERER

HERE is a picture that you will like, for it shows two bright-eyed squirrels. The frisky little fellow who is looking toward us has just cracked a nut between his sharp teeth; you can see the shells on the ground. See how his tiny paws hold the nut-meat, while he nibbles at it.

The other squirrel, who has turned his back, looks rather sorry that he has not anything to eat, but with the help of his sharp eyes, he will probably find some nuts, too. He looks so fat, maybe he isn't hungry.

I wonder what the first squirrel will do with the other nut? Perhaps he will

hide it in a hole in the ground. In the winter, when snow covers the earth, it is very hard for squirrels to find anything to eat. Then the squirrel will remember where he hid the nut, and, with his fine nose, he will smell just where it is. Then he will dig it up. Isn't that a good plan?

WHO SPEAKS FIRST?

BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY

ISN'T this little girl having a merry time? It is summer and she is out on the grass with

three lively playmates. They are trying to reach the prize she has in her hand.

The black-and-white puppy whose back is turned to us is very wide-awake. See how his ears stand up; his little stump of a tail stands straight out in the air; and his eyes are right on that delicious bite in the little girl's hand.

Next to him stands a noisy little woolly fellow. He says "woof, woof," and is so anxious to get nearer that he puts both paws on the girl's dress.

The third dog is the most impatient of all. Do you see how the little girl must hold him back so that he will not crawl up on her? His tongue hangs out of his mouth as he looks at the cake, which is so near and yet so far.



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"WHO SPEAKS FIRST?"

FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.



CARNATION LILY, LILY ROSE

BY JOHN S. SARGENT

Do you know of any girl who doesn't like flowers? Well, *I* don't. Flowers and girls just naturally seem to go together. That was the case with Lily Rose and Carnation Lily, the girls of this pretty picture. They had been named for three of the loveliest of blossoms, and they were just as sweet as their namesakes.

Their birthdays were the same day—the first of June—and then they were the happiest ever, for their beloved lilies and roses were in full bloom. Wasn't it a royal time to have a birthday party? And wasn't it splendid that their mother should think so too?

"We will have our party out in the garden," said their mother, "there is that lovely bed of carnations, with the lilies above it, and the roses at one side. You see, our ballroom is already decorated by the fairies for the occasion."

"Yes," said Lily Rose, "there is only one thing that I should like. Let's have an evening party, and string Japanese lanterns all along the hedge. Then perhaps the fireflies will come, too; they always make me think of the fairies flying about with their little lanterns."

"The very thing," agreed her mother. "We will hang out lanterns this morning, and you can put the little candles in them so that they will be ready to light."

Here you see the two girls busily and happily at work getting ready for the party. The garden is one mass of bloom, and we can imagine how fragrant it must be. But I think that the little girls in their simple white dresses are the loveliest blossoms of all. How intent they are in getting their lanterns fixed just right.

MADAME LE BRUN AND HER DAUGHTER

BY VIGEE LE BRUN

WE WOULD like to tell you something about the artist who painted this picture, for it is the pretty lady, herself, shown here with her daughter.

Madame Le Brun was a famous painter who lived in France, over a hundred years ago. She painted pictures of people at Court, and everybody liked her pictures so much that she was kept busy from morning to night. But she was never too busy to forget her little girl, who might often be seen in her studio watching her clever mother mix the paints and put them on the canvas.

One day while her mother was resting, she said: "I must make a picture of you too, sweetheart." "Oh, yes," answered the child, clapping her hands, "but I want you in it, too." "How can I be in it, and paint the picture at the same time?" asked her mother, laughing. "Oh, I know you can do it; you can do anything," replied the little girl, confidently.

As they sat there, each with her arms entwined around the other, Madame Le Brun caught sight of their images reflected in a large mirror.



"Perhaps I can do it, after all, dear child."

So, watching the two reflected images in the glass, she set to work. It probably took several sittings and a good deal of ingenuity, but at last the picture was done—and to-day it is said to be one of the best pictures the artist ever painted.

Do you know why people like it so much? Because it shows mother love, and child love, too.



THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

BY RAPHAEL

THIS beautiful picture shows you the Madonna with the Christ child. Mary, the mother of Jesus, is called Madonna, which means, My Lady. You can see just how they both look, for their faces are turned our way, and they seem to be looking right at us. The little boy who is standing beside them is St. John. See how earnestly he looks at these two, with his little hands folded as he prays. He is happy to be allowed to be with them, but you will notice that his eyes are on Jesus.

What a sweet face the little child has,

and how he presses close to the mother
he knows that with her he is safe.

She has her arms around him
protectingly, and her head
rests against his dark hair.

It is indeed a pleasing
picture. The Madonna
wears over her shoul-
ders a lovely shawl;
and the chair in
which she sits has
carved posts, while
the back has a fringe
of gold.

Many famous pic-
tures have been made
of the Christ child.
People like to think of
Him as having once been
a little boy, growing up like
other little boys and needing
a mother's love and protecting
care. We like also to think of the
mother herself and this the most blessed
of all mothers. And so that is why you
will find many pictures of Jesus as a
little child with his mother.

One of the greatest painters who ever
lived was Raphael—and this picture is
one of his most famous ones. You
never tire of looking into these calm,
sweet faces.

Most of his great pictures which have
come down to us after several centuries
were on religious subjects—that is, they
were painted for churches and were pic-
tures of angels, saints, and Jesus and His
Mother. This one gets its name because
the Madonna is shown seated in the big
armchair. It is a “homey” picture of
this dear Mother and Her Child.

THE BREAD-WINNER

BY ERSKINE NICOL

DID YOU ever see a little girl, or a little boy, who didn't like bread?—fine, white bread, fresh from the oven? How good it is spread thickly with golden butter, or broken into a bowl of milk! Bread is indeed the staff of life.

Over in France and Holland and other parts of Europe, the children are even more fond of bread than in America. They almost live on it. The little girl of this picture looks as though she might live in Brittany. That's in northern France.

What a sturdy youngster she is! The loaf of bread is almost as big as she is, but she wouldn't let it drop for worlds. You see, she went down to the village bakeshop early in the morning. The baker knew her and smiled as she came in.

"Good morning, Nanette," he greeted her. "Don't you want to help me awhile, this morning?"

"Yes, sir," she said, timidly.

"Well, I have to go down to the mill to get some flour; so you tend shop for me. If anybody wants any bread, get



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

their names and tell them I'll be back soon. Can you do that?"

"Oh yes, sir," answered Nanette, eagerly, very proud to be left in charge of the bakeshop.

"And here is a loaf of bread for your mother," he said, with a cheery laugh.

And, what do you think? He took out of the oven the very largest and best smelling loaf of all and gave it to her! You can see how proud and happy she is, as she carries it home.



THE BOYHOOD OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH

BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS

OVER in England, a long time ago, there grew up a boy who was brave and fond of adventure. It was a time when many marvelous tales were being told about the New World, as folks called our own land of America. You see, Columbus had sailed across the Atlantic and discovered all these strange lands that nobody had known anything about. So they called it the New World.

Columbus and his three tiny ships came over to America only a few years before this boy, that we are telling about, was born. Still other bold seamen followed Columbus, and many were the deeds of daring and strange sights that they described on their return home.

Walter Raleigh—for that was the boy's name—listened eagerly to these

tales. He liked best of all to go down to the waterside with his chum.

As Walter heard about America, with its curious, copper-colored people, and its other wonders, he sat entranced. "Some day," he thought to himself, "I too will see these wonderful things."

And when he grew to be a man, he made these boyhood dreams come true. He won the favor of the Queen of England, and fitted up an expedition which sailed across the seas until it reached our shores. The land that he found he named Virginia, in honor of his Queen.

Raleigh visited many lands and did many gallant deeds; and I fancy that when he came back home, he, too, told stories to other eager boys and girls about what he had seen and done.



Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America and of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

BEACHING THE BOAT; VALENCIA

BY JOAQUIN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

WHEN sailors bring their boat out of the water and on to a flat, shelving shore, they call it "beaching it." Here are some Spanish sailors trying to bring their boat in—but what a strange way to do it! Who ever heard of using oxen to do work of this sort? I must confess that *I* never did; but then, I never was on the shore at Valencia, where they do such things.

You see how they are managing it? They have sailed the boat in as close to the shore as possible. See—they haven't furl'd the sails yet. They are going to get as much help from the wind as possible.

The men on shore have been watching the vessel come in, tossed about like a chip by the surf. As soon as it comes

near enough, see how they are going to help, in their turn. The patient, strong oxen are driven down into the shallow water. See, they do not mind it at all. I think they rather like the feeling of the splashing drops upon their flanks. One man manages a rope, to guide them, while another has a big, strong chain, to which is fastened a hook. He will attach this hook to the prow of the boat. Then the moment it is poised high upon the crest of an incoming wave, he will shout to his oxen, and in they will go toward land, towing the boat after them!

I wish I could see the finish of this exciting scene—don't you? But the famous artist has shown every step of it so clearly, that we just know that boat will be landed safe and sound.



THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK

BY JOSEF ISRAELS

WHAT a quiet, restful picture this is! The contented sheep are wandering at will through a meadow lush with grass. They are so well fed, that only one or two of them are stopping to graze. Perhaps they are all on their way home.

Alongside of them walks the shepherd. He wears a long coat with a cape, and a big, broad-brimmed hat; so that if a sudden storm comes up, or a chill wind blows, he will be protected. The sheep have such thick coats of wool that they wouldn't mind. The shepherd also carries a crook, or long staff. The sheep mind him better, for some reason, when he carries this.

Then notice the two faithful dogs. Just now they are walking along quietly enough by their master. But let a single sheep go astray, and how quickly they would race after it and bring it back, Or, if some wolf or other prowling beast should come along, the dogs would give him a warm welcome.

Notice the lamb in front. It is going along with its mother, and quite as contented and happy as the rest of the flock.

It is said that no matter how large a flock of sheep a shepherd has, he knows each sheep by name. When he calls it, this sheep will stop and listen. For it knows its master, too, and loves him.



LOST

BY AUGUST F. A. SCHENCK

AFTER looking at the last picture of "The Shepherd and His Flock," it is indeed distressing to look at this one, by another artist. The sheep are lost! They have strayed away from their shepherd, and are now at the mercy of the storm.

See how the poor animals are huddling together for protection. The snow blows against them in furious blasts. Out on a level land such as this there is no shelter from the piercing wind. The one in the center is lifting its head and bleating pitifully. Oh, let us hope that the shepherd will hear this call of distress!

The two dogs have not deserted the flock, but alas! they do not know which way to turn, either. The storm has wiped out all the familiar landmarks and

trails. They stand by whimpering and sticking close to each other, and just as distressed as the poor sheep.

Within a very few hours, if help does not come, the snow will blow completely over these helpless animals. But I am sure that help is at hand. Back in the distance must be coming—not one shepherd, but two or three. Soon they will hear the bleating, for the wind will carry the call a long way. Then they will hasten up, calling words of cheer to the poor, lost flock. And by nightfall, with the help of the dogs, every single sheep will be safely sheltered in the fold.

But it is a terrible thing to be lost—and I think this flock learned its lesson, and stayed pretty close to its master, after this!



THE RAINBOW

BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

IS THERE anything more beautiful in the sky than a rainbow? It looks like a fairy archway leading straight to heaven.

A sudden shower comes up. The sky is filled with clouds, and perhaps the deep roll of thunder is heard far away. Then the rain ceases as quickly as it came. The clouds in the western sky part, letting the golden rays of the sun shine through. And at once the miracle happens. Over in the east the fairy arch appears, spanning the dark sky.

In this pretty picture by a famous French artist, we do not see anything of the recent storm except a few scurrying clouds. The meadow is again shining in the sunlight, and all the fresher for its

shower bath. The trees radiant with their spring blossoms are likewise grateful.

Back of the orchard stands a stately castle; and arching high above it we see the bow. Some call it the Bow of Promise, after one of the best stories in the Bible. It is said that after the great Flood, when Noah brought his Ark safely to land, God showed him a rainbow, rich in its tints of orange and yellow and blue and gold, and told him it was a symbol of safety. Never again would the earth be washed away by a deluge such as that.

So when we see a rainbow, it is good to think of God's protecting care.



MAY DAY

BY HOLMAN HUNT

WHAT a joyous picture this is! We can almost hear the fresh voices of the choir boys as they sing their processional. And there are flowers and garlands everywhere. For it is May Day! Winter is over; Spring is here.

In America the girls and boys celebrate May Day by dances around the May Pole, picnics, and other pleasant, outdoor events. Maybe you yourself have marched around the gaily decorated pole, with its ribbons flying in every direction. Wasn't it fun!

In many lands they have Maytime festivities, for it is indeed a time of joy. After everybody has been cooped up indoors during the long Winter months, the coming of the flowers is a signal of merrymaking. It is good to be alive!

The English painter who made this pretty picture shows us another way in which the day is celebrated. The ministers of the church and the choir boys are marching in their processional straight out doors. As they march and sing, the very birds in the clear sky behind seem to join in the rejoicing.

"Spring is here! God be praised!" they sing.

One boy carries tall Easter lilies. Another wears a garland wreath. Blossoms are scattered along the floor at their feet. The day is clear and bright. See the pink clouds high up in the sky, with the blue showing between. See how the white robes of the boys stand out. The whole scene gleams with life and color. Don't you like this picture?



SAVED

BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

SOME pictures tell their whole story in one word. Here is one of them. As we look at it, we can imagine what took place just a few short moments before.

The little girl was playing down on the stone pierhead. "Don't go too near the water," her mother had warned her. "All right, Mother," she had answered happily; and she had meant to mind. But just at the edge she saw some pretty shells. The water was bringing one pink one nearer and nearer to her eager, outstretched fingers. Then, just as she was grasping it, she lost her balance and tumbled in.

The water was deep around the pier, and the tide swept swiftly past it. She gave a frightened scream as she sank.

But help was at hand. Monarch, the big St. Bernard, had been dozing not far off, with one eye fastened upon his little mistress. Hardly had she struck the water when with one great bound he was in after her. Grasping her dress with his teeth he fought his way back to shore. It was a close call. See how exhausted he is from his struggle.

His little mistress lies across his shaggy paws limp and with her eyes closed. She has fainted from the fright. But when her father and mother come rushing down, they will find her breathing quietly, and soon she will open her eyes. Then how her mother will hug her to her breast. And I fancy that Monarch will get an extra large bone for his dinner.

THE HORSESHOER

BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER

A FEW years ago before everybody had automobiles, you could see horses everywhere. They were hitched to carriages and wagons, and were used for riding. Now we see very few of them; but here and there you find a patient horse on the road, or plowing on the farm.

The horse and the dog are the two greatest animal friends of man. For centuries the horse has borne our burdens, and served us willingly, asking only for shelter and food.

Oh, yes, he wants one other thing from us, and that is, *shoes*. He is the one animal that needs shoes made by men. You see, as he pounds his feet along the hard roads, he soon wears off the hoof, which is a sort of horny substance. So we make for him iron horseshoes, which are nailed right onto the hoof.

Here is a blacksmith at work, fitting a shoe on this pretty horse's foot. The horse stands patiently while it is being done, for he knows that it will make his hoof feel a lot better to have the strong rim of iron beneath it.

One of our poets, named Longfellow, wrote a poem about "The Village Blacksmith," beginning "Under a spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands."



Perhaps your mother or your big sister will read it to you. And the same poet wrote another stirring song about a famous ride, where a horse galloped all night to warn the people of danger. That is called "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere." There are many other fine poems about horses that you will like to read for yourself some day.

And maybe, sometime when you are out riding, you will see the sign, "Blacksmith Shop," or hear the ringing blows of his hammer, or glimpse the flying sparks from his anvil. Then get your father to stop a minute, and you will find it very interesting indeed.



THE MAIDS OF HONOR

BY VELASQUEZ

A VERY pretty story is told about this little maid of the long ago. Her name was Marguerita, and she was the daughter of a powerful King—Philip IV of Spain. She was the pet of the whole Court and doubtless was in danger of being spoiled; but for all that, she lived a shut-in life and had to dress in stiff

clothes, such as you see in the picture—like a little woman. She couldn't run around and play, like other boys and girls. She couldn't even take a drink of water, unless it was presented to her by one of her maids of honor, with a formal bow. She must have grown very tired indeed of all this etiquette.

One day, while the famous Court painter, Velasquez, was at work upon a picture, at the command of the King, the latter chanced to notice the little Princess attended by her maids, and he told Velasquez to stop his work long enough to paint this pretty scene. Here we see them all, just as they stood in the palace that day so long ago. In the foreground stands Marguerita with her two maids of honor and a dwarf, who has charge of the pet mastiff. The artist stands in

the background at the left. If you look closely in the picture you will see the images of the King and Queen, in a mirror, as they stand looking on.

The King was so delighted with this picture when it was done, that he said it lacked only one thing. Taking the brush from Velasquez's hand, he painted upon the artist's breast the Red Cross of Santiago, the highest honor he could give. Don't you think it's a pretty story?



THE CLOTH MERCHANTS

BY REMBRANDT

WHAT a dignified looking group of men these are! You might think they were a town council, or jury, or something of that sort. But the title of the picture tells us that they were cloth merchants.

These men, and the famous artist who painted them, lived in the seventeenth century. At that time, America was just getting settled. You may remember that the Pilgrim Fathers came over here in 1620. Well, that was just about the time these cloth merchants were living in Holland, and the Pilgrims may have known some of them, as they lived for a time in Holland, too.

Even then Holland was famous for its silks, its velvets, and its laces. They made most of it on their hand-loom,

and their ships took it all over the world. The men who were at the head of this industry were very busy and important men indeed. They owned ships and fine houses, and went around dressed in velvet. You can see by the picture how fine they were.

They have met in the guild hall to talk over things and make plans for still more factories and ships. They may be planning to send some ships to the New World, as they called America. One of them is reading out of a big book. I wish we might look over his shoulder, as another merchant is doing, and see what he is reading. For just about this time people were much excited over the voyages made by sailors to America, and to India, and even around the world.



HAPPY FAMILY

BY OTTO WALTER

Down at the stable some very interesting news was going the rounds.

"Had you heard about it?" asked Charlie, the white horse, of Imp, the little black colt with the white streak down his face.

"About what?" asked Imp eagerly.

"Why, Dona, the beagle, has a family of puppies. There are four of them, and the whole family is in a basket right outside of our stall."

"Oh, let me see! let me see!" whinnied Imp, all impatience.

"Wait a bit," replied wise old Charlie. "I must see Dona about it first, and

make sure that our call won't disturb her puppies."

He thrust his friendly white head out the manger door, and you can see by the picture just what happened. Dona knew and loved the good horse. They had taken many happy romps together.

"Why certainly you and Imp can see my babies," she said, licking his nose affectionately. "Aren't they fine children? I just know they are about the finest that ever were on this farm!"

"Quite right, quite right," answered Charlie.

As for Imp, he could barely get his small head up over the sill; but he was an exceedingly interested onlooker.

"Huh!" he sniffed to himself—"those short-legged things! Why, they can't run at all! Now why can't they have long legs like a colt—like mine, for instance?"

As for the puppies, they paid no attention at all either to saucy Imp or his friendly father. They were busily watching some strange creature on the other side of the barn. Maybe it was a hen. One of them, the most venturesome, was trying to scramble out of the basket. That puppy will give its mother lots of trouble before it is much older, or I miss my guess!

How would you like the one in the center for your very own? He seems to be all legs, despite what Imp thinks about it. And what would you name him?

But, they all look so bright and cunning that I suspect you would have a hard time choosing your pet.



THREE MEMBERS OF A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY

BY JOHN FREDERICK HERRING

THAT seems a funny title to give a picture, now doesn't it? Just fancy horses being members of a temperance society! Why, when you join a temperance society, you put on a white ribbon and sign a pledge that you will drink water instead of strong drinks that are not good for you.

Well, isn't that just what the three horses believe in? They drink water, and nothing but water, because they know it is best for them. Horses are also very particular about their food. They like clean hay and grain.

These three patient horses have been unharnessed and are coming eagerly to

the drinking trough. One has his mouth thrust down into the clear cool stream. You can see the pipe bringing fresh water constantly from the spring far up on the hill. The other two have already satisfied their thirst and are standing there contented, with the water dripping from their lips.

The one nearest us seems quite old. He has a tired look about his eyes, and his whole expression seems weary. But the white fellow in the center is feeling fine. One more drink of this delicious water, and he will be ready for a lively canter down the road.



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE CLOSE OF DAY

BY JOSEF ISRAELS

A QUIET and peaceful scene is this, and one that rests the eyes just to look at it. Another busy day on the farm is drawing to a close, and across the level meadows walk two persons—a young woman and a young man of about her own age.

Their shadows are thrown on the grass in front of them by the last rays of a declining sun. It is tinting the whole sky with gold—the promise of another fine day on the morrow—and even the trees and grass of the pasture are changed into a ruddy hue.

Three of the cows are lying down resting for the evening. They have

doubtless been milked—perhaps by the girl who walks homeward, although just now she carries no milkpail.

As they walk along together, the boy talks in a bashful sort of way about his plans for the future. He does not look at his companion, nor she at him, but her sweet face and kindly expression tell us that she likes this awkward young chap, and that she is in no more hurry to get home than he.

For isn't it fine, after the day's work is done, to stroll along like this and talk things over. He tells her, perhaps, how he hopes, one day, to own a farm just as big as this and cattle just as fine.

HOPE

BY

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

SOME pictures there are which do not tell a direct story but convey a message to us by a symbol. The more we study them the more their lessons come home to us, to live in our hearts forever.

Such a painting is this lovely one by the English artist, Watts — copies of which we can see on the walls of many homes. What does it mean? Let us see.

Here is a lonely figure and one that expresses sorrow and dejection. She is huddled down with bent shoulders as though at the limit of her strength and courage. Dusk is falling all about her, and there is not even a star in the sky. But if there were she could not see it, as her eyes are bandaged.

Could anyone be more forlorn than this?

But look closer. In her left hand she clutches a small harp, or lyre. One after another of its strings has been broken, until only one remains. Tremblingly she strokes this string with her other hand. And hark! A low, sweet note breaks upon the stillness of the night. It sings its message into her soul.

“Do not despair, faint heart!” it sings. “There is a God above, and he is watching over you, just as he watches over

the sparrows. Do not give up. *Hope!*”

As she listens to the whispering harp tones, her face loses its drawn and hopeless look. She hearkens eagerly, wistfully. Again she strikes the one remaining string, and as its clear, full note vibrates, she hugs the harp more closely to her. She has still something to live for.

That is, indeed, what Hope is. It is one of God’s good gifts to us. We can still fight on, under the greatest discouragements, if we only have Hope.





THE ANGELUS

BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

ALL afternoon they had been working in the field—this busy farmer and his wife. They were harvesting their crop of potatoes, he digging away with his three-pronged fork, and she gathering the potatoes up into a basket before putting them into one of the sacks on the near-by wheelbarrow. Soon their second sack would be full, and they could go toward home, happy in the knowledge of a good day's work.

But hark! Across the level fields

sounds the musical note of a distant church bell. It is from the steeple seen far off in the village. They cannot attend this vesper service in person, but they know that they can do so in spirit. Stopping short in their work, the two stand bent in silent prayer.

That is the message of this simple picture, known and loved around the world. We are all God's children, and his temple is in the hearts of men. These two simple peasants prove this by their lives.



THE HELPING HAND

BY EMILE RENOUF

ISN'T she proud, though—this little maiden in the big fishing dory! For she is actually helping her Uncle Nat pull the big oar that keeps the boat in motion. How often she had sat on the shore and watched him take the dory out to the fishing banks, or bring it home again, at evening. It must be wonderful out there on the dancing waves!

One day she begged hard to be allowed to go, and her mother consented. "Put on your bonnet and your strong wooden shoes," her mother had cautioned her. For the sun out on the water is hot. "All right," she responded, happily, and

soon she came racing down to the dock with an "Here I am, Uncle Nat!"

And here she is indeed. How thrilled she is to be allowed to sit right alongside of the bronzed old sailor, and feel the tug of the oar as together they force it through the water! She suspects that he may be pulling just a little bit harder than she is, but she just knows that she is helping a lot. And judging by the look on her Uncle's face, I think she is right. You know, there are more ways than one, of helping.

When the boat gets out a little farther, he will hoist the sail.



GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

BY G. S. KNOWLES

"HAPPY birthday, Grandmother!" a merry voice sang out at the door. And in came Marjorie, her arms laden with fresh Spring posies.

"Bless your heart, child; it is happy indeed since you are here!" The sewing drops unheeded to the floor, while the smiling lady clasps the child in her arms.

After all, we do like to be remembered, don't we? Birthdays mean a lot to us, and the older a person gets, the more they mean.

Notice the quaint, old-fashioned furniture in Grandmother's home. How charming it is. Then there is a big glass

door, with its wide casement windows all about, giving no less charming glimpses of the garden and trees outside.

But the most charming part of the picture is the figure of winsome Marjorie, in the doorway, clad all in white. She looks the very spirit of Springtime. And the secret of her charm—can you guess it? It is told in one word—*Love*.

Suppose she had been selfish and forgotten all about Grandmother's birthday. Suppose she had not brought the flowers. Her Grandmother would have spent a lonely day; and we—you and I—would have missed a delightful picture.



THE DOCTOR

BY LUKE FILDES

FOR many days Bobbie had been ill. His father became very much worried. His mother wept silently.

One day, his father hitched up their horse and drove into the big city. He had been told of a famous doctor who might help them. The doctor listened to his story and consented to come out to their cottage, although it was a long trip for him and he was a busy man. It was after dark when they arrived, but the mother lighted a lamp and the physician sat down at once to study his little patient.

And it is this tense moment while he is trying to decide what can be done to save Bobbie's life, that our artist has set down in his picture. The fine, strong face of the doctor; the drawn, haggard features of the father, who stands back in the shadows of the room; and the grief-stricken mother.

Oh, let us hope—let us hope—that within a few moments the great man will stand up with a smile on his face, saying: "Your boy will get well! Before long he will be up and playing, and after the next vacation he can go back to school again!"



CAN'T YOU TALK?

BY G. A. HOLMES

"AREN'T they cunning?" we fancy we hear you say. Here are three devoted playmates, and the central one of the picture is coming to the age when she wants to know about a few things.

For instance, there is Rover. He is a devoted slave, following her around everywhere, and seeming to understand all she says to him. But he never says anything in reply, except a short bark, or maybe a low, protesting growl, when she pays too much attention to the striped kitten. Somehow she doesn't

expect the kitten to talk; it is too little, anyway. But Rover is a great big fellow, much bigger than she is. Why doesn't he talk to her, as Mother does?

Something like this is going through her childish brain, as she crawls over the stone pavement on her bare hands and knees. She looks up into his kindly face, and sees a twinkle in his eye. Maybe he has been fooling her.

"Can't you talk?" she asks. And Rover gently licks her ear with his pink tongue, and wags his tail.



THE VILLAGE CHOIR

BY LINS

WHAT a clatter they are making—six children and two geese! Down the village street they go, laughing and shouting, while the old folks sitting on the benches wonder how on earth persons so small can make so much racket. "*They will never die of lung trouble!*" says one old man to his small granddaughter, as he watches them go by.

Just now the cause of their uproar and merriment are two geese, which, by the by, are much disgusted with the whole performance. Had they but known it, the geese are themselves to blame for this trouble. They had been in the habit of chasing first one boy or girl,

and then another, if they came down the street alone.

To-day the biggest boy had a bright idea. He said: "Let's all get out together, and chase those old geese." No sooner said than done, and pell mell away they went. They ran so fast that the end youngster took a tumble.

And how mad those old geese were! Hissing and stretching their long necks they went waddling as fast as they could down the street. And right behind them came the laughing children.

I guess it will be some time before the geese try to chase those children again, don't you?



ATALANTA'S RACE

BY E. J. POYNTER

ATALANTA was the daughter of the king of Scyros, and was famed for her beauty and skill in running. It was said that she was swifter of foot than any other person, man or woman. Many princes and other warriors came to her island home, suing for her hand in marriage, but she required of them that they try a footrace with her. If her rival should win the race, she would accept him as her husband; but if she outran him, his life was forfeit.

One after another tried, only to lose their lives in this cruel test. Then came a suitor named Hippomenes, who resolved to win her by a trick, if in no other way. He obtained the aid of Venus, the goddess of Love, who gave him three golden apples.

"Carry these with you in the race," she said; and she gave him some other advice, which you will see presently.

When Hippomenes presented himself for the race, Atalanta was almost sorry he would lose, as she doubted not he would do. The trumpets sounded and

she let him dash off ahead of her, as was her wont. Then she came flying down the course behind him, so fleet of foot that she seemed divine. He glanced back over his shoulder quickly, saw her coming, and obeying Venus's counsel, dropped one of his golden apples in her path. Atalanta, attracted by its beauty, stooped to pick it up.

On flew Hippomenes in the race, getting a little ahead again. Once more she began running and soon gained on him. A second time he dropped an apple. The same thing happened as before.

Now the goal was in sight, and the young man redoubled his efforts to get there first. Fleet as the wind came Atalanta. He dropped his third and last apple, and as she stooped to pick it up also, he went across the line a winner.

Amid the shouts of the multitude Atalanta gave him her hand, and soon there was a grand wedding at the court. Everybody was glad that no more princes had to lose their heads.



IT IS rather curious that, since everybody seems to love children, pictures of them were so late coming into being, and when they came were so poorly done at the beginning. Nowadays taking children to the photographer is the chief amusement of fond mothers and fathers; but in the Middle Ages the equally fond parents do not seem to have taken their children to the painters.

The first portraits of babies were of the Christ-Child and the cherubs, in sacred pictures. These were curious little objects. As is well known to-day, the body of an adult is nearly twice as long compared with its head as is the body of a baby; but the mediæval artists were slow in finding this out, and the first pictures of babies had the bodily proportions of grown folks, which made them look very mature and stiff indeed.

The outlines of a baby are much softer than those of an adult. They are to a degree unfinished as to details. Their colors are much more delicate, and the texture of their skin is infinitely finer. Even to-day artists strive in desperation to make these dainty items exact and beautiful. It has been said that nobody, not even a lovely girl, can endure to be compared with a flower—except a little child.

Here are portraits of children of all periods, from the faithful but metallic figures of Bronzino and De Vos to the ruddy faces of Rubens, the olive ones of Murillo, the marvelous drawings of Velasquez and Van Dyck, and the clever colors and outlines of Chase and Sargent.

MARIE DE' MEDICI

Bronzino; real name Agnolo di Cosimo di Mariano (1502?-1572)

IF IT were not for her earrings, tight bodice, and curiously puffed sleeves, this little girl with bobbed hair might be an American child. She sits, a little primly and demurely, in her chair, just as the artist, or her governess, has placed her—just as a little girl of to-day would sit to have her picture painted or her photograph taken.

The artist, Agnolo Bronzino, lived after Raphael and the other great painters of Florence were gone; and it is often said that, although he was not great like the other men of whom we have been speaking, he can be counted the last of the great painters of Florence.

He was kept quite busy by Cosimo de' Medici, the ruler of Florence, painting portraits of his family, and it is likely that he had often seen

and made friends with the little Princess Marie. So when it was decided that she was old enough to have her portrait painted, she was quite willing to sit still and watch him while he worked. We are quite sure he liked to paint her picture, for he painted it again twice, the last time when she was a lovely girl of seventeen, perhaps the year before she died.

We must not confuse her with another Marie de' Medici (or Marie de Medicis, to use the French way of spelling the name), her brother's daughter, who was born twenty years after the death of our Marie, and lived to be the wife of Henry IV of France, and a very famous woman in history.

From her pictures we think this Marie must have been much gentler than the Queen of



From a photograph of the original picture

By permission of Braun & Co., New York

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE ARTIST. AFTER A PAINTING BY CORNELIS DE VOS



MARIE DE' MEDICI

France. We wonder what is going on inside that wise little head, with its grave brown eyes, and whether she herself insisted on wearing her chain and locket, as well as the lovely string of pearls around her childish throat. She looks

almost as if she had been talking to the painter, and is now listening to him, as well as watching him as he uses his brushes on the picture. Perhaps her father or mother is telling her a story.

THE BUTTERY DOOR

Pieter de Hooch (1629-1677)

DESCRIBED BY M. ALSTON BUCKLEY

WE CAN tell you very little about the life of Pieter de Hooch, who was one of the great Dutch painters of the seventeenth century, which means that he lived about two hundred and fifty years ago. He was born probably in 1629, but where we do not know; and the first we hear of him is at The Hague, the capital of Holland, when he was about twenty-one years old. Soon afterward he went to live in Delft; and in 1668 he settled in Amsterdam, where he died about 1677.

That is all we know about him, and yet he was one of the greatest artists the world has ever known; and ever since they were painted, people have wanted so much to look at his pictures that they have been willing to pay great prices for them.

He never painted a large picture, and all his work is what is called *genre*; that is, it shows us the life of the people among whom he lived—as they went about their daily tasks. A *genre* picture may be a scene in a court-yard or garden, or it may be inside a house. When it is inside, we call it "an interior," and when it is the inside of a house, in Holland, we speak of it as "a Dutch interior." It is interesting to know this, because when we hear the expression, or read it in a book or newspaper, we shall not be puzzled by it.

Now let us look for a moment at the picture itself. The painter has told us a pretty story of love and confidence between the eager child who is looking up and the woman who is smiling down at her. We say at once, the little one is a loving child in a happy home. But if the woman and the little child could disappear round the corner into the next room, where probably the woman is going to carry the pitcher, we would still have a beautiful picture.

Look at the various "lights": the sunlight on the wall that we can see through the open door and window of the next room, the light that strikes on the door, on the wall, on the

woman's face and body, and is reflected from the surface of the polished tiles, and the light that pours in from the pantry window at the back.

It seems to be afternoon, for soft, rich shadows have gathered round the stairway in the corner, in the angles of the low-raftered ceiling, and round the pantry door and window. Even though there are many shadows, the room is full of lovely sunlight, and this is one of the things that tell us that it was painted by De Hooch and no one else.

Now let us look at the doors and at the open window. We know quite well that the window will swing back in its place, and fasten; that the doors can be closed, and will keep out the draught; that they are well made. If De Hooch had not drawn them well, we could not tell this.



THE BUTTERY DOOR

FROM A PAINTING BY PIETER DE HOOCH

THE CHILDREN OF THE SHELL

Bartolomé Estéban Murillo (1618-1682)

DESCRIBED BY EHRMA G. FILER

MANY stories have been woven around the early life of Jesus. The Bible tells us very little about Him under twelve years of age. So in verse and pictures many people have imagined stories about His early life and wondered if He were like other boys. From knowing the type of man He was they have tried to imagine what kind of a boy He must have been. Some stories tell of early miracles and adventures, and again of His friends and playmates. One of the most popular subjects was the life of Jesus as connected with that of His little cousin, John.

This is the subject of a painting called "The Children of the Shell," which was painted by

Murillo in the seventeenth century. It has been said that the Holy Child, as pictured here, has more of the divine and yet human grace than any other work of man. It represents Jesus giving the little St. John a drink of water from a shell.

When Jesus was quite small he was forced to leave His home. Herod the King had been warned of a child who would grow to rule the world. So, fearing this, he ordered all boy babies in Bethlehem under two years of age to be killed.

Mary and Joseph were told of what was to happen, and in the dead of night they took the



THE CHILDREN OF THE SHELL

FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO

little Jesus and fled to Egypt, where they stayed until Herod's death.

On their way home, several years later, they were traveling near a great wilderness, and there met John the Baptist. The two boys were glad to see each other, and no doubt ran on ahead of Mary and Joseph. The Holy Family had been traveling on foot, with perhaps only a donkey for Mary to ride on. The journey had taken many days, and they were footsore and weary. Jesus was thirsty and tired when He met His little cousin, and might have asked John if he knew of a spring where they could drink.

The picture represents Jesus giving His little cousin a drink from a large fluted shell. Jesus is the center of the picture, and the only upright figure in it. He bends forward slightly, and holds the shell in one hand while the other is upraised. John is kneeling with one knee on a stone. One chubby hand holds the shell to his mouth while with the other he holds the light cross supported by his shoulder.

A little lamb is on the other side of Jesus. It lies on the grass beside the spring with up-lifted head watching the children. Three little angels are seen in the background, and suggest that they are guarding the Holy Child. One has its hands clasped as a symbol of adoration.

Jesus has only a scarf draped from His shoulder to His hip, while John has a one-piece garment of camel's hair. Both children have lovely dark eyes and curly hair. Their faces are innocent and sweetly tender. There is a soft radiance suggested by their beautiful little bodies

and faces that is more than that of ordinary children.

On the cross that is held by John there is a ribbon on which is written, "ECCE AGNUS DEI." It is Latin, and means, "Behold the Lamb of God."

The background of the picture is shadowy and indistinct. Dark clouds and trees are there, with the angel faces showing dimly. It suggests a heavenly vision which is not clear, and lets you imagine the rest.

Murillo was an artist of religion, and he had a special message for the world when he painted this picture. There are several ideas which this picture suggests to us. Innocence, love, and service are all hinted. The childish figures, the lamb, and the holy little angels, all tell of innocent thoughts and ways. No evil deed could be done before that picture. This little act toward Jesus' cousin tells us of a life of service and love for mankind.

Unselfishness is the main theme, as many people interpret the picture. The children neither push nor shove. Jesus, forgetting His own thirst, generously dips the cool, clear water and offers it to little John to drink first. As He was an unselfish man, He must have been an unselfish child.

The lamb, the cross and the running water are all symbols used in the later life of Jesus. He was called "the Lamb of God." When a man He said, "I am the living water." And He was to suffer and die upon a cross.

Adoration and worship of Jesus is shown by



Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

GOSSIP

FROM A PAINTING BY CARL MARR

every figure in the picture. The lamb lies at His feet, little John kneels before Him, and the angels clasp hands in an attitude of reverence.

Here Murillo has drawn real childhood, yet with an added charm of holy thoughts and suggestions. This great artist of Spain loved chil-

dren and understood them. He had three dear babies of his own, and often used them as models. So no one could better paint childhood than he. There is always a nobility and greatness about his pictures which suggested for him the name of "Religious Artist of Spain."

GOING TO MEET FATHER

Pieter de Hooch (1629-1677)

DESCRIBED BY MARY LENA WILSON

I THINK somebody is going to have a very happy surprise; and that is the father of this little girl who is walking out to meet him as he comes home to dinner. It must be dinner, for the sun is shining very brightly in the brick-paved yard, just as it would at noontime.

This is a very strange-looking house to us, but it is the way the people in Holland built their homes, always of brick or stone, and with their gardens or yards back of the house.

The maid, who has taken the little girl by the

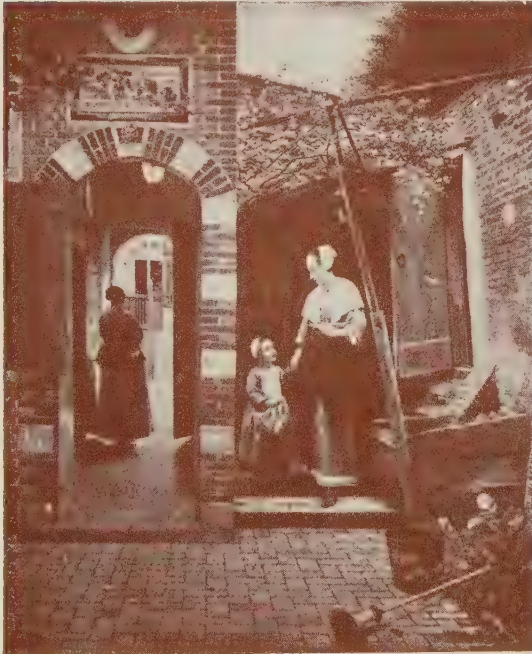
hand, was probably just in the midst of her work, for the mop and pail are on the ground; and I am sure this very neat-looking woman in the trim, white cap would never leave things lying carelessly about. But it is twelve o'clock, and time for the man of the house to come home, so she calls for his little daughter to go with her, and you can see from her expression that little daughter is delighted to go along.

These two look at each other as if they were enjoying some very happy secret together. I think that she is going to surprise her father with some present that she has hidden away in the white apron which she is holding up by the corners. I wonder what it is! Some blossoms from the tree that spreads its branches over the little passage-way between the house and what is probably the milk-house; or maybe a piece of fresh cheese which the women of Holland make so well.

Out in the hallway that leads to the street stands a woman who is looking out as if she expected someone. This lady is the little girl's mother, and she, too, is watching for the father. As soon as she sees him coming up the street she will call to the others to hurry.

From the tiny glimpse we get, it looks like a very pretty, quiet street. You will notice something that seems quite strange to us; that is the inscription over the doorway. This is a very quaint custom and a charming one, too.

The artist who did this picture painted it a long while ago, but I am sure if we were to go to Holland to-day we would see a scene very much like this one. Perhaps a great-great-granddaughter of this little girl, dressed not so very differently, is even now hurrying out to meet her father, just as this one did so many years ago.



GOING TO MEET FATHER
FROM A PAINTING BY PIETER DE HOOCH

A DUTCH BABY AND HER NURSE

Frans Hals (1584-1666)

DESCRIBED BY ANNE N. P. GUTELIUS

Yes, this is a baby—a tiny girl whose first name we do not know. She belonged to a well-to-do Dutch family named Ilpenstein, who decided one day, nearly three hundred years ago, that she should have her portrait painted by Frans Hals. Did the little girl object? Not at all. We are sure, as we look at the picture now, that she was entirely happy about it; that her nurse was happy about it, and that the painter, Frans Hals, was happy to paint the two, and made himself very pleasant while he painted.

Frans Hals was the artist who knew as well as any one who ever painted how to show the character and disposition of the people he was painting. So we can be sure that the smiles of this baby and nurse were not invented for the occasion, but were the natural expressions of a happy baby girl and a nurse we should all love

to know; easy and pleasant in her ways of doing things and delighted with her little charge.

Perhaps you think nurse needed to be very gentle and even-tempered to put a baby girl into this dress and still to have her beam with happiness. But this is not a dress made for the picture. It is simply one of Baby Ilpenstein's best frocks. She has no soft white dresses with hemstitching and sprays of embroidery; for she lives in the seventeenth century, when clothes were all stiff and heavy. Nurse, to be sure, looks quite free and comfortable in her simple service-dress of well-fitting dark material, and modest ruff, parting at the throat. Her cap lies softly on her head. But if you could see the baby's mother on the street or in her house, you must wonder how she can be at ease, with silk or velvet of the heaviest weight standing out stiff about her, to the floor, with ruff about her neck as wide as her shoulders, and perhaps two inches thick, coming close under her chin, as though her head were thrust through a snow-white board.

Her hair is drawn back tightly, and over it, fastened close, a stiff starched cap of lace. Even the men wear loose bloomers, and sashes of heavy fabrics, always wide lace-edge cuffs and collars to their shoulders, or stiff pleated ruffs, wide hats sometimes with plumes, hair falling loose upon their collars very often.

So no wonder it is that our baby here wears a gown of brocaded satin, stiff and wide, with delicate pointed lace, so stiff, for collar, cuffs and front and on her cap. No wonder they have hung about her neck a heavy chain and jewel, that on her wrists are bracelets to match, and in her little hand a jeweled rattle. The nurse is very proud of this display, as well as of the little one's happy manners. Both are the style in the seventeenth century.

How wonderfully the artist has done the details of that dress, yet in an even light, so they are not too important. We see, first and last, two very pleasant people—the Dutch baby and her Nurse.



A NICE LITTLE GIRL
FROM A PAINTING BY LYDIA FIELD EMMETT



By permission of Franz Hanfstaengl

A DUTCH BABY AND HER NURSE
FROM A PORTRAIT BY FRANS HALS

THE MELON-EATERS

Bartolomé Estéban Murillo (1618-1682)

DESCRIBED BY M. P. GAFFNEY

WHEN you look at this picture and see two happy, ragged little fellows eating melon, does n't it make you wonder where they got it, and how an artist happened to paint them? It is an interesting story.

A little boy named Estéban Murillo once lived in Seville, a city of Spain. When he was twelve years old he became an apprentice to his uncle. That means he worked for his uncle, and in return for his work his uncle was supposed to feed him, and clothe him, and teach him his trade. Now, the uncle was a painter; and "Stéban," as his uncle called him, dearly loved to paint. He had little time for this, however, as the uncle kept him busy from morning till night doing the disagreeable tasks about the studio, such as cleaning brushes, scraping the paint from old pictures, and grinding colors. Sometimes, when he had finished his work he watched his uncle paint pictures of saints, which "Stéban" did not like very well. At other times he painted pictures on a little canvas in a dark corner of the studio and dreamed of the pictures he hoped to paint some day. "I shall paint beautiful, happy things," he said to himself.

One day each week he was happy. On market day, when the peasants brought their fruit and flowers to sell, and the fine town people came to buy them, "Stéban" was taken by his uncle to the market-place. "You must paint four pictures here to-day, and sell them," his uncle would say. At the close of the day his uncle would take the money. If four pictures were not finished and sold, I am afraid the little boy was whipped, when his uncle got him back to the studio.

"Stéban" loved the blue sky, the peasants, bull-fighters, and dancing girls with their gay clothes; and for a time he was content to paint a rose and sell it, and then another. As he grew a little older he knew that he could not paint four good pictures in one day. "Uncle," he said, "may I paint just one, and do it better?" This made his uncle angry. "Do not think you are better than I," he answered. "All you can do is to paint a few flowers, and I want the money."

One market day, his uncle brought him as

usual, left four canvases to be painted, gave him a small piece of silver to buy his lunch, and said sternly as he was leaving, "Remember, to-night I want the money for four pictures."

The boy had never seen the sky so blue, nor the people so interesting. He was thinking how he should love to paint them, when a little beggar boy stopped and said: "What are you doing?" "Stéban" told how he must paint four pictures, and then give the money to his uncle.

"Oh, if I had that money, I 'd never give it to him," said the urchin. "I 'd buy a melon, yum-yum!"

He looked so comical and merry with his blue eyes, nut-brown face and shining teeth that "Stéban" forgot his uncle, the four pictures he must sell, and all. He only wanted to paint this little fellow. "Here," he said, giving the urchin his lunch money. "I 'll buy you a melon if you will stay here for a while and let me paint you."

Off scampered the ragged boy, and in a minute returned with another child as ragged and merry as himself, and a big melon. It was past noon before they finished the melon, and when they looked at "Stéban" they saw that he was so busy on his picture he had forgotten them.

When night came "Stéban" was still at this picture, forgetful of everything else. At last he was working at something he loved, and knew that he was doing well.

Finally his uncle came for him. He saw the three empty canvases and the other unsold. In anger he laid hold of "Stéban," and was about to punish him, when he chanced to look at the picture. At once he realized that, even unfinished, it was better than anything he had ever done or could do.

From that time on you may be sure "Stéban" had plenty of opportunity to paint. His pictures were brought to the attention of the court painter, Velasquez, who became a friend of the young artist, and helped him in many ways.

Murillo became a famous painter. The people loved his pictures, because they were beautiful in color, and about interesting subjects.



A SPANISH FLOWER GIRL



THE MELON EATERS

FROM PAINTINGS BY MURILLO

THE BOY FALCONER

Nicolaas Maes (1632-1693)

I WONDER how many of you know what the artist meant when he called the very handsome young man in the high, white-plumed hat and rich velvet suit "The Boy Falconer"? Probably you will all guess that it has something to do with the bird he holds by a short leash on his wrist. And that is right.

In the days when boys and men wore long curls and elaborate clothes like these in the picture, falconry was a favorite sport of the nobility. The falcon was a bird like this one in the portrait. In *NATURE AND OUTDOOR LIFE* is a picture in color of the American falcon, which is known as a Duck Hawk to distinguish it from its slightly different European cousin. It was very swift and strong, and was particularly keen at spying out other birds. When the gentlemen went out to hunt they took their falcons and their hounds in place of the guns which hunters use nowadays. You can see in this picture that the boy is holding another leash in his right hand, at the other end of which is quite possibly one of the dogs. First the hounds started on ahead to scent out the game. As soon as they had spied it, they set up an awful barking and baying. At this, the falconers quickly let loose their falcons, and the eager birds flew swiftly after their prey. They were carefully trained, so that they would not destroy or kill the game, but would carry it back in their

beaks to the hunters, who were following as fast as they could.

It seems a strange sport to us; but in the time this picture was painted, every young man of good family felt that he must be trained in falconry. The more noble his family the finer the bird he possessed. It became the mark of a gentleman's position in the world. At this time, too, acres and acres of very precious land were given up to forests in which the noblemen could hunt.

I am sure this very young man felt very big and manly having his portrait painted as a falconer. From his elegant clothes and his very gentle and refined expression I feel certain that he was of a very aristocratic family. Quite possibly he was a page in the household of some of the higher nobility, an honor which was paid to the younger sons, and even the older sons, of the lesser nobility, or the "gentry."

But proud as he must have been of this portrait, I do not believe he ever expected that the artist would paint him so beautifully that we would be looking at him to-day, hundreds of years after he himself was forgotten.

It is interesting to compare this lovely boy with the old woman, beautiful for quite another reason, who was painted by this same artist. We have a colored reproduction of this painting, entitled "The Never-Ending Prayer."

RUBENS' TWO SONS

Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640)

(Picture on page 53)

THE story of the two boys whom we see in the picture reads like a fairy tale.

Over three hundreds years ago two brothers, Albert and Nicholas, lived in a beautiful home and had everything they could wish for. Their father was the greatest of Flemish artists, Peter Paul Rubens.

The two boys had very different ideas of a good time. Nicholas, the younger boy, was the livelier of the two. He liked to run and jump and play. He would play out in the garden where there were beautiful flowers, or race with the dogs over the grassy lawn. Interesting play-

mates could be found all over the big place, even stately peacocks; but I suspect he often wished for a real boy with whom to talk and play.

Albert, the older brother, loved to read and study. If no one disturbed him he would sit all day and work in a corner of the big library. He was an excellent Latin scholar, which pleased his father. If Albert tired of reading he would go into the museum and poke around among the curiosities there. This room was filled with odd and attractive things, which Rubens had gathered from all over the world. It contained famous paintings and statues, medals, old coins



THE BOY FALCONER

BY NICOLAAS MAES

From the Wallace Collection,
London

Photograph by W. A. Mansell Co.



and jewels. After Albert had grown he wrote a book about this room. Both boys had lovely and unusual toys, which their father had brought them.

At one end of the big house there was a huge studio where Rubens worked. Both boys liked to stay in here and watch young artists at work. Rubens always had a number of beginners in painting here, where he could teach and help them. Albert would come into the studio quietly and stand first by one easel and then another, watching the pictures grow under the swift, sure strokes of the artists. To watch so many men painting lovely pictures in the big bright room must have been a fascinating pastime. Doubtless Nicholas somewhat disturbed the quiet of the room when he came in. He would come racing in and want to help one of them, and then would take some paint and make pictures of his own, or else try to clean his father's brushes. His lively spirits made it impossible for him to be still for any length of time.

The great artist Rubens always delighted in painting children. Even before he began to paint his own sons, his pictures had many dear little angels and cupids in them. When his children were small he played with them constantly, and watched them grow day by day, until he was so accustomed to their little dimpled bodies and dear, childish ways that he painted all children better than ever. In many of his pictures he has painted his boys as representing different characters. In one they were the children in the Holy Family. Again he pictured one of them with his mother and called it the "Madonna and Child." In still another picture they were Jesus and John the Baptist. Often they were merely just themselves, Rubens' two sons.

The picture which we see here of the two boys is one of his very best. Albert was about twelve years of age and Nicholas eight when it was painted. The two boys seemed to have just leaned up against the big pillar to talk when they noticed their father sketching them.

Albert has a faint suggestion of a smile on his face, as he stands there with a book under one arm and the other around his brother. His eyes are serious, and tell us of his studious ways. His legs are carelessly crossed. Nicholas might be up to some mischief, if his expression tells us anything. In his hand is a wooden perch to which a goldfinch is tied. He expresses more action and life in his attitude. Albert looked like his mother, Nicholas like his father. Both are manly, handsome little fellows.

The clothes of the two brothers are very different from the somber, straight suits of the boys of to-day. The soft luster of their satin suits adds richness to the picture. The older brother has on a black suit trimmed with white satin. A white ruche forms his collar and cuffs. His gloves are trimmed with soft fur. The big, soft black hat seems to be a part of his costume. Nicholas is dressed in gray and blue, trimmed with yellow satin cuffs, though you cannot see the colors here in this black-and-white print. These graceful, rich clothes of long ago give an added charm to the artistic picture.

Rubens loved to paint beautiful materials and bright colors, and doubtless he loved to see his sons dressed in this way. A silky finish to the materials catches the light brightly and makes the painting vivid and full of color. One of the most noticeable points of Rubens' art is his power to handle beautiful colors. On the canvas of the real painting itself, though two hundred years old, the colors are still gorgeous and glowing.

The action in this picture makes the boys seem real. By some almost magic strokes of his brush Rubens suggests this action. The brothers might be alive and breathing. You can almost see the smile change on Albert's face as you gaze at him. The brothers look out at you so frankly and naturally that it would be easy to ask Albert to come over and read your new book with you, or invite Nicholas to a game of tag.



RUBENS' TWO SONS

FROM A PAINTING BY PETER PAUL RUBENS

THE BLUE BOY

Thomas Gainsborough (1727-1788)

DESCRIBED BY EHRMA G. FILER

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, a great English painter, was a real Tom Sawyer when he was a boy. We are told many stories of his boyish pranks. When only ten years old he would coax the other boys at school to do his lessons, while he drew sketches for them in return. One day he even brought a note to the head-master which asked for a holiday for Tom, and was signed with his father's name. Unsuspectingly, the master let him off from school; and truant Tom spent the day in the woods, sketching bright bits of nature that caught his eye. When he got home that night his father was very angry, for he had seen the forged note and was waiting to punish his son. However, when Tom came in and showed his book of sketches, and told how he had spent the day, the father forgot his anger in pride at the real genius in the boy's drawing.

All during his boyhood Gainsborough sketched every bush, tree, and landscape near his home, and he was determined to be an artist of note. His family finally decided to aid him, after an incident which proved to them his rare talent. A man was stealing pears in the orchard one day, and Tom discovered him there. He quietly sketched the man's face, and then ordered him to leave. The man was recognized from Tom's sketch, and was sent for. He would not confess to the charge until shown his face as seen by Tom.

When sixteen his parents sent him to London to study art. For three years he worked there and made great progress. Then he returned home again to paint his beloved country scenes.

At this time he married a girl who was a year younger than he. A pretty story is told of how they became acquainted. It may or may not be true. One day while out sketching, the face of a beautiful young girl appeared in his picture. She had stepped from behind a thicket into the landscape and thus into his heart, and they were married shortly. For several years the youthful pair had rather a hard time financially. Later they moved to Bath, and fame and fortune met them there.

Gainsborough became a popular artist, and soon had more work than he could do, and received great sums of money for his pictures. But he still kept the whimsical ways of his boyhood. He could not paint well anyone he

did not like, and he was very independent. He was also very generous, and would often give away pictures which to-day would be worth thousands of dollars. He sometimes gave a picture in return for a trifling kindness, such as a free admission to a theater, or an invitation to dine.

The Blue Boy is one of his best pictures. Gainsborough must have liked the youth when he first stepped into the studio, and must have known that he could make a beautiful picture of him. It turned out to be such a charming painting that everyone likes it just as a picture, and not because it is of any famous person. In fact, very little is known of the little boy. His name is Jonathan Buttle, and he was the son of a rich iron-monger. Probably he and his father were at the fashionable resort, Bath, and the father, having seen some of Gainsborough's lifelike work, wanted his son's portrait painted. They were rich people, and lived in London, so they could well afford this extravagance.

Young Jonathan appears to be a dark-haired, handsome boy of about fifteen. He stands gracefully with one hand on his hip, and with one foot slightly forward. He seems perfectly at ease, and just stays there looking back at you. His face is sensitive and handsome. He must be somewhat of a dreamer, for his expression is serious and reserved.

Jonathan is dressed in a blue, or greenish-blue silk Van Dyck suit, so named after Van Dyck, the great artist, because in his paintings of years ago the boys wore the same style. Gainsborough was a great admirer of Van Dyck, and often copied his pictures for practice, so perhaps that is why he wants Jonathan dressed this way. Over the arm of the Blue Boy is thrown a coat, and in his right hand he holds a plumed hat. He might be a courtier, dressed in his bright fantastic suit, stepping out of the pages of history to greet us.

The main colors of this picture are blue, green, and white—the blue suit, the green grass, and dark, white fleecy clouds. The white of his collar and cuffs, his light stockings, and the delicately tinted plume of his hat, are the light shades which relieve and help to blend the blue and green. A wonderful harmonious blue per-



THE BLUE BOY
FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

vades the whole picture. Some artists had said that a picture could not be painted successfully with such cool colors; and perhaps Gainsborough painted this to show they were wrong. The original painting is in the Huntington collection in California. There are two others, that are possibly replicas. You know, only the artist himself can

make a "replica"; a "copy" is by another artist.

Gainsborough always loved to paint landscapes and country scenes better than portraits, but they would not sell at that time. He saw beauty in everything—a winding lane, a field, or a tiny cottage—and gave it color and grace in his picture.

AT THE SPINET

George Romney (1734-1802)

DESCRIBED BY M. ALSTON BUCKLEY

THIS picture is not one that we might call a story-picture. And yet it does tell us a story of two happy little girls, whom we should not be at all surprised to see running after a hoop, across a soft green lawn, or skipping with a rope beneath the trees, with deer feeding in the background. They wear the dresses that little girls wore in the days when they were not allowed to romp, but only to run or skip quietly and sedately; and when every little girl had to sit down every day and learn how to sew her "seam." Of course, children can dress up in clothes like these, but the picture makes us feel that these children wore them every day.

Some of us may have wondered what a spinet is; but someone who is studying music tells us it is one of the instruments from which the piano is descended, and so we know the picture was painted before pianos were in use, and we know, too, what a spinet looked like.

You see, there is nothing in the picture but the two beautiful little girls at the spinet, and the stool, which the artist left standing at the back, because it fills a gap, which might not have looked well, and made it part of the design, or pattern, for his picture, which is very simple. One of the beauties of the picture is the simplicity, or simpleness, which belongs to childhood. The long skirt of her frock makes the older, thoughtful-looking child seem taller than she is; while the younger, roguish-looking child looks as if she were quite ready for any mischief that might come her way.

When you have learned to draw, you will notice how delicately the lovely little faces are modeled, so that they have a look of sweet purity, and you will be able to see, too, how gracefully the little girls are poised, especially the little one whose hands are on the keys. There is one

thing you can notice in the picture now, and that is the soft, silky hair, which no one could mistake for anything except the hair of little children. You can see, too, the soft shadows round the arms, which is what gives them their soft roundness, and this is what we mean by "modeling" them.

About the time that George Washington finished his last term as President, there were three painters in England who were said to be the greatest portrait-painters of their time. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Thomas Gainsborough were first, and the one who came next was George Romney, who painted this picture.

He did not want to paint portraits. He wanted to paint big pictures of great things in history. He painted these historical pictures very badly; and so it is fortunate for us that, to make money enough to live on, he had to paint portraits. These he did so well that many people went to him to have their pictures painted; and so we have a number of beautiful portraits, such as these of two lovely little girls.

The pictures by which we know him best are portraits of Lady Hamilton, who was one of the most beautiful women living in his time, and whose name you will often meet in history. George Romney thought she was the most beautiful woman in the world, and painted her in many different ways. At one time she sat for him to paint her nearly every day; and he said her beauty was so great that it helped him to make better pictures of other people.

At the same time, as we can see for ourselves, he was able to paint good pictures of children; and we are almost sure that, although he wanted to paint pictures of battles, it made him happy to think that he could keep alive the beauty and innocence of children.



AT THE SPINET

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE ROMNEY

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL

Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792)

DESCRIBED BY MARY LENA WILSON

ISN'T this a dear little girl, in her quaint, short-waisted frock, and with the tiny turban on her soft, dark hair? With the mellow sunlight shining on her sweet face and across her dainty, light dress, she stands demurely against a background of dark foliage—a charming little figure, in bright contrast to the shadows about her.

She looks as if she had just come out of the cool, dark woods where she has been gathering strawberries in the long, pointed basket she carries on her arm; and she is a little shy at seeing you, and slightly drops her head so that her eyes do not have to meet yours. Very solemn she is, with her hands folded sedately at her waist, and her eyes so big and serious; but I am sure, if you could make her look straight at you, she would blush very prettily, and her red lips would break into a smile. She would probably turn her head away in her embarrassment, so shy is she; and I am glad the artist caught her just as she is. I am sure that anyone who saw her could n't help loving her.

And that is what her uncle, Sir Joshua Reynolds, thought, who painted her. Sir Joshua was one of the most famous artists England ever had, and of all his three thousand paintings, most of which were portraits, he loved best this of his little niece Theophilia, or "Offy," as she was called for short.

Sir Joshua was particularly fond of painting children, and he made them so natural that all his little people look as if they were going to walk right out of the picture and speak to you. Does n't it seem as if "Offy" might put her hand in her basket any minute and offer you some of her red berries?

Many of his subjects were of noble family, as was the small daughter of Lord William Gordon, who was the model for all five of his famous "Angel Heads"—a group of golden-haired cherubs, with beautiful, innocent faces. But always, no matter how rich they were, he made his children sweet and simple; and preferred putting them in natural surroundings, with trees, and flowers, and soft sunlight, and clouds about them.

One reason he was able to paint children so charmingly and so naturally was because he loved them so much, and they loved him. When they posed for him he did not make them sit stiffly in a chair, as one does at the photogra-

pher's, but let them walk about and amuse themselves, so that he could catch their most characteristic expressions.

The grown-ups, too, liked to come to pose for Sir Joshua. He was kind and gentle in his manner, even when he became rich and famous and was made a knight for his wonderful skill. Oliver Goldsmith, the poet, dedicated his most famous poem to him; and Samuel Johnson, the greatest literary man of his day, and Burke, the statesman, were his devoted friends.

Sir Joshua's father had not intended that his son should be a painter. He himself was a clergyman, who taught a Latin school in Devonshire; and when his little boy was born, in 1723, he decided that he should educate him for the medical profession. But Joshua did not care for studies at all; and when he painted on the sail of an old boat a remarkable picture of the minister, his father recognized his ability, and sent him to London to study art. From London he soon went to Italy with a friend of his who was a naval officer, and there he studied the Old Masters, and acquired a great love and admiration for Michelangelo, who was always his ideal.

On his return to England, he painted a very vivid picture of a famous English naval battle, which his friend had described to him. This made such an impression that he immediately became very popular. From then on his life was a series of triumphs. Everyone who could afford it wanted Sir Joshua to paint his portrait. One of the most famous of these pictures was his painting of Mrs. Siddons, the great actress, who is represented as "The Tragic Muse."

Sir Joshua, after he became wealthy and famous, built a beautiful house in which he lived with his sisters, for he never married. Here his friends loved to come; and no matter how many were in the house when dinner-time came, he always insisted on their staying and dining with him. He drove about in a brilliant, gilt carriage, with gorgeous figures painted upon it.

While studying in Italy, Sir Joshua had taken a severe cold, which resulted in deafness, and as he grew older it became worse. Finally it affected his eyes so that he could not paint. But he did not live long after that.

When he died, in 1792, he was mourned by rich and poor, young and old.



THE STRAWBERRY GIRL
FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

FEEDING HER BIRDS

Jean François Millet (1814-1875)

DESCRIBED BY EHRMA G. FILER

THIS picture, "Feeding Her Birds," is not the painting of any little Prince or Princess of long ago, or of any noted people. It is just the picture of real children and their mother as they looked in every-day life. It might be you and your playmates sitting there in the cool breeze, and being fed your lunch.

These three children live in this stone cottage with their mother and father, and are happy as the day is long. I think their father is a farmer, who raises corn and wheat to sell. You can see him in the picture back there in the garden digging some potatoes. There is a grassy yard in front of the cottage where the children play. Before the step, and close to the house, the grass has been worn away by many feet.

The little boy and his two sisters must have been playing out-of-doors in the summer sun-

shine and having a fine time. You can see their toys, a cart, basket, and dolls. They have been having so much fun that they had forgotten it was time to eat, until their mother appeared in the doorway with a steaming bowl of soup. At her call they race to the doorstep, and each one has found a seat. In their hurry the little boy and little sister have dropped their playthings carelessly on the ground, but they have n't time now to worry about that. The older sister must have taken more time in getting there, and she looks less eager than the little ones. She still holds her doll in her arms; she cares too much for her baby to throw her around.

After the children are settled on the low stone doorstep, the mother sits down on a milk stool front of them. She is tipped forward on the stool so she may reach them easily.



From a Thistle Print, copyright by the Detroit Publishing Co.

THE HOME OF MILLET
FROM A PAINTING BY A. FOURNIER



FEEDING HER BIRDS
FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

In the picture, the mother is holding out a spoonful of broth to the little boy. He is stretching out his neck to reach the spoon, and opens his mouth for the first taste. His face is serious, and intent on the business in hand. The smaller girl is very much interested in what is going on. She rests her arm on her brother's shoulder, and how lovingly she holds his hand in her own! She is watching him so intently that her own mouth opens just as his does. She is remembering how good the taste was. Her little wooden shoes are turned in at the toes in a most natural way. The older girl looks on solemnly, waiting her turn. She does not appear as eager as the little ones; perhaps she has been taught that it is polite to wait your turn. A hen comes waddling up to see what

is happening. You can easily imagine you hear her singing, as hens do on nice warm summer days. It is almost noon, for the shadows are short in the picture, and the father will soon stop work and have his own lunch.

Have you ever seen little birds on the edge of their nest being fed by the mother-bird? Then look closely at this picture and see if it does not make you think of just that. The man who painted this picture said that he had tried to suggest that idea.

The cottage itself is not unlike a nest. The rough gray plaster and irregular stones on top of one another are like the twigs and odds and ends used to build a bird's-nest. A heavy vine climbs up the side of the building and shadows the window, making it cool and pleasant inside, just as a big tree limb protects and shelters a bird's home. The cottage seems small and plain, but very homelike, and suitable for their needs. It is certainly like a cozy little nest.

The long, light one-piece dresses and wooden shoes make the children look as much alike as three little robins, and they sit just as close together as if perched on a tiny nest. The boy wears a cap trimmed with a button, and the girls have neat bonnets tied under their chins. They all look just as round-eyed and serious as three baby birds getting their morning worm.

The mother bends over them in a protecting, brooding manner. Her dress is dark and serviceable, and might suggest the somber garb of the mother bird. She wears a handkerchief bound around her head in peasant fashion, and has another around her neck. The pointed spoon makes you think of a bird's beak.

The man in the background might be the ever-busy cock-robin, digging and working to feed his family. He has to keep always busy to provide enough for so many little mouths.

These are pictures of the children of the painter, Jean François Millet. But he had nine to feed, not three. Millet lived in just such a tiny stone cottage, not far from Paris, and worked very hard to earn enough for all of them. His first care was always for his children, whom he loved dearly.

Millet liked to be out in the sunshine and in his garden when not painting. Since he had to constantly keep busy to provide for his family, it is natural that he compared his own life to that of a father-bird working to feed his little ones.



Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art
YOUNG GIRL PARING APPLES
FROM A PAINTING BY NICOLAAS MAES

DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS

Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez (1599-1669)

(Pictures on pages 63, 64, 65, and 93)

WOULDN'T you like to know about this handsome little boy who rides his pony in such a manly fashion? You will think by looking at the picture that he is of noble birth, and you are right, for this is Don Balthazar Carlos, the little son of King Philip of Spain. Velasquez painted many portraits of the royal child, but none so famous as this.

See how well he rides! His father, the best horseman in Europe, taught him this art. Philip was proud of his son for many reasons, but most of all for his skill and courage in the riding school. He was a good shot when he was 10 years old, and could shoot wild birds and animals while he was riding at full speed. He was a good student, too; but his father was prouder of his athletic achievements than of his studies, perhaps because he himself taught him riding.

His uncle, Don Fernando, made him presents to encourage him—armor, dogs, and a pony which was full of spirit. In this picture the Prince seems just to have started out for a brisk ride, holding a baton in his hands, as he had seen his father do. He seems thoroughly able to manage his fiery little steed.

As he grew older he was much loved and admired by all, and a great future was predicted for him. His father wished him to marry the daughter of the ruler of one of the great countries in Europe. Fine portraits of the Prince were sent to these countries, many of them painted by Velasquez. A picture representing him in armor, with golden spurs, was sent to England, and may still be seen there. A full-length portrait of the boy in a black velvet court dress with silver lace collar was sent to Austria. It was decided that he should marry Mariana, daughter of Emperor Ferdinand of Austria.

Shortly after this was made known, the Prince went with his father to Argossa, where King

Philip was engaged in a war. The beauty and spirit of the boy, now sixteen years old, excited great enthusiasm, and everyone said: "What a fine King he will be some day!" But this was never to be. While he was at Argossa he became ill, and died. His father was overcome with grief, and there was great sorrow in all the country.

In after years people loved to look at this picture, and remember how as a little boy the Prince dashed about on his pony.

In order that you may know this fine boy better, we show his face in detail, and on pages 65 and 93 are portraits painted when he was older.



DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS
FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ



DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS
FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ



By permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

A SPANISH BOY

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ

ALICE

William M. Chase (1849-1916)

DESCRIBED BY M. S. EMERY

OF ALL girls in the world, American girls have the happiest life. To be sure, parents in most lands love their daughters and are proud of them; but no country seems to care quite so much as America does to make them have a good time all through their girlhood. And there are countries, like India and China, where girl babies are considered to be more bother and expense than they are worth. Sometimes, indeed, they are actually thrown away like so much rubbish!

But this American girl, with her sweet face and her gay good humor, is perfectly sure of a welcome wherever she goes. She meets us, frankly confident of our friendliness, because she has never in her life received anything but friendliness from other people. We know by the laugh in her eyes that she is used to comfort and sunshine, understanding, and petting, and praise. She has no fear. Why should she fear, when the world, as she knows it, shows only pleasant paths for her to follow?

She makes us feel what a delight it is just to be alive, with all the world opening out ahead!

The picture is the portrait of the artist's own daughter; and to the people who knew her personally it doubtless seemed a wonderfully lifelike image of the real "Alice." Yet thousands of other people, who never knew this young girl at all, have found the greatest pleasure in studying her portrait as it hangs in a public picture gallery (the Art Institute) in Chicago. For William Chase was not only an affectionate father—looking with tenderly admiring eyes on this little damsel in the white frock—he was an artist, too; and, by virtue of his artistic gifts, he was able to make us see her with his own eyes; even more than that, he was able to make us see in her all sorts of lovely things about girls of her age—other Alices, and Gertrudes, and Marys.

For one thing, see how full of life she is, from her wavy dark hair to the toes of her feet! She can hardly keep from dancing while we look at her. The long ribbon against which she leans for an instant suggests the fun of a skipping-rope, yet there is a mischievous challenge in her face, as if she knew very well that we knew very well one cannot swing a light and slender ribbon as one does a heavy, twisted cord.

We feel sure that this face could take on a great variety of expressions. It could be sweetly serious over thoughts of solemn things. It could

look (for a few seconds) quite distressed and disappointed over some trifling misfortune. It could be a-quiver with fun. Most likely it could frown, too, though it had less practice along that line. And all these changes might swiftly follow each other, just like changes in an April sky.

It is a wonderful world into which a girl like this is awakening. She is still a child, with all a child's love of play and busy action; at the same time she is beginning to feel, every now and then, some surprising sense of the meaning of life, that she never thought of when she was "seven-times-one." She is beginning to find that invisible things like unselfishness and patience have a splendid beauty of their own. When she hears a story of noble heroism or silent sacrifice, there is in it a certain call to her own best self. She loves nonsense as much as ever; she loves a little more than ever to try her own powers of teasing and coaxing; at the same time she is beginning to realize that maybe life has great things to ask of her as well as lovely things to give to her.

The history of the Great World War proves that countless girls, brought up, like this charming Alice, without a care in the world, sheltered and petted and shielded from what is harsh or disagreeable, may be not "spoiled" at all—far from it; on the contrary, quite ready, promptly ready to do their part in time of need. Countless girls who had merely lived to frolic like this dear child, readily gave up the goodies they had so much enjoyed, made over their frocks instead of spending money on new ones, learned to work, and work hard, in the vegetable garden and the kitchen and the Red Cross workroom.

So this portrait of one delightful girl reminds us of what splendid stuff America's little daughters are made.

The artist, William Merritt Chase, was born in Indiana in 1849. He studied art first in this country, and later in Europe. For many years Mr. Chase taught in New York. Once, when he and a number of his pupils were at work in a quiet country place, a man who had spent all his life in that region asked, in wonder: "What on earth do you folks find around here that is worth painting?"

The difference between the men was that Mr. Chase had learned to see and to care for things that the other man never noticed at all!



ALICE

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER

Sir John Everett Millais (1829-1896)

DESCRIBED BY EHRMA G. FILER

THE two little Princes, Edward and Richard, whom you see in the picture, had a very tragic life. Their father died when they were small. He had asked their uncle, his brother Richard, to help the Queen care for his boys. The uncle was a very wicked and cruel man; he was also ambitious. He wanted very much to be king himself, but these two boys stood in the way, so he hated them. He hid his feelings for quite a while, and acted as if he were helping to make ready to crown Edward as King of England.

The Queen mistrusted and feared her brother-in-law. She felt sure he would do some harm to her boys, so she took the children and went to live in a church. In England at that time it was against the law to hurt any one who took refuge in a church. They stayed there safely until it was time for Prince Edward to go to London for the coronation.

When they reached London with a guard of two thousand soldiers, Richard came out to meet them, and was very kind and friendly to the little Prince. Edward decided that everything was all right, and he was very happy. He rode proudly on his pony, and smiled at the crowd when they shouted: "Long live the King!" He expected to live and rule for a long time. After they reached London he had to wait a few days for the ceremony. He lived in the palace and was content, but a little lonesome. One day his uncle came to him and said it was not safe for him to stay in the palace any longer. He must go to the Tower of London, and there behind heavy stone walls he would be safe. All unsuspectingly, the boy was quietly taken from the lovely palace to the Tower, and locked in what was really a prison.

The Tower of London was a very gloomy, dark place, and many wicked crimes have been committed there. Into this lonely place little Edward was put, and no doubt he was frightened by the stillness and darkness. He waited for days, and no one came near him except an old man with his meals, and he could give him no news. Then one day Prince Richard came. He told his brother that their uncle had told their mother that Edward was lonesome without his brother. The two boys did not understand it all, but they were together, and that was something.

Day after day crept by, and night after night—all alike and with no change. They received no

word from their dear mother or from their uncle. They would walk about the dark, dim halls. The dampness made them shiver with cold as well as fear. They lost their healthy appearance, and were two most miserable little boys. They could look down out of the tower windows upon the city below. They must have wondered why the people were so careless about their King.

One night a man came galloping up to the Tower and told the keeper he had an order from the boys' uncle that he was to have the keys to the Tower this one night. The keeper could do nothing but assent, though he feared what might happen. The next morning the stranger gave back the keys and went his way. But the room where the two little Princes had been was empty. No one ever saw them again.

Two years later, after the wicked uncle had died, two men told how they had been bribed to smother the brothers while they slept. More than two centuries later two little skeletons were dug up under the stairs. This was all that remained of the unhappy Princes.

This, of course, is only an imaginary portrait of the boys, but it is true in every detail of dress. Sir John Millais, the artist, went to the Tower of London itself and painted for a background the stairs under which the boys were buried.

The royal brothers wear dark velvet suits, pointed shoes of velvet and short necklaces. Their fair hair hangs loosely about their shoulders, and is in sharp contrast with the somber clothing and the background. The older brother wears a garter below his left knee, which shows he is a Knight of the Garter.

The two boys look very much alike. They stand in a listening attitude, there at the foot of the old gloomy stair, and are huddled together as if in fear. The older boy looks up bravely, while he holds his brother's hand and tries to comfort him. The little boy has one trembling hand on his shoulder in a dependent gesture.

Their faces are delicate and refined, and far too serious for their years. With frightened eyes they gaze ahead as though expecting some sudden hurt. On the wall behind them is the shadow of a man stealing upon them. These unfortunate little Princes stand there proudly, though their hearts are beating fast. They remind us far too well of the old unhappy days of long ago, before the spirit of democracy ruled the world.



THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER
FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS



AS IN THE CASE of the children, the first pictures of mothers were sacred pictures; they were pictures of the Madonna. And ever since then, when a modern artist, like Gari Melchers, or George De Forest Brush, paints a mother and children—even his own wife and her children—there is usually something about the arrangement of the composition, or in the dignity and grace of the mother, that suggests the one who was most blessed among women!

It is a beautiful thought that, whenever an artist tries to put a mother in colors or in marble, he tries to make her the best of mothers.

Here are just a few of the most gracious examples of motherhood, from the brushes of the great men of many ages. The one above is by Sergeant Kendall.

The one on the opposite page, originally entitled merely "An Arrangement in Gray and Black," is the famous portrait of his mother by James McNeill Whistler.

Curiously enough, this great painting did not make an immediate appeal to the British public, probably because it was so different from the kind of representations of motherhood the people were used to.

Eventually, however, the art critics of England as well as the rest of the world came to recognize it as the masterpiece it is, for it reveals so plainly the love the painter bore his mother. It is the final tribute of the boy who, on his tenth birthday, slipped a poem under his mother's plate for a surprise at breakfast.

It is hard to see how anyone could fail to grasp the beauty and significance of this lovely portrait. The thousands of tourists who today troop past the original in the Luxembourg Gallery testify to its enormous popularity. Instinctively people feel, in its presence, that they are looking not only at motherhood but at the twilight of an aged mother who has fulfilled her highest function by having given the world a genius.



PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER

FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES ABBOTT MCNEILL WHISTLER IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS

IN THE GARDEN

George De Forest Brush (1855-1941)

GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH was an American painter whose pictures, chiefly of North American Indians and of mother-and-children groups, were very popular a generation ago.

Brush was, without question, a painter of fine technical skill. But his portraits, especially in the latter group, seem to us pretty and graceful rather than imaginative; sentimental rather than significant; imitative rather than original.

Born at Shelbyville, Tennessee, in 1855, he soon showed an interest in art and a talent for painting. He was sent to Paris to study under the famous teacher, J. L. Gérôme, and he never quite got over imitating him.

Back in the United States he became a member of New York's National Academy of Design, and from 1883 on, when he began painting his impressions of Indians—"Mourning Her Brave," "Moose Hunt," "Aztec King" and others—he attracted a great deal of attention and achieved widespread popularity with the general public and notice among the art critics too.

His mother-and-children portraits, among which "In the Garden" is perhaps the best known, were, for the most part, posed by his own wife and children. They are all carefully worked out compositions arranged, as to line and mass, according to the traditions of the Flemish, Dutch, and German masters. The garments flow, rich in color and texture, like the garments of Mary in some of the old religious paintings. Indeed, one feels, in looking at these pictures, that Mr. Brush has followed the Holy Family tradition too rigidly. In other words, he painted even his own wife and children as



he thought they ought to be painted, not as he himself actually saw them.

That is why, for all his superficial charm and tenderness, George De Forest Brush is considered by true artists to be sentimental and not an original or a great artist.



THE SISTINE MADONNA
Raphael (1483-1520)

"THE SISTINE MADONNA"

Raphael (1483-1520)

THERE was once a good priest who took care of his people. He lived close to them every day, he rejoiced with their joys, he stayed with them in their sicknesses. He was eventually made the Pope at Rome. In thankfulness that a great plague had passed away, the people asked the famous artist Raphael to paint a picture for the altar in the village church where the Pope had been a humble priest. The Sistine Madonna is the picture he painted.

The people have prayed to God for health, and their prayers have been answered. Through the parted curtains we look up into heaven, where two child-angels are seen. The Mother of Jesus comes with her Son to the rescue of mankind. It seems that she comes swiftly, as suggested by the motion of her mantle and flowing skirts. But her features show a blessed calm and her expression is filled with modesty, strength and calmness. In her glory, she appears to be looking not at anything belonging to this world but out over the vast universe and into eternity.

The Child rests easily, naturally and with grace in His Mother's arms. He seems not so much supported as enthroned. His face is filled

with love and tenderness. He, too, is strong, with the strength of His heavenly Father.

The two cherubs out of the heavenly choir above are of particular interest to children. They lean on the parapet of earth below and behold the wondrous scene in innocence and rapture. They are a reminder that it was the children for whom the people prayed during the pestilence.

On the left the good Pope, his triple crown at his feet, kneels in reverence to pray for men on earth. At the right, St. Barbara gazes earthward with motherly kindness and pity.

"The Sistine Madonna" was the last "Holy Family" picture which Raphael completed. His genius gave it exquisite beauty. Both the Mother and Child are shown looking far into the future, aware of Jesus' appointed mission and holy future. Raphael has been called Rome's "most rare and excellent master," as well as "the prince of Italian painting." About him our own poet Longfellow has so truly said:

"Raphael is not dead.

He doth but sleep, for how can he be dead
Who lives immortal in the hearts of men?"

THE MADONNA OF THE ROCKS

Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519)

LEONARDO DA VINCI is considered, by those most competent to judge, to have been one of the most versatile and gifted men in the entire history of the human race.

Leonardo's great genius manifested itself not only in his magnificent canvases but in his great intellectual and creative power in the fields of philosophy, the sciences, sculpture, architecture, and music. Certainly his paintings have stood out pre-eminently among the greatest in the world since they were painted nearly five centuries ago.

He was born in Vinci, Italy, a small fortified hill near Florence, the son of a Florentine lawyer and of a mother of humble station. As a young boy, Leonardo showed not only charm of manner

and beauty of person but great mental energy and curiosity in a wide variety of subjects.

From the first he possessed the talents of an artist with entirely original values. He drew from life as he saw it, never from another artist's point of view.

He studied with the best teachers and seemed interested in learning everything. It was hard to decide what profession he would follow because he could do so many things well. One day his father, Piero, showed some of Leonardo's sketches to a friend, Verrocchio, a famous Florentine painter. Verrocchio instantly recognized his talent and undertook to teach him. The story goes that while Verrocchio was painting a picture of St. John baptizing the Christ Child, he allowed Leon-

ardo to paint one of the angels on the riverbank. The angel was so far superior to the rest of the painting that, according to legend at least, Verrocchio threw down his brushes vowing never to paint again.

After that, Leonardo followed his own inclinations. He enjoyed doing an amazing number of different things. Many of his scientific ventures showed him to be centuries ahead of his time. For example, he invented portable fireproof bridges, various kinds of engines, bombs and other missiles, and under-water tunnels. He was an architect of beautiful buildings and a sculptor of exquisite figures and magnificent monuments. He was a fine musician, a genius at mathematics, and a man of practical common sense as well as one of the world's greatest artists.

In his drawings he was a craftsman of such precision that nothing less than perfection suited him in his own work. But unlike many perfectionists, Leonardo combined precision with depth of feeling and freedom of expression.

He was the first painter to make the interplay of light and shadow a vital part of painting. And he had many other gifts, including one which most Florentine artists lacked—the ability to *enjoy* life as well as to study it.

Thus, in his late twenties, Leonardo left Florence and entered the service of the Duke of Milan. He remained there for sixteen years as “general constructionist” for the court; that is, to supply an artistic background for the Duke and all his activities. Leonardo's projects during those years, included his great work of sculpture, an equestrian statue; the writing of his brilliant notebooks; and the completion of what is probably his most ambitious and his finest painting, “The Last Supper.”

Long before this, however, he began painting pictures of Christ and of incidents connected with His life. One of the loveliest of these is the “Madonna of the Rocks.” There are perhaps three copies of this picture, the best version of which is the one in the Louvre in Paris.

In this picture, as in every one Leonardo ever painted, he departed from the traditional representations of the Virgin and painted her as a young and attractive Florentine woman with a mysterious, enigmatic smile similar to that on the face of his famous Mona Lisa—similar, in-

deed, to the smiles he made famous in so many of his paintings.

The angel and two naked children in this picture are portrayed against a background of an irregular shadowy landscape which, too, is particularly characteristic of Leonardo. The cave, beside a running stream, is full of weird hollows. It is formed of rocks queer in shape and structure. Plants and ferns grow between the overhead stones and on the rough rocks in the foreground.

The lovely Madonna in her soft mantle is the central figure. Her face is tender with motherly love. One hand rests on the shoulder of the child John and the other extends over the infant Jesus. A guardian angel, kneeling beside the holy Child, holds one arm protectively around Him.

One of the things to notice especially about this picture, from an artistic point of view, is the wonderful use Leonardo has made of intermingled light and shadow. It is one of the first pictures to employ this device which Leonardo discovered and used with such pronounced effect.

Leonardo da Vinci was to paint many famous religious pictures after this. “The Last Supper,” which took him three years, was completed in 1497 and remains today one of the truly great masterpieces of art.

Next he painted a huge picture of a cavalry episode in a frenzied battle—judged to be a fine painting, although it was ruined soon after it was finished.

Leonardo is said not to have been distressed by this catastrophe for he was already at work on his famous “Mona Lisa,” which is described elsewhere in this book.

Although Leonardo painted a few non-religious pictures, he excelled in portraying scenes from the beautiful story of Christ. At the close of his life his hands were paralyzed so that he could not paint any longer, and he spent many hours in prayer and meditation.

He died at the age of sixty-six in 1519. He was one of the greatest geniuses the world has ever known, a man who possessed a prodigious mentality and an inventive genius far in advance of his own lifetime. He is remembered, however, for his sublime works of art which were executed with unsurpassed skill and lofty inspiration.



THE MADONNA OF THE ROCKS
FROM A PAINTING BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

MADONNA AND CHILD WITH THE DONORS

Sir Anthony van Dyck (1599-1641)

DESCRIBED BY M. S. EMERY

No two people, naturally, tell the same story in the very same words; so no two artists would paint pictures exactly alike. Each painter, whether he meant to do so or not, shows us things that he himself was used to seeing, or things that he himself specially enjoyed.

This picture of the Virgin Mary and the Christ-Child was painted by a Flemish artist named Anthony van Dyck. About three hundred years ago he was one of the greatest artists in the world. Monarchs of other countries invited him to their palaces, and paid him great sums of money for portraits of themselves and their queens. A rich nobleman was proud to have his young son or his beautiful daughter painted by the artist whose work was so admired and praised. Van Dyck was used to visiting in grand houses, to seeing rich garments and stately, courteous manners. So, when he painted a picture of Mary of Nazareth, it was quite natural that he should think of her as he shows her here—a lovely woman with such dignity as a Queen might show, rather than a Hebrew maiden who had been brought up in a plain home in a country village.

Notice that Van Dyck did not think it necessary for a truly great lady to have showy clothes, or to be made fine with jewels. The Mother of our Lord wears the plainest sort of robe and veil, with no ornaments at all; and yet there is something so noble and beautiful about the very way she holds her lovely head that we should all instinctively rise to our feet if she entered a room where we were sitting. We should naturally wish to pay her that respect and honor.

For (look again at the Virgin's gentle, gracious face) it seems quite certain that a woman who looked like that must have been beautiful in her mind and her heart. We can hardly imagine her thinking a selfish, hateful thought, or doing a mean and unworthy act. We feel sure that she was a "lady" in the highest and truest sense, whether she came from a palace or from a common country home.

And the Christ-Child! His baby sweetness and friendliness seem like a quick fulfilling of the angels' message about good-will to men. Though those tiny hands have not yet much strength, and one of them clings to the Mother for the support of her own gentle power, yet He eagerly reaches out the other dimpled fingers

to touch and bless the man who so reverently kneels beside Him.

Do you wonder why that man, with his air of worldly elegance, and his stiffly fashionable wife, should be in such a picture at all? This is how it came about.

We are not sure of their names, but they were rich people who loved the Lord Christ and who wished to express in some way the feeling they had for Him. Perhaps they were very grateful for some good fortune that had come to them, and they wished to say: "Dear God, we thank Thee for Thy kindness." Perhaps they were puzzled to know just what to do about some matter in their every-day life, and they wished to say: "Dear God, show us what we ought to do." And probably it seemed to them that God would be pleased if they should place a new picture of the Christ-Child on the wall of the church where they and their neighbors went to pray. So they paid the most able artist they could find for painting this picture, and it was put up in a place where a great many other people could see it every day, for they made it an offering to some church. Their own portraits were included in the picture kneeling before the Holy Child, as a record of their offering.

The fine clothes worn by the two "donors" (or givers) of the picture are just such as very grand folk in their time used to admire. Gentlemen then liked to wear at neck and wrists ruffles of costly lace. The wife's remarkable ruff, stiffly starched to hold its curving plaits in shape, must have been rather uncomfortable for the wearer, but we may be sure that she and her friends thought it a marvel of beauty. None but very rich women could afford such splendid finery three hundred years ago.

Those winged babies, fluttering down from the sky as if they wished to play with the Baby in Mary's arms, are cherubs or child-angels. The older people do not seem to see them or to know that they are near. But we feel quite sure that in another moment the Holy Child will be turning toward them to smile His welcome.

The original picture, just as it was finished by Van Dyck's hand, was removed a long time ago from the place where it was first put. Now people go to Paris to see it, in one of many rooms in a great art museum which used to be a royal palace of the Kings of France.



MADONNA AND CHILD WITH DONORS

FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DYCK IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS

MOTHER AND CHILDREN

Elizabeth Nourse (1860-1934)

(Picture on page 78)

"BREAKFAST by candle-light" might well be a second name for this painting. One can readily imagine, too, that the little family is seen on a winter's morning. Baby brother, who has only recently begun to experiment with thin gruel taken from a spoon, is well wrapped and capped. Mother is dressed in one of those loose, flowing gowns so common of wintry mornings when hungry children need warming-food. Little sister is no doubt warmly clad. She is earning the name "greedy" by gulping down some of brother's left-over milk. Her tell-tale eye, peeping round the corner of the cup, is proof that she is ready to say, "Only a drop, mother!" if a gentle reproof is given.

The painter has chosen a subject dear to all—the home. The mother is the heart of every real home. The loving care she gives her children assures its future. The home life of a country is the truest measure of its strength.

Looking upon this work, one feels assured of the future of the American nation. In countless thousands of homes are groups that could readily serve as the basis for this picture, were

it still to be painted. The sweet-faced mother, heedless for the moment of all except the innocent babe in her arms, might be your mother or mine. She knows that, just as she pours out her love when her children are young, will they in turn give back that love as they grow to manhood and womanhood.

Looking at the mother and baby alone, one feels the artist may first have conceived a modern Madonna. Then, yielding to the present-day love of humor, she decided to bring in the pleasant touch added by the head of the little girl.

The treatment of the light is almost as if Rembrandt himself had inspired the artist. The hidden candle, with its reflector of polished tin, almost glares upon the figures. The baby's body, as it cuddles in the mother's lap, is almost wholly illumined. The mother's neck, breast, and tireless hands have their full share. For the little girl, the light might be said to be unkind, as it glows full on the bottom of the cup she is draining, and passes on to reflect from the keen little eye so intently guarding against surprise.

MADONNA

Gari Melchers (1860-1932)

(Picture on page 79)

A DUTCH mother has taken her little baby out into the garden, and has seated herself on a bench. The sun shines brightly behind the leaves, and flecks through the shadows down upon the bright colors of her dress and the white dress of the baby. There are some gay tulips blooming at her feet. The light about her white coiffure suggests a halo.

Kneeling at her feet is a young woman—her sister, perhaps, or the sister of the baby. She holds out her beckoning hands, and the baby springs toward them. There is a smile on the faces of mother and girl. It is indeed a very happy scene.

The artist calls the picture "Madonna," and we see why he has done so. He loves, like Millet, to take the common people, in their usual

circumstances, and to paint them with such sympathy and respect that his characters have both beauty and interest. The mother does not have a beautiful face, but her attitude is lovely; and we feel that she loves her baby with the same wise and tender love with which Mary loved her Child.

The artist was born in the city of Detroit, of German parents. He was educated in the common schools of that city, and after much struggle found his way to the native land of his father and mother, where in Dusseldorf he studied. Later he went to Paris. His pictures now hang in many notable galleries, and he wore the decorations and bore the honors of the world's great artistic societies. His studio was in Paris.



MOTHER AND CHILDREN

FROM A PAINTING BY ELIZABETH NOURSE



MADONNA

FROM A PAINTING BY GARI MELCHERS

THE BLESSING

Jean Siméon Chardin (1699-1779)

DESCRIBED BY M. ALSTON BUCKLEY

IN HIS paintings Jean Chardin shows us exactly how the French people of his time lived, how they furnished their houses, and the dresses they wore; and the lovely picture of "The Blessing" tells us something about the happy lives of the little children he knew.

The pretty young mother is giving her little girls their dinner and is ladling out their hot soup for them. She has stopped for a moment, because she wants the smaller child to say a blessing, or grace, before eating. You can see how the little one is holding her hands together, in the pretty, reverent way she has been taught to hold them when she says her prayers; but she finds it hard to remember the words, especially when her nice hot soup is waiting for her! Her mother is looking lovingly down to encourage her, and is perhaps telling her a word when she forgets; and the older sister, who has been promoted to sit in a chair, looks pleased and proud because the other is doing so well. We are quite sure that in another minute the little one will have her soup! It is a picture of a very happy home, where good, obedient children do what their mother tells them.

Now, let us look at, we will say, the picture of "The Buttery Door," by Pieter de Hooch. You can tell at once, from the dresses of the mother and her children, and from the furniture in the room, that this is a picture of life in a different country; and you will know that the mother and children in this picture are French people, while the people in De Hooch's picture are Dutch. Pictures like this make us feel that we know the people who lived long ago. We are quite sure that, even though they wear different clothes, we would like to go out to play with these little children when they have finished their dinner—they are all so much alive.

But though the picture is so different from Pieter de Hooch's, it looks something like it; and so we know that the artist looked a great deal at the great Dutch pictures that were painted before his time, and learned so much from them that, like the Dutch painters, he was able, not to write, but to paint the story of his own days. When he was a very young man other artists thought that a number of his pictures, which he had put together in a room, were the work of the great Dutchmen, and asked to see Chardin's own pictures.

Let us look at the way in which the painter has arranged his subject. Suppose he had the mother stand at the other side of the table, or made her stand up straight: the picture would not be nearly so good, because she would not seem to be listening so lovingly to her little child. You know, your own mother bends down to you, as if she wanted to be nearer to you, when you are saying something earnestly.

Let us look, too, at the light as it falls on the drum, and on the three figures and the table, and then at the shadows in the room that seem to make the light so much brighter. Our windows are much larger than the French windows were two hundred years ago, and so we have more light in our rooms; but you can see those shadows yourself, in your own dining room, sometimes.

Everything in the picture is so natural that we do not feel as if the artist put the mother and the little children in their places, as the photographer arranges us when we go to have our photographs taken. We feel quite sure that the artist must have gone in some day, when the children were at dinner, and thought they made so pretty a picture that he painted them just as they were.

He always painted like that, and made things look as they were, not as he thought they should be; and that is why his pictures seem like nature. Ever since he lived, other artists have been following his example. When he was alive, most of the French artists were making pictures of people and things as they thought they ought to be if they were only beautiful; but Chardin would not do this, and he did not get as much money for his pictures as he ought to have done, and was always poor. The most he ever got for a painting was equal to three hundred dollars of our money; and sometimes he gave his pictures away. Yet Kings and Princesses bought them; and a single one would not be sold to-day for less than tens of thousands of dollars.

A Princess admired a picture very much one day and wanted to buy it; but instead of putting a price on it, he said it would be an honor if she would accept it. The Princess, who did not understand how anyone could need money, took it and gave him a diamond snuffbox for it; and that picture is now one of the greatest treasures of the Louvre.



THE BLESSING

FROM A PAINTING BY JULES SIMEON CHARDIN



ANGELS' HEADS

FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS



INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE PICTURES

EVERY year the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia (the oldest art museum in America) offers prizes for paintings shown at the annual exhibition. A distinguished jury of artists chooses a candidate for one of the prizes; the people who visit the museum choose another.

It is on the theory that the public in general and children in particular find story-pictures of the greatest interest that we have chosen a majority of such pictures for this section of this book.

The picture at the top of this page, for instance — Jules Bastien LePage's famous "Joan of Arc" — is a good example. Famous primarily as a great work of art, the picture arouses the interest of children because it depicts a great character in history—the Maid of Orleans whose faith and courage have lived for centuries in the annals of history, literature, painting, sculpture and music. Given this initial interest, children become more and more eager to find out more about such subjects. They are inspired to pursue information and knowledge not only through the channels of art but also through history and literature.

Most of the pictures in this section—especially such as Turner's "Fighting Téméraire," Abbey's "Round Table of King Arthur," Hogarth's "The Distrest Poet," Velasquez's and Van Dyck's British historical figures, etc.—either tell a story or inspire the student to find out what the story is that lies behind the picture.

It is for this reason that we entitle this section INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE PICTURES. We feel that they will find enjoyment in the various stories and will be instructed by the stories as well as by the art itself.

ST. BARBARA

Palma Vecchio (1480-1528)

DESCRIBED BY M. ALSTON BUCKLEY



ST. BARBARA

FROM A PAINTING BY PALMA VECCHIO

ST. BARBARA was a noble maiden, whose father shut her up in a tower, so that no one should see her and fall in love with her beauty. You see, in those days maidens had to marry whomever their fathers wished; and Barbara's beauty was so great that her father was afraid someone would come and try to marry her before he could himself decide upon her husband.

While she was in the tower she heard about the Christian religion; and as she wanted to learn more about it, she sent for a bishop to come and teach her. And the bishop came to the tower and taught her so well that she became a Christian. But when her father heard of it, he was very angry and ordered her to give up her faith. She could not do that, and she became a martyr.

A long time afterward she was made the patron saint of the soldiers of Venice; that is, they believed her prayers in heaven would help them to win their battles. So, more than four hundred years ago, they had this beautiful picture painted in the church where they prayed before they went out to fight, and gave thanks to God after they came back; and the picture is in that church to this day.

The picture was painted by Palma Vecchio, a painter who lived in Venice about the same time that Botticelli lived in Florence. His right name was Jacomo Palma, but after his death he was spoken of as Palma Vecchio, to mark the difference between him and his brother's son, who became a painter, too. Vecchio means "the old."

We know nothing about what Palma Vecchio did, where he lived when he was a boy, nor who his parents were. All we know is that he was born in 1480, in a little village called Serina, in northern Italy. When he was still quite young he went to the great city of Venice, where he became a painter.

He lived in Venice and painted pictures of the beautiful, noble women and men of Venice, and pictures for churches in Venice and other places. His best pictures, however, were of beautiful women; and the people thought so much of them that, when the soldiers wanted a picture of St. Barbara, they asked him to paint it.

He was not one of the greatest painters, partly, perhaps, because he did not always do his very best; but he was so pleased at being asked to



THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE TUGGED TO HER LAST BERTH
FROM A PAINTING BY J. M. W. TURNER IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

paint this picture that he worked his hardest, and not only painted the best picture he ever did, but made it one of the greatest portrait paintings in the world.

He painted the crown on her head, and the branch of palm in her hand, because they show that she was a martyr, which means, you know, that she died rather than give up her religion. And he painted the tower behind her, partly because she was imprisoned in one, and partly because towers were used by soldiers to defend a city.

Her face is as beautiful as the face of the maiden who was shut up in the tower could possibly have been, and she looks strong enough and noble enough to be ready to die for what was right.

Some people say that Palma Vecchio studied

in the studio of Bellini, another of the great artists at the same time as Titian, who was the greatest of all Venetian painters. Many of the pictures of women that he painted are so fine that for a long time people did not think he could have done them, and said they were painted by Titian. Others are not so good, and so we say that his work is uneven; and this is why, after he was dead, a great many people did not think he could have painted the great pictures that bear his name.

He died in 1528, eighteen years after Botticelli passed away in Florence, and was buried in Venice.

St. Barbara appears in Raphael's masterpiece, "The Sistine Madonna." She is the figure at the right. You will, no doubt, want to compare the two.

THE FIGHTING TÊMÉRAIRE

Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851)

DESCRIBED BY M. S. EMERY

THINK of the most gorgeously splendid sunset you ever saw. Then remember that sunset comes at the end of the day, when people who have been working with all their might are ready to drop their work, to rest; before long, to go to sleep.

That is a part of what the English painter Turner had in his mind when he painted the picture from which this copy was made. Our copy shows the glowing colors—reds, some deep and rich and some like leaping flames; yellows and gold of every sort, from the palest straw-yellow to heavy orange hues that are almost reds; streaks of crimson and of purple. And these sky colors are reflected on the smooth surface of the water that stretches out before us.

We cannot see plainly those buildings on the farther shore: there is a soft, glimmering haze all around them. But they really do not matter. They belong to a far-away world. That splendid ship is what takes our eye—the tall ship, and the energetic, smart little tug-boat that is towing her along through the smooth waters. It looks almost as if the great ship did not quite wish to go, and there is no sign of men upon her decks. It is strange that so grand and dignified a vessel should be without a commander, led merely by that common, noisy little tugboat that blows its dirty smoke into her face.

As we look more closely at the ship, we begin

to understand. It is a very old-fashioned kind of craft, built long before steam-engines had been invented. Those immensely tall, slender masts used to hold up huge sails of stout canvas, that the wind might carry the vessel on her course. For hundreds and hundreds of years sails and oars were the only means that the wisest men could provide for a vessel's voyage. The most important expeditions that ever started on a sea voyage had to wait helplessly for the right winds to blow.

The vessel afloat here now in that blaze of sunset glory is an old-time warship which British sailors captured from the French in 1798, and then used for forty long years and more in the service of England. Her French name means "the one that dares." Some of the bravest men in the world had climbed those tall, swaying masts in a howling storm. Some of the most courageous fighters in the world had fired cannon from those decks during the thundering horrors of battle. Every man who ever served on the "Téméraire" was proud of the old ship and of her record—proud to be, himself, one of those that dare do perilous things at the call of duty.

But year after year went by. Ship-builders began to have new ideas, and to make use of new inventions. Steam power was used, so that vessels might be able to push steadily on and on, regardless of wind and weather. Warships

were no longer built with wooden hulls, even though the wood were the toughest of seasoned oak; they wore armor of steel, heavy plates of sheet metal that made them proof against the attack of ordinary shot and shell. In her own time the "Téméraire" had been the most perfect vessel that human skill could produce; but the new inventions made her old-fashioned, no longer equal to the needs of the nation. Besides, her once stout timbers had borne the strain of so many years that their strength could no longer be depended on with certainty. Her long day of work was over.

So now we see her, looming higher than ever

out of the water because she carries no troop of men, no heavy load of ammunition and supplies, but being led away from her place among the battle-ships in active service. She is on her way to some quiet place of anchorage, where she will lie idle—out of all the rush and noise, away from all the proud responsibilities of active naval life.

It had to be so, but one does feel sorry for the gallant old ship, whose time of usefulness is over. The glorious colors that glow all around her, in the sky and in the water, are like banners waved in honor of her passing. She has earned both the rest and the honors.

THE DELPHIC SIBYL

Michelangelo (1475-1564)

(Picture on page 87)

PENSIVE and thoughtful she sits—this ancient prophetess of Delphi. In her left hand, flung far back of her right, she holds the sacred scroll upon which her inspired message to mankind has been written.

Her right hand toys idly with the hem of her garment. From beneath her folded turban her long tresses have escaped, and are the playthings of the wind. She is youthful and graceful, like Cassandra.

Meditative and inquisitive, she gazes into the vacancy of the future. Wistfully she seeks to catch the true significance of that which is written upon her scroll, for she desires to interpret aright that which is to befall mankind.

Unlike "The Sibyl of Cumæ"—the majestic war goddess, full of power and wisdom—"The Delphic Sibyl" represents all that is young, feminine, and hopeful. Yet she is not unwise. She seeks to know the whole truth, and not a half-truth. According to the ancient fable she prophesies that "the Prophet born of the Virgin shall be crowned with many thorns." It is, perhaps, a sad prophecy, but it is a true forecast.

She is surrounded by friendly genii, and behind her, book in hand, stands her prompting spirit.

In her face is portrayed the agony of a pure soul over the sins of a selfish and sinful world. Sorrowing over the corruptness of mankind, she looks into the future and its secrets for consolation.

Although strikingly feminine, she gives the impression of power. The muscular body, so healthy in its fullness and adolescence, reveals the fact that the soul which it houses possesses whatever strength is required to bear the awful seriousness of the revelation, whatever its nature.

She is but one of the group of Sibyls which Michelangelo painted with such consummate skill upon the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. All these mighty beings are sublimely meditative, intensely pensive and weirdly fascinating. Their forms and movements, as indicated by the grand lines and masses of drapery of the master artist, are majestic and dignified.

These beings gain their majesty and power over the breasts of men, not so much from their bulk and contour, as from the wonderful personality which shines in their faces. For this, the hand of the master is responsible. And through them, as well as through his other masterpieces, Michelangelo has left his indelible impress upon mankind.



THE DELPHIC SIBYL
FROM A PAINTING BY MICHELANGELO

AN INTERIOR

Pieter de Hooch (1629-1677)

DESCRIBED BY CORINNA MARSH

SOME of our very greatest artists were apparently so overawed by the grandeur of nature that even when they painted outdoor scenes they did so with dark and somber colors.

Others, of whom Rembrandt was the supreme master, excelled at painting shadows for the sake of bringing out important highlights.

Although he never achieved the dazzling brilliance or the subtle depth of Rembrandt's canvases, the Dutch painter, Pieter de Hooch (or Pieter de Hoogh, as his name was sometimes spelled) was nevertheless also a master of shadow contrasted with sunlight. De Hooch, in fact, typically Dutch by nature as well as by environment, managed to make even his interior scenes bright and cheerful.

Look carefully, for instance, at the picture called simply "An Interior" on the opposite page.

If you could see it in its original colors, you would be almost able to feel the warmth of the sunshine as it comes pouring in through the open door, gilding the checkered stone courtyard, mellowing the stone entrance-way across the court to butter-yellow, and enveloping the child who is proffering the lady of the house a basket of fruit and vegetables, perhaps as a gift from a neighbor.

The child is a boy; small Dutch boys were dressed that way in the seventeenth century. But he is a shy boy and the basket is heavy for him as is shown by the way he stands.

The lady of the house, however, is trying to put him at his ease. She bends toward him graciously as she takes the basket from him. There is warmth, too in her attitude, warmth of spirit and gentleness. But you can readily see that she is not ever going to let anything interfere with the neatness and cleanliness of her house.

Somehow de Hooch has got into his painting the scrubbed look of soap-and-water cleanliness that is typical of Dutch homes. You *know* that the floor has been scrubbed spotless. You feel that even the darkest corners of the room are innocent of dust and dirt. You realize that the whole house is clean from top to bottom, and you can almost hear the crackle of the lady's starched red cambric skirt and white apron.

De Hooch loved to paint reflected light and light diffused through some substance. You can see it reflected on the lady's face and apron, thrown back from the arched passageway through two courtyards, and you can see it gleaming through the high leaded windows and glowing softly through the curtains. Notice, too, how it lights up the red-and-yellow cushion freshly plumped up on the straight little chair.

Practically all the paintings of Pieter de Hooch are concerned with the domestic life of Holland in which he lived. This same little chair with the same plump little cushion on it is found in many of his scenes, as well as the same look of polished cleanness and the same painstaking fidelity to such details of daily life as the patterns of rugs, windows, floors and doorways, as well as garments.

His vistas—through doorways, across courtyards, out of windows—are always interesting, giving us a sense of depth and distance and of the interplay of sunlight and shadow which he so loved to paint.

De Hooch's genius was not as varied as that of his master, Rembrandt, and his range of subjects was far more limited. But within the compass of his consideration, he was a painter who achieved great warmth of human interest and great poetic beauty as well.



AN INTERIOR

FROM A PAINTING BY PIETER DE HOOCH

ST. GEORGE DESTROYING THE DRAGON

Jacopo Robusti, Il Tintoretto (1518-1594)

ART blossomed in the early 1500's all over Europe. Beauty of form and color reigned especially in Venice where such great artists as Giorgione, Palma Vecchio, and the master, Titian, were painting their famous masterpieces.

Around the middle of the sixteenth century, however, the turmoil of the times was felt in art, too. The most vital and original painter of this period was Jacopo Robusti, commonly called Il Tintoretto ("little dyer") or Tintoret.

Tintoretto is said to have been a pupil of Titian. What he learned was surpassed, in his paintings, by his own depth of insight and his lofty soul.

Most of his works were painted in Venice. Almost all of his large canvases still remain on the walls for which they were originally done, and to see these exciting paintings one must journey to Venice.

At least one of his pictures, however, a very interesting one, hangs in the National Gallery in London. It is a small picture, measuring about three and one-half feet by four, entitled "St. George Destroying the Dragon." The subject had been painted by numerous other artists, including Raphael, but Tintoretto's version is excitingly his own.

He did not assume his spectator to be standing directly in front of the scene, but rather to be somewhat above, and yet so near as to be quite startled by the figure of a handsome young woman rushing forward in the foreground with terrified, violent motion. She is the princess of the story and wears her crown and royal robes. The artist did not indulge in expressions of rich materials. Instead, he stressed draperies in animated and sweeping movement, and used an extraordinary color combination of rose and blue, creating an atmosphere of emotional upheaval.

The onlooker is drawn into the picture by a diagonal composition of forms and colors leading the eye up to the group in dramatic conflict, directly in the center of the picture. There St. George, on his white horse, is charging against the fearsome dragon. His function seems to be that of the medium, so to speak, between the

stricken human figure and the heavenly force which is shown in such resplendent glory. The final victory, one feels, will be achieved by the intervention of God himself.

Tintoretto's greatest gift was distinctive emotional power which enabled him to breathe new life into the traditional representation of Biblical stories—to feel them anew, to paint them anew and so to give the observer a fresh and illuminating interpretation of them. As Tintoretto progressed in his art, he relied more and more on motion, and less on actual form and color, so that, even today, his work presents a challenge to the critics of his art.

His early work, however, was admired by everyone. One of his most popular paintings was "The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple," done for the Church of Santa Maria dell'Orto. It shows Mary as a touchingly small child, crowned by a heavenly glory, ascending the monumental stairway of a temple.

From 1560 on, Tintoretto painted in the Scuola di San Rocco: first a series of large canvases showing the life of the Virgin and then, on the ceiling of another part of the Scuola, parallel stories from both the Old and the New Testaments—scenes in which the Scriptural stories are told with magnificent gestures and noble images of man.

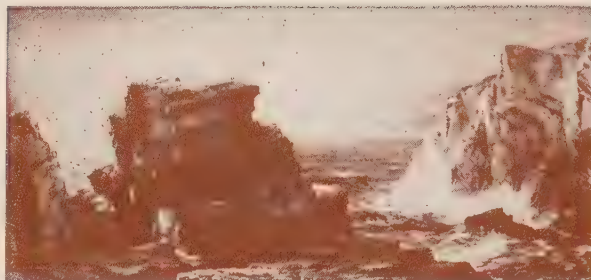
In 1565, Tintoretto completed, in the same building, the most wonderful artistic jewel of his career: the huge "Crucifixion," alive with tumultuous action, and yet divinely dominated by the tragic figure of Christ on the Cross. His last great accomplishment, finished with the help of his son Dominico, was the enormous "Paradise," the largest canvas in the world. It was done as a mural in the Doges' Palace and comprises seventy-four feet of heavenly space peopled with soaring crowds of saints and angels around the throne of God, adored by the Virgin. This magnificent mural canvas is the measure of the great Tintoretto, and because of it and his other beautiful works, his name ranks high on the roster of great masters of art.



ST. GEORGE DESTROYING THE DRAGON

FROM A PAINTING BY JACOPO ROBUSTI, IL TINTORETTO

A
ROCKY
COAST



From a
Painting by
William T.
Richards
in the
Metropolitan
Museum of Art

THREE BOYS IN ARMOR

BY TUDOR JENKS

UNTIL two years after Queen Victoria was crowned there never had been a photograph of the human face. In 1839 the first such photograph was taken by Professor John W. Draper, of New York City.

Before that date and until after 1750, those who wished portraits must pay an artist for a painting or drawing, and only a few could afford such a luxury. About 1759, silhouettes were in fashion; and some of you may not know that these black profiles were named after a French minister of finance. Because he was said to be stingy, it was considered a good joke to speak of cheap things as being *à la Silhouette*; and these black-paper portraits being cheap, they received the minister's name.

Since great artists charged very high prices, only the great and rich could be painted by the masters; and as their pictures were carefully preserved, the fine portraits of other days usually represent only the nobles and wealthy, such as kings, queens, princes, generals, and great statesmen.

It is natural, then, that the children whose faces have been made known to us by the distinguished painters should be little folks of high degree—or the sons and daughters of the artists, whose pictures were painted for nothing! These old-time boys and girls are dressed in garments like those their parents wore, for special fashions for children's wear came at a later time.

With this article are shown engravings made from three celebrated paintings, representing three boys, one English, one Dutch, and the other Spanish. They all lived at about the same period. Their names are Charles Stuart, who became Charles II, King of England—the "Merry Monarch"; William of Nassau, son of Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange; and Balthazar Carlos,

son of Philip IV, King of Spain. They were princes, all three, and the nations to which they belonged were rivals for supremacy upon the sea. First Spain's navy was the strongest, then the Dutch came to the fore, and finally England took the lead—but the American navy holds the supremacy to-day.

The Spanish Infante, or Prince, was painted by Velasquez; the English and Dutch boys by Van Dyck. These artists may fairly be ranked with the greatest portrait-painters of the world, so we should feel satisfied that the likenesses are good.

It will increase our interest in the pictures to see what history records about these little nobles. Two of them died comparatively young; the third, Charles Stuart, was king of England for a quarter of a century; and many historians consider that it might have been better if he had not outlived the other two.

Let us first speak of the young Spaniard. Except for Velasquez's brush we should know little of this prince, who died in his seventeenth year. But Velasquez seemed to delight in picturing Balthazar Carlos, for, from the time of the first portrait, showing the royal baby at the age of two, until the prince's death, there is a series of canvases showing the bright-eyed boy in many poses. He is sometimes in hunting costume, again in armor, now with his dogs, and several times on horseback. One large picture, showing the young cavalier charging at a gallop, is thought by a number of critics to be as wonderful a piece of painting as Velasquez ever accomplished.

There may have been other reasons why Velasquez painted Prince Carlos so often, besides fondness for the work. King Philip dearly loved the boy, and may have commanded the paintings. Or, when the question of finding a suitable bride



DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS INFANTE OF SPAIN

FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ

for the prince was under consideration, a number of portraits may have been made to send to foreign courts—for such was the custom of the portrait of him in his baby-days he is attended by a baby-page hardly older than himself. At six years, a painting shows him in hunting-dress



WILLIAM II OF ORANGE

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY VAN DYCK, IN THE HERMITAGE AT PETROGRAD

times, as any attentive student of fairy-tales would know; though, so far as I remember, school-books tell us nothing on the subject.

Carlos was born in 1629; and in Velasquez's

with a gun and dogs; next we see him learning to ride, under the instruction of Duke Olivares, the most celebrated horseman in Spain.

The portrait given here was painted about



PRINCE CHARLES OF ENGLAND, AFTERWARD KING CHARLES II

THE PORTRAIT BY VAN DYCK, IN THE ROYAL GALLERY, WINDSOR CASTLE

1638, when Carlos was nine. He holds in his hand a baton or staff such as generals and marshals used to carry on the battlefield as a sign of military authority. But this is a plaything,—like his armor,—for the Infante Don Balthazar Carlos never went to war; and, in fact, we are told by one authority that he was “a fat, jolly boy, not intelligent.”

But this does not seem just, for certainly the portrait shows a boy who is neither fat nor stupid; and we know that his father had both affection for his son and pride in his accomplishments, especially in his riding. To Don Fernando, an uncle, the king often wrote in praise of the prince’s daring and skill; whereupon the admiring uncle would send presents of armor, dogs,

and other things that boys, even when princes, find useful.

Once the gift was a pony, described by Don Fernando as a little demon, but he added that the horse would "go like a little dog" after a few cuts with the whip.

In 1645 Don Carlos made a journey to Aragon and Navarre with his father, on business; and we know this because the boy appears in a royal group forming part of the picture "A View of Saragossa," painted by Mazo.

It is odd that artists during their lives are distinguished for painting great personages, but that after a few years these same personages are often remembered solely because they live in the masterpieces of the great artists.

In June, 1646, Don Carlos was betrothed to a daughter of Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria; but this proposed marriage must have been only a political alliance, for the little prince died in the same year, and Mariana, the same Austrian princess, afterward married the King of Spain himself.

Philip must have grieved sincerely over the loss of his son, for soon after the prince's death he wrote thus to one of his generals, the Marquis of Legañas:

MARQUIS—We must all of us yield to God's will, and I more than others. It has pleased him to take my son from me about an hour ago. Mine is such grief as you can conceive at such a loss, but also full of resignation in the hand of God.

Yet had Prince Carlos lived to ascend the throne he must have reigned in troublous times. Soon after his death Spain was compelled to give up her sovereignty over Portugal, and saw the Netherlands become foremost in power upon the seas. These were proud Spain's dark days, and the Infante Carlos missed little happiness by failing to wear the crown.

Prince William of Nassau, or Orange, was a more attractive young noble—as, indeed, we may judge from Van Dyck's painting; he was brave, energetic, and able, as befitted a kinsman of "William the Silent," whom the Dutch have not shrunk from comparing even with George Washington.

The young Dutch prince, born in 1626, inherited some of the best qualities of his distinguished family. He was attractive in person and manners, and his mind was bright. He no doubt often heard the wonderful story of the struggles of the gallant Dutch nation to win independence, and learned of the building and maintenance of the wonderful "dikes and ditches," of their value in peace and war, their importance, and the terrible

desolation that would follow even a small defect in their structure. What fascinating stories were his inheritance!—stories to which he must have listened with all a clever boy's interest in adventure and excitement—incidents from the life of "good Father William," as the people fondly called William the Silent, tales of heroism that have never been surpassed.

When about sixteen, Prince William visited England; for his parents had arranged for his marriage with the Princess Mary, daughter of King Charles the First of England, and sister of Charles Stuart. The prince found a warm and kindly welcome at the English court, and while there he made many sincere friends.

He was acquainted with several languages, and was mature beyond his years. The duties which his position demanded he performed with ability and grace.

Some one who lived at that time and heard him speak, wrote: "He has pronounced his little speeches with the best grace, and with so much good will that he has acquired the love of every one who heard him. I will not say more, but that is not half the truth."

Prince William and Princess Mary were betrothed soon after the prince arrived.

The marriage ceremony at The Hague was performed several years afterward, and Princess Mary became Princess of Orange. The young couple passed some happy years together, and were evidently devoted to each other. When the Prince was stricken with smallpox, although he knew he was dying, he refused the comfort of his young wife's presence lest she also might take the disease.

Before she was twenty, the Princess was a widow; but a son was born to her, and this son of Prince William became king of England, and reigned for years as William III, with his wife Mary, niece of Charles the Second—that is, of the little prince whose portrait is the last of the engravings.

Van Dyck lived many years in England as court painter to Charles I, and the great artist died in London in 1641. He painted the portrait of Prince William before the boy's visit to England—which was before the prince was sixteen years old. The portrait of Charles Stuart, also by Van Dyck, must have been painted after the coming of the Prince of Orange to England, since Charles was a baby at that time, and the picture shows the prince to be at least seven or eight years old.

Prince Charles was born in 1630, and his later life as Charles II need not concern us in considering the charming picture Van Dyck painted of



ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS
FROM A PAINTING BY J. M. W. TURNER

him in his boyhood. It will be enough to admit that his reign was one of those that Englishmen would willingly spare from their history. In comparing him with his brother, James II, it has been wittily said, "Charles could see things if he would, and James would if he could."

Of Charles's boyhood certain leading facts will enable us to judge. When eight years old he was recognized as Prince of Wales, and provided with an establishment and attendants of his own; two years later he was allowed to take a seat in the House of Lords to learn to govern his future subjects—which, though he began so young, he never learned to do. At twelve we find him in command of part of the royal forces that were striving to put down the revolution. He narrowly escaped capture by the Roundheads at Edgehill, and besides undergoing the regular hardships of the campaign, had to undergo an attack from the measles during his retreat to Oxford.

When he was fourteen there were negotiations concerning his future marriage; but these came to nothing, as might have been expected, considering the state of things in England and the dismal prospects of the royal cause. His pro-

posed bride was a sister of Prince William of Orange. Two years later, Prince Charles escaped from England, and by way of the Scilly Isles and Jersey made his way to France and Holland.

When Charles the First was beheaded, the young Prince, who was nineteen, was proclaimed King in Ireland and in Edinburgh; but, largely because of Oliver Cromwell and his friends, he did not ascend the throne for eleven years.

In the careers of these "Three Boys in Armor" there is much to pity, little to envy; all lived in times of trouble, anxiety, and distress. They were little else than puppets that danced when statesmen pulled the strings as the fortunes of Spain, Holland and England seemed to require. One has a feeling of sympathy for these boys as he gazes into their frank young faces. Don Carlos has the happiest face—and, though not stupid, shows least signs of intellect.

It was pleasant to be painted into a masterpiece by Velasquez or Van Dyck; but, after all, one must admit that there are certain advantages in the obscurity of being one citizen of a great republic—even if you must depend on the home camera for immortality.

ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS*

Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851)

DESCRIBED BY HENRY TURNER BAILEY

AT THE right are the "beaked and dark-bowed, well-benched ships" of Ulysses' companions, waiting together. That piercing crag, the rude triumphal arch of some sea god, I 've seen off Capri; but the wooded slopes beyond, rising upward and away through the mists of the morning to the far peaks lost in crimson cloud, seem to be the land "not held for flocks and tillage, but all unsown, untilled forevermore, where vines could never die." The trusty comrades of the hero are "in their places at the pins, and sitting in order, smite the foaming water with their oars." The ship is ancient; but to this day, in Egypt, the sailors may be seen climbing like cats upon the great curved spars of the Nile boats as these men climb upon Ulysses' ship. Dolphins still leap beside the ships in Adria, but here the sea nymphs sport among them, with white arms gleaming in the spray beneath the ship's wet bow. Men still see the sun flame

upward over the Ægean, but only here are the fiery steeds of Apollo's golden chariot visible to mortal eye. Sea and shore are of this present world, but above them, dim and vast, writhes Polyphemos, "not like a man who lives by bread, but rather like a woody peak of the high hills seen single, clear of others," a part of that other world where the bright gods abide.

There Odysseus (the Greek name for Ulysses) stands, high on the deck of his golden galley, "calling aloud out of an angry heart: 'Cyclops, if ever mortal man asks you the story of the ugly blinding of your eye, say that Odysseus made you blind, the spoiler of cities, Laertes' son, whose home is Ithaca.'" Ah, those days of toil with the classics at Brentford school, disappointing as they were to the ambitious barber and his extraordinary son, have borne celestial fruit!

In the painting, Ulysses holds first place, as

* From "Twelve Great Paintings," by Henry Turner Bailey; published by The Prang Company, Chicago. Used by permission of the author.

he ought. This seemingly impossible primacy of so small a feature is brought about by means of color. As brilliant as the colors of the sunrise are, they are not so brilliant as Ulysses! The blues, and purples, and reds of the picture complete their sequence in the vermilion of his armor; the hues of white, yellow, and orange lead the eye again to the hero, and find their climax in his flaming torch. The whole color scheme is focused in this one little spot of absolutely pure color. Ulysses glows like a live coal.

The sky is "beyond comparison the finest that exists in Turner's oil paintings." It is wonderful! No words can describe it. If words can help at all one who has not seen the original, the words would be Ruskin's, written in the presence of another picture by the same master, but applicable here: "The whole sky, from the zenith to the horizon, becomes one molten, mantling sea of color and fire; every black bar turns to massy gold; every ripple and wave into unsullied, shadowless crimson and purple and scarlet, and colors for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind—things which can only be conceived while they are visible—the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all, showing, here, deep and pure and lightless; there, modulated by the filmy, formless body of the transparent vapor, till it is lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold."

But why so much emphasis upon the sky, in a picture of Ulysses? For the same reason that there is so much emphasis upon the sky in the picture of the old "Téméraire." Turner saw his beloved skies as typical. The "Téméraire," a ship of the line, which finished a warrior's career gloriously at the battle of Trafalgar, leading the van in Nelson's division, and breaking the line of the combined fleets, was being towed to her last berth by a fiery little steam-tug. He saw in the incident the last of the wooden navy. To his mind it was the moment of the sunset of a glorious day in England's naval history. Had he represented the towing at any other time of day, it would have been commonplace

enough; its significance would have been lost; at sunset its meaning was blazoned on the very heavens for all the world to read.

But the sky in the Ulysses is not a sunset! It is sunrise. Why?

Dr. William T. Harris has said that Turner loved to depict conflict of some sort—conflict between the sea and shore, sun and storm, light and darkness, man and the elements; but that he always chose the supreme moment when the war still waged, but when the edict had gone forth that the celestial forces should conquer. This picture is a good example. Think of the ten years' war with Troy in which Ulysses had fought! Think of the years of wandering in which he had suffered beyond all other men! Think of the fearful experience through which he had just passed—the fog, the night, the cave, the horrible nightmare of the monster's meal! But, as usual, the wit of Ulysses had saved his soul alive. His bright goddess, fair-haired Athena, never failed him at the critical moment. He has outwitted the giant. He has escaped to his ship. He is on his way home. Zeus wills it! The darkness yields. The rowers are at the benches, the sailors man the yards, an off-shore breeze springs up, the sails fill, flags of victory flutter out, the sea nymphs show the channel to the open sea—it is morning! Light has conquered again—the light of the world, and that finer light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

I have the finest brown carbon photograph of this picture obtainable—large size—hung where I can see it every time I look up from my desk. From all the pictures ever painted I have selected this for my constant companion. To me it embodies the whole history of the human spirit, past, present, and future, in one supreme vision. Long-tried, royal Odysseus is man in his struggle with nature, man in his warfare with ignorance, the Son of Man in His fight with sin and death, my own best self in its lifelong battle with everything adverse. By the help of his god, Ulysses won. Why may not I, with the help of mine?

THE DISTREST POET

William Hogarth (1697-1764)

THIS picture gives us a wonderfully good idea of the life of a poor writer in the time of William Hogarth, the first great English painter.

The poor poet has only one room, and that a garret, with cracked walls and ceiling. There he has to live with his wife and child, and work as best he can.

Some publisher has given him a commission to write a poem on riches, and he is vainly trying to get ideas. He racks his brain, but nothing will come; his few books are of no help; and he sits in his dressing gown, wondering what he can say, while his gentle-looking wife mends his clothes, so that he may look neat when he goes for his money—if the poem is ever written!

How can he write it? The baby is crying on the bed behind him, and the milk-woman is scolding at the door. He is unable to pay her bill,

which is marked on the tally-board that she holds toward him. There it is, a score for every pint; but the man cannot pay until his poem is written. His poor, sweet wife pours oil on the troubled waters. Very likely she is sure her husband is a genius, and tries to calm the angry woman by telling her of the fine verses that are being written for cash!

But the woman still scolds at the poet, taking no notice of his wife; and meantime a dog has stolen in at the door, which has been left open, and is carrying off the poet's dinner, while the cupboard above is bare!

The mop and broom are on the floor, where the poet's wife dropped them, when he asked her to mend his clothes. His sword and coat lie where he flung them. The sheets of paper he has spoiled in his efforts lie about. The cat



THE DISTREST POET

Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound;

Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Then wrote and floundered on, in mere despair.

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY WILLIAM HOGARTH

has made a comfortable cushion of his coat, and everything is in sad confusion.

How can it be otherwise, when they have only one small room in which to live; and how, he asks himself, can he ever get more money, if he cannot find peace to write? Truly, he might write a poem on poverty, but not on riches.

There were hundreds of poor writers living in London at this time, many of whom thought themselves rich if they had enough money to live on for a week. Some of them were very good writers, too; and Hogarth painted this picture, not because he saw the funny side of it, but because he had sympathy for them, and felt sorry for them. He was himself very poor at one time, and so he knew how sad a thing it was. He did paint funny, or humorous, pictures, but this was not one of them.

William Hogarth lived all his life in London, where he was born in 1697. His father was a schoolmaster and a writer, who was always poor; so Hogarth may have seen many scenes like this. He was apprenticed to a silver-plate engraver, but always wanted to draw; and, as soon as he could, he went to a school to learn to draw the human figure, and to paint.

He began to make illustrations for books; but very little is known of his life until he married the daughter of Sir John Thornhill, the artist, in whose school he had studied. After this he began to paint pictures which taught the foolishness, as well as the wrong, of living wicked lives. These moral pictures, as he called them, are very great pictures indeed. Sir John Thornhill had been very angry about his daughter's marriage; but when he saw one of these pictures he said

she had married a great man, and forgave her.

Hogarth also painted many fine portraits, and also historical pictures; but for a long time he was chiefly remembered for the engravings of his moral pictures, and pictures like the one we have here. Indeed, it is not very long since a good many people were very much surprised to learn that his rank, as a painter, is very high.

Our picture is not from a painting. It is from one of Hogarth's original engravings, which means that he drew it himself, with a tool, on copper, and it was then printed. If you look at some of the other pictures, you will see that it has quite a different appearance from a black-and-white picture of a painting. You can see even the little lines of which the picture is made.

Notice that though the room is untidy, there is no confusion in the picture; and although there are three people and a child in the little room, the picture is not overcrowded. The arrangement, or the "pattern" or "composition," as artists say, is so well made that we think at once of the beauty of the picture, not of the confusion of the room. This beauty of arrangement, or composition, is one of the things for which Hogarth is famous. He gives us a feeling that the poet's wife can make even this one poor room a home.

Hogarth made a good deal of money in his lifetime. He had a country house at Chiswick, where he died in 1764, and was buried in the churchyard there. Some years ago, his house was bought by an admirer of his work, and was made into a Hogarth museum; but the very best of his paintings are in the National Museum in London.



RELIGIOUS PROCESSION, WESTMINSTER ABBEY
FROM A PAINTING BY J. DOBBIN IN THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE ROUND TABLE OF KING ARTHUR

Edwin A. Abbey (1852-1911)

LONG before there were any printed books in the world, fathers and grandfathers in England used to tell to boys and girls stories of good King Arthur and his Knights. Arthur was a ruler of Britain in very ancient times, soon after the days of the Apostles in Palestine. This picture shows something that happened one wonderful day at King Arthur's Court, while he and the chief noblemen of his realm were at a feast.

It is a great Round Table where they sit. King Arthur's own place is naturally distinguished from the rest to show his rank and dignity. That



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THE ROUND TABLE OF KING ARTHUR
FROM A PAINTING BY EDWIN A. ABBEY

From a Copied Print, copyright by Curtis & Cameron, Publishers, Boston

canopy over the throne, his robe, his crown—all are splendid enough for a monarch in a fairy tale.

One seat at this Round Table had always been vacant. A magical inscription over it had warned men to keep away; it would be a Perilous Seat for any common man; he who should presume to take it would suffer dire misfortunes. That one seat was to await the coming of an unknown Knight, the bravest, and cleanest, and finest in the world. And through him wonderful things were promised to come to pass.

The artist shows us here the arrival of the long-expected Knight, Sir Galahad, to complete the circle. That mysterious old man in white, who leads him in, is Joseph of Arimathea, come back to earth for this particular service. He presents the youth to the King, and Arthur bows a royal greeting. Meanwhile, an angel takes away a heavy drapery that had covered the Seat Perilous, next to the throne.

In another moment Sir Galahad will take that seat; for—so the story goes—the magical inscription has all at once changed to read: "THIS IS THE RIGHTFUL PLACE OF GALAHAD, THE HIGH PRINCE."

According to the ancient story, as soon as Sir Galahad joined the circle marvelous things began to happen. First, there was a great noise in the air like thunder. Then came silence; and a sun-beam, brighter by far than ever had shone on land or sea, lighted up the hall. Every Knight held his breath for wonder. While there they waited, angels gathered all around them, and a mysterious something, wrapped in veils of glistening white, seemed to be borne by invisible hands through the hall. And all were sure it must be the Holy Grail, which none of them was worthy to see quite plainly.

The Holy Grail was the cup from which Jesus Christ drank at the Last Supper. It was said, in the old legends, that Joseph of Arimathea (you remember, he was the rich man who gave the tomb for the Lord's burial) carried the Grail from Palestine to England, and left it there at his death, as a precious gift to his descendants. After several generations, the keepers of the Grail grew careless of their sacred trust, living lives quite unworthy of the honor; so the Grail was taken away to Heaven by an angel. But people believed that, if a man could (and would) learn to be sufficiently good and true to deserve such reward, he might sometime, somewhere, be granted to see with his mortal eyes that precious reminder of the Christ.

In this picture the artist makes it quite plain that the Knights feel something strange is happening. Do you suppose they see, as we do, those long ranks of angels in the air? Or do they merely feel the nearness of the angels? You observe that some of the men have knelt. Notice that many are holding up the cross-shaped hilts or handles of their swords. That motion may mean that they feel the presence of supernatural beings, without being sure the invisible ones are good angels, and that they are declaring themselves on the side of the Powers of Right. Possibly the gesture may mean that they are promising, by their faith in the Cross, to accept the new Knight as their companion-in-arms.

Every man who sat at King Arthur's table, and belonged to its noble fellowship, vowed: To be truthful in speech and honorable in deed; to be loyal to the King; to be gentle with the weak, and courageous with the strong; to respect all women and girls, and defend them from any kind of danger; to stand by their comrades of the Round Table in every worthy cause; and to spread by all means in their power the knowledge of God and the Christ.

This picture is one of a series on the walls of a large room in the Boston Public Library. The series, as a whole, tells the old story of Sir Galahad's marvelous adventures in search of the Holy Grail.

Many Knights of the Round Table sought for it by long journeys and hard trials, but in vain. And Sir Galahad himself, though the straightest and finest, the truest and the manliest of them all, had many a strange difficulty and danger to meet and overcome before he succeeded in the quest.

The artist, Edwin A. Abbey, was an American. When he was quite young, just out of the art school, he used to draw illustrations for *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Magazine*. Many years ago he went over to England to study English landscape, and houses, and village life, so as to illustrate some old English poems; and most of his life was spent in English surroundings. He became one of the most celebrated of those artists who tell stories by means of their striking decorative pictures.

The color in his paintings of the story of the Holy Grail is very beautiful and striking. In this picture Sir Galahad's robe is a gorgeous red. King Arthur's crown and throne are splendid with gilding. The Knights' swords are of polished steel. And the angels are like a great, soft cloud, through which a light is shining.



Copyright by Edwin A. Abbey

THE CASTLE OF THE MAIDENS

FROM A PAINTING BY EDWIN A. ABBEY

From a Copley Print, copyright by Curtis & Cameron, publishers, Boston

Described on page 104

THE CASTLE OF THE MAIDENS

Edwin A. Abbey (1852-1911)

DESCRIBED BY M. S. EMERY

WHILE Sir Galahad, the bravest and truest of all King Arthur's Knights, went journeying on a long pilgrimage to find the Holy Grail, he met with many wonderful adventures.

Every Knight must have a sharp sword with which to fight his enemies, and a shield with which to ward off the attacks of those enemies. Sir Galahad's shield was white, marked with a great Cross in red, to signify that he went forth in the name of Him who died upon the cross to save men from the power of sin. We see the famous shield now, where he has dropped it on the ground. His trusty sword was one that had long waited for the rightful owner, in an old church. There it had been kept, year after year, because of a prophecy that some day it would be needed by the most noble and valorous of all Knights, going on the holiest of all errands.

Over his robe we see the youth now wears a coat of chain armor, very fine and strong, like the meshes of a metal purse. It must needs be a strong and agile enemy who could wound him through that coat-of-mail!

This is the story of our picture: One day, as Sir Galahad rode along on his horse through a strange part of the country, he came to a river, and saw, beyond the stream, the high, gray walls of a lofty castle. An old man on the river-bank said: "Ride on, Sir Knight, if thou wouldst not meet with cruel death! In that strong castle yonder, seven evil Knights hold as prisoners a great company of lovely maidens. They cruelly mistreat them, and will not let them go. Yea, and those evil Knights have sworn that any who dare attempt the maidens' rescue shall die like dogs. Fly, strange Sir, and save thyself while yet there is time! For nobody can save those hapless maidens."

But Sir Galahad heeded not for his own safety. His thought was only of the wronged maidens, and of the wicked men who should be punished. So he boldly shouted a challenge to the owners of the grim castle to come forth and meet him.

Come forth they did, and suddenly; but in unfair fight, for all seven set upon him at once right fiercely. But, because Sir Galahad's heart was clean, his strength was as the strength of ten ordinary men. And so, after a long struggle, he killed all seven of the evil Knights, and entered the castle to set the fair prisoners free.

The artist shows us here the rescued ladies all stately and beautiful like so many royal Princesses, coming to thank him. As they gratefully offer him their soft white hands, he bends to give each hand a kiss of loyal respect and admiration. Which lady do you think the loveliest of all?

People say that this part of the pictured story has a double meaning—one within the other. Sir Galahad's conquest of the castle of the seven wicked Knights means (they say) the conquering, by any faithful, earnest soul, of what the Church calls "the seven deadly sins." These are Pride, Avarice, Gluttony, Lust, Sloth, Envy, and Anger. They are, you see, the kinds of sins against which the Ten Commandments are meant to guard men. It is interesting to think over the Commandments and see, for example, which one forbids sloth or laziness; for we sometimes forget that one of the Ten commands, "Six days shalt thou labor." And also see which Commandments forbid envy and avarice?

The lovely ladies are virtues, beautiful to see, and capable of doing all sorts of helpful work in the world, if only they are free to act. But the virtues are too often hindered and prevented by some horrid sin or other from being of service to the great world which so needs them!

What would you call Sir Galahad's coat-of-mail, that protected him from mortal wounds while he was fighting all the deadly sins at once?

In the picture, that armor glitters marvelously in the light. The maidens are robed in all sorts of charming colors. You notice that some of them, who look as if they must be the daughters of Kings, wear golden coronets on their heads; others have simple veils. Do you not suppose those crowned ones are meant to stand for the chief virtues, and the others for virtues that are necessary, sweet, and lovely, yet which do not command quite so much attention and honor as the others?

It is quite good fun to study the different figures for one's self, and give them names that seem to suit. Prudence (or Good Judgment), Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude (or Courage), are probably the four leaders among the company. Do you see anyone that might be Sweet Temper? or Cheerfulness? or Modesty? or Unselfishness?



ST. ELIZABETH

FROM A PAINTING BY MARIANNE STOKES

Courtesy of Leopold Hirsch

The thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians is a good thing to read over in connection with a picture like this. For, while the painter's main

object was to give us something to delight our eyes, every figure, probably, has some fanciful and beautiful meaning of its own.

ST. ELIZABETH

Marianne Stokes (1855-1927)

ST. ELIZABETH of Hungary, who died almost exactly eight hundred years ago, was known all her life, and honored after her death, for her kindness and charity to the poor.

She was the daughter of the King of Hungary, who made an alliance with the Landgrave of Thuringia, a German Prince, part of the agreement being that she should marry the Landgrave's son. So when she was only four years old she was taken to the castle of the Wartburg, where the Landgrave lived, to be brought up in his stately court and be betrothed to his son, who was several years older than she. This was not an unusual thing in the days when parents decided the marriages of their children, for it was thought wise that a little girl should grow up in friendship with the youth whose bride she was destined to be.

Elizabeth cared nothing for the splendors of the Landgrave's court. In the midst of its gayety, and the songs of poets and minnesingers, by whom the Landgrave was surrounded, she grew up a quiet, gentle, thoughtful girl, and at a very early age devoted all the time she could to preparing clothes for the poor.

When the old Landgrave died, his son Ludwig succeeded him; and that same year Ludwig and Elizabeth were married. Ludwig, it is said, revered the gentle piety of his little wife, who was only fourteen years old when they were married, and they were ideally happy. An old story says that he sometimes chided her for giving away too much, and that one day he met her as she was going through the castle gate with her mantle full of bread to distribute to the poor. When he asked her what she carried, she answered meekly: "Roses, my lord!" And when he opened her mantle its folds held nothing but rich crimson roses. This little story is only a legend, however, and the histories say the truth

is that Ludwig supported her in everything she did.

When she was about twenty, and her husband was away on business for the Emperor, there were terrible floods in Thuringia, which were followed by famine and dreadful sickness. Elizabeth took full charge of affairs. She built a hospital for the sick; provided food for nine hundred poor every day, and sent alms to every part of her husband's territory. So well did she act that, when Ludwig came back, he confirmed all that she had done.

Next year Ludwig set out with the Emperor on the Crusade for which, you remember, St. Bernard preached. But he had not gone far before he was taken ill, and died, leaving his young wife a widow, with three little children.

After that, her life was unhappy. Some say she was driven from the castle by her brother-in-law, who was the guardian of her little son, because now that her husband was dead she was not permitted to live in the simple way that she thought right. Moreover, she was determined not to marry again; and when the men in power in the state tried to make her do so, she gave all the money that she had away, and went into a convent.

She died when she was only twenty-four, and not long afterward the Pope paid honor to her memory by giving her the title of Saint.

The artist has given us a delightful picture of this gentle Princess in her early girlhood, spinning wool to clothe the poor. It shows us, too, that in those days Princesses were expected to learn useful arts, and so be able to provide for those who might be dependent on them.

She is thinking deeply, as you see; and to show us the deep piety of her nature, and on whom her thoughts are fixed, the artist has painted on the wall a picture of the head of Jesus Christ.

THE LOVING CUP

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)

Among the lovely faces that Rossetti used, to paint, most of them taken from the countenance of his beautiful wife, Elizabeth Siddal, none is fairer than this of the girl with the gracious loving cup.

Her robe is of rich color, against which stand out the full white sleeves and the golden chalice. She has behind her a quaint wall of mosaic, up which climbs a delicate vine, and above which are four cups of brass, whose tints faintly re-echo the gold of the cup. She is a Princess, as her jewels and her patrician face show.

She has a wistful face, because she is thinking of her lover who has gone to the wars, and she is wishing him blessings. We know this, for around the cup, in lines too small to be discerned, is the verse in old French:

"Happy night, happy day,
To Love's chevalier gay."



THE LOVING CUP

FROM A PAINTING BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

We shall like to think that "Love's chevalier" came safely back to his fair lady.

The painter was the son of an Italian scholar, who had settled in England. His name bore memories of his father's favorite interests, and he was brought up in a home where good poetry and pictures were loved. His sister Christina, who wrote "Goblin Market," was one of the chief women poets of her time; and the painter himself is as distinguished as a poet as he is as a painter. You have read his "Blessed Damozel." The beautiful lady who became his wife had been a seamstress, but she, too, was an artist: and after her early and sudden death the poet was so distracted that he buried in her grave the manuscript of his verses. His days afterward were short and unhappy.

ADORATION

Ivan G. Olinsky (1878-1934)

THIS picture, which attracted much attention when it hung in the galleries of the National Academy, New York, in the winter exhibition of 1920, tells its own story in its title.

Here is indeed an adorable young girl, just on the threshold of womanhood—

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,

Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse.

Deep and still that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June."

And we know who are her adorers—her lovely mother and the sweet small sister who looks longingly up into her face. How cleverly the artist has arranged the figures, so that they form a pleasant inclined row of heads, by letting the mother see her daughter not face to face, but through the reflection of the mirror.

The young princess is going to her first party, with happy anticipations, with certain shy terrors, yet—due to her mother's perfect taste—with some proud satisfaction.



ADORATION

FROM A PAINTING BY IVAN G. OLINSKY

LISTENING TO THE SPHINX

Elihu Vedder (1836-1923)

DESCRIBED BY ANNE N. P. GUTELIUS

THE calm, serene face of the Sphinx, carved from solid rock by patient hands, so long forgotten that no one knows within several hundreds of years just when or by whom the work was done, has looked out over the wastes of Egyptian sands for thousands of years before the Christian era.

This Sphinx is supposed to have been the principal guardian of the tombs of many Egyptian Kings, the mummified bodies of some of whom have recently been found nearby in the great Pyramid of Gizeh. The painter shows here only the face. The body is that of a lion with huge claws.

Long, long ago the Sphinx was supposed to be alive. It lived, the story goes, near the ancient city of Thebes, and killed everyone who came near it and failed to answer a riddle it asked. Many were its victims. Once when the King of Thebes had been killed in battle, the people of the city declared they would accept as their King any man who solved the riddle. Œdipus, who unknown to himself was really the King's son, and who had killed his father, walked boldly up to the Sphinx and asked to be told the riddle.

"There is an animal," said the Sphinx, "that in youth walks on four legs, in its prime on two legs, and in old age on three. What is it?"

"Man," replied Œdipus. "A baby crawls, a grown man walks erect, and an old man uses a cane."

The Sphinx was so angry that, instead of

killing Œdipus, it killed itself. He became King. Later he learned that he had slain his father; and in sorrow he renounced his crown.

Considering this story, it is easy for us to understand why the Egyptians placed a monstrous Sphinx to guard the sacred tombs of their Kings.

The modern legend, which the artist tells in the picture, is that the Sphinx has been witness to so much in the world's history, it could—if it only would—foretell the future.

Napoleon the Great, who fought one of his battles within sight of the Sphinx, is said to have ridden alone early one morning to talk to the Sphinx. Some of his biographers say he imagined the Sphinx did talk to him, as the turning point in his career is placed at the time of his Egyptian campaign.

The old Arab in the picture, aided by his stick, has also come alone to the Sphinx. Perhaps he has asked some question concerning the future of himself and his family. One can imagine, from the tense expression on his face, that he thinks the Sphinx might answer.

Very skillfully has the artist indicated the mystery and the age of the Sphinx. The illimitable gray wastes of sand, creeping up on the Sphinx itself; the massive pillars of some long-overthrown temple; the sinister suggestion of the skull—all enable one to understand how, just as the Sphinx is one of the mysteries of Egypt, Egypt herself is the most mysterious of all countries.

HERCULES WRESTLING WITH DEATH FOR THE BODY OF ALCESTIS

Lord Leighton (1830-1896)

(Picture on page 111)

ONCE there was a King in Thessaly named Admetus to whom came one day a stranger who asked leave to become his servant. Nobody knew his name, but his face was so noble that he was made a shepherd, and soon became chief shepherd of the royal flocks. He was a quiet man, and always seemed to know much more than he would say. Everybody liked to talk with him. No one seemed to dare ask him questions. People who passed watched him tending his sheep and singing joyously, and always greeted him with a smile. The story grew that he could

charm fish, swans, and even insects of the air.

In time, the rumor of these things came to the King, and Admetus, who had been a great traveler and had seen far places in the famous ship "Argo," knew at once that this was no earthly shepherd, but a god.

Now it came to pass that Admetus fell in love with a beautiful maiden named Alcestis, but her father refused to give her to him unless he could chain a lion and a boar to his chariot. When the shepherd heard of this, he arose, left his sheep and went his way. Late that evening



LISTENING TO THE SPHINX

when the King was walking beside the river, wondering if his shepherd had deserted him, whom should he see coming out from the forest but the youth, leading side by side a lion and a boar. The very next morning the King set out in his chariot and won his lovely bride.

A year later the strange shepherd came to take leave of the King and Queen. He gave them his blessing as he departed, and he made this strange promise: "No man lives forever, but as for you, Admetus, when your last hour grows near, if anyone shall be willing to die in your place, you shall continue to live."

For many years the people of Thessaly remembered the kindly service of Apollo, for this was indeed Apollo, the Sun-god.

But one day Admetus was attacked with a sickness which was unto death. When no remedy was found to help him, the people remembered the promise of the god. It seemed a simple matter to find one to take the place of so kindly a king. But strange to say no substitute appeared. Even his aged parents who had but a few months to live refused to give up even that remnant to their son.

As soon as the loving Alcestis knew of her husband's fatal lot, she took leave of her chil-

dren and prepared herself to rescue him from the grave. She anointed her body and, as her strength failed her, she lay down to die, robed in white, and bade farewell to her friends.

At this terrible moment the hero, Hercules, who was on a journey, knocked at the palace and inquired the cause of the universal grief. At once he resolved to try what his strength could do. This man had been a friend of Admetus.

It is this moment that the artist has seized to portray in his splendid picture. In the center of the scene, dressed in white and bathed in sunlight, lies the lovely body of the queen, which has been brought outdoors and laid under the shadow of some ancient trees. Beyond is the dark blue sea, its troubled surface flecked with white spots of foam.

The dead body is covered with pure white drapery. The beautiful face is pale as marble, and the brow is crowned with a garland of myrtle leaves. Roses are strewn on the white coverlet, and on the ground. Beside the bier are the offerings of food and drink which the Greeks used to burn along with their dead on the funeral pyre. In the left-hand corner lies a shovel for digging the grave that is to receive the ashes. Several men and women are gathered around the bier, mostly in a group near the head of Alcestis. They are her friends, and the servants attending her dead body.

At the right-hand side of the picture we see a terrible conflict going on. Death has come in bodily form to meet the funeral procession, and to take Alcestis away. His limbs are of a ghastly ashen color. His wings are black as night. He is wrapped in a dark mantle, which hides almost the whole of his face, and shows only the fearful gleam of his eyes. But Hercules is also there, strong and ruddy, and wearing the skin of a lion which he has slain in one of his adventures. He has grasped Death by both wrists, and is forcing him downward and backward over his knee. He is plainly overcoming his adversary. One of the women present is swooning away in fear. Some of the others are hiding their faces from the dreadful struggle. The rest are gazing on it with awestruck looks, hardly daring to hope that Hercules will be victorious.

Death may not tarry in this world of ours. At length, feeling his strength vanish, he made his escape to his native darkness. Back to its home came the spirit of the fair Queen, and for many years after she lived joyously with Admetus.



THE MUSIC LESSON

FROM A PAINTING BY LORD LEIGHTON

THE TROUSSEAU

Charles W. Hawthorne (1872-1930)

(Picture on page 112)

EVERYBODY lingers in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, before this lovable picture. It has such a human interest, with a touch both of humor and of pathos.

The young bride is being made ready for her wedding. Like the beautiful Princess in the Psalter, she is "all beautiful within," and even her undergarments are being fashioned with pains and tender care. We like the capable, strong mother, and the old-fashioned, gossipy spinster-seamstress, who goes all the year from house to house, and who has made baby-clothes, and wedding gowns, and shrouds for the whole neighborhood. She knows all the family secrets from the cradle to the grave, and is kind enough to keep them to herself.

The girl is but just stepping out of her maiden-

hood. She is hardly mature; and, as Rossetti would say, "The wonder has not yet gone out from that still look of hers." We feel that she has no ordinary spirit. Though innocent, and to some degree ignorant, her face is strong as well as pure, and it is full of all sorts of sweet and fragrant memories and hopes, like her mother's old-time garden in June. We feel, as the poet Heine did once, when he looked upon such a gentle face, and wished he might put his hands upon the fair head and hope that she would always be as pure, and sweet, and happy as now!

The artist was an American, born "Down East," where these arbutus faces grow. His studio was on Cape Cod, and there he taught young artists in the summer-time.



HERCULES WRESTLING WITH DEATH

FROM A PAINTING BY LORD LEIGHTON

THE RIDER ON THE WHITE HORSE

George Frederick Watts (1817-1904)

(Picture on page 113)

"And I saw, and behold, a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer."—Rev. VI, 2.

THE Book of Revelation is full of word pictures of the wonderful things which its writer saw in

vision. And it is natural that great artists should try to turn some of these word pictures into real pictures for the eye. Mr. Watts has done this for the first part of the sixth chapter, which



THE TROUSSEAU

FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE

tells us about the four different horses—white, red, black, and pale—and about their four riders. He has made these horses and riders the subjects of four different paintings, and it is the first of them—"The Rider on the White Horse"—which is before us now. As we look at the picture we are helped to imagine what the vision was like, and helped, perhaps, also to understand the truth it was meant to teach.

The Horse and the Rider are, of course, the principal figures. The Horse is a splendid milk-white charger. Its breast is broad and powerful.

Its neck is arched proudly. It has a small but graceful head, beautiful eyes, widely opened nostrils, and a mouth that seems to be impatiently champing the bit. The front portion of its mane is parted on its brow and streams back round the ears on either side. The rest of the mane is erect on its neck.

The Rider is a towering and terrible figure. He wears a loose, flowing cloak which swells around and behind him in the wind. His left arm, strong and bare, is firmly stretched out, and his left hand holds a thick bow in its iron



THE RIDER ON THE WHITE HORSE

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

grasp. His right arm is out of sight, and only the right hand is seen, drawing back the bow-string to his breast. At his left side there hangs a quiver, full of arrows with feather shafts. On his head he wears a stately winged helmet, and above it a crown. His face wears a look of commanding strength, and in the eyes beneath the shadow of the helmet there is an awful gleam of fixed and pitiless resolve.

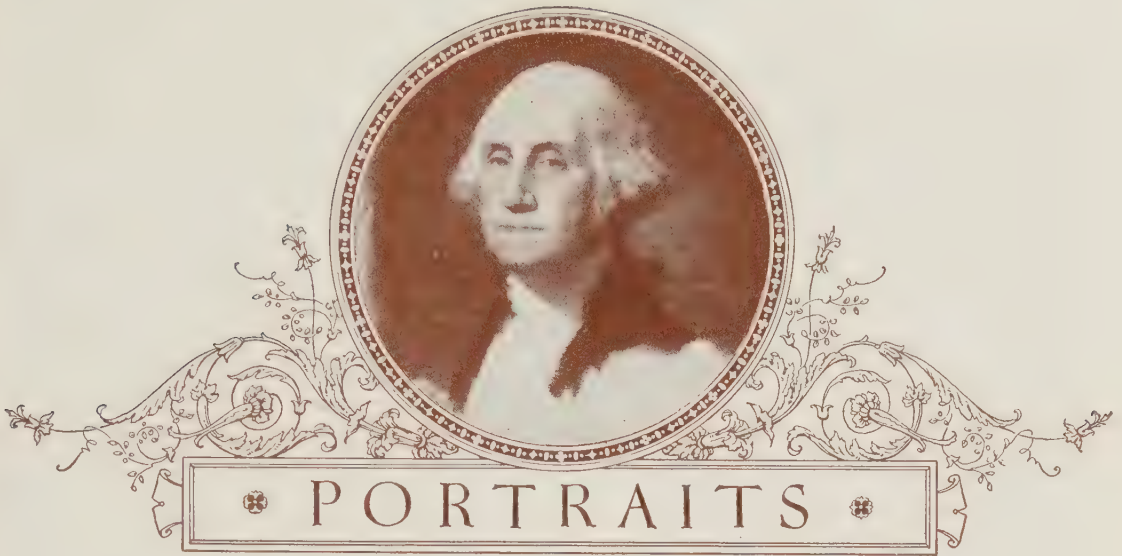
These two principal figures are closely surrounded by others. Three of these on the left of the Horse first attract our attention. The foremost, a dusky form, with head bent forward, and breast and shoulders bare, leads the Horse with his right hand by the bridle rein. Behind him, the fair face of a woman appears, framed in the folds of the mantle that is gathered closely around her neck; and behind this still another face is seen in the background. These three are all marching alongside of the Horse and his Rider. Just in front of the figure who leads the Horse there is a figure lying backward with closed eyes, as if in death; and on the further side of the Horse two other lifeless faces come into view. In the lower left-hand corner of the picture, just in front of the Horse we see the bowed head and stooping shoulders of one more dark form. All these figures, the dead as well as the living, have bright stars on their foreheads, though the star on the brow of the one furthest back is partly hidden by the bow. The Rider and his companions move forward under a gloomy sky, with angry streaks of light showing here and there between the clouds. A wind seems to be blowing in their faces. And high up behind them great eagles, with spreading wings, are hovering in the air.

Now, what shall we say is the meaning of the Bible vision which this picture brings afresh before our eyes? The four Horses with their Riders represent four kinds of judgment which God sends at times upon the world. They are Conquest, Slaughter, Famine, and Death. The Rider on the White Horse stands for the first of these. The picture shows us the way in which strong nations and their rulers subdue the world and build up great empires by force. The Rider's stately figure, and resolute face, and stern, un pitying eyes remind us of famous conquerors

like Alexander the Great and Napoleon. The bow and quiver make it clear that it is by the weapons of war that their successes have been won. The proud war-horse, forcing its way among the thronging forms around it, suggests the resistless power with which Conquest goes on its triumphant way. The crown on the Rider's head is an emblem of the glory and dominion which conquerors win. In the other figures with the starry brows we may see the different nations, or the Kings and Queens, who have been touched and influenced by the spirit of War for Empire's sake. The leader of the Horse, and the other two forms behind him, may represent nations that are marching along on the path of Conquest. The prostrate, lifeless figures may be nations that have perished in the strife. And the bowed head in front of the Horse's breast may stand for one of the nations that are subdued, and brought under the power of those that are stronger than themselves. The dark, angry sky makes us feel that the Conqueror's progress is full of dread; and the eagles give us a hint of the horrors that he leaves behind him, of the dead bodies that lie in the track of the White Horse and his terrible Rider, of the other three Riders, more terrible still, who follow in his train.

As we look at this picture we learn that War and Conquest have two sides. At first sight we are attracted by the power and majesty of the Horse and his Rider, and we cannot help admiring them. There is something grand and noble in the might of a great nation, in the strong will and fearless courage of a great conqueror. We are stirred and thrilled when we see the march of great armies, and hear the tidings of great victories. There is a feeling of pride in belonging to a great Empire which has proved itself able to subdue the world. It seems a glorious thing to lead, or even to take part, in such a conquest. But the more closely we look at the picture, the more we feel that it is not altogether a pleasant and satisfying sight. The kind of conquest which the Rider on the White Horse represents is, after all, not a blessing, but a judgment which God sends on the world. It is the victory of strength over weakness.





MANY pictures have an added interest when we learn that the principal figures in the pictures were people who really lived. For example, how much is added in "Pallas and the Centaur" when we learn that Botticelli chose one of the most charming girls of Florence to pose as the lovely goddess in his painting. The portraits by Rembrandt have more meaning when we remember how the artist suffered at the hands of the aristocrats who opposed his stubborn fidelity to truth in his pictures of them.

Perhaps the most famous portrait of all is the Mona Lisa which shows the fascinating face of a Florentine merchant's wife, with her strange, inscrutable smile. The portrait presented above gives us an exceptionally eloquent character study of George Washington.

We are fortunate that in Colonial times there lived such a gifted artist as Gilbert Stuart to leave to posterity a picture of the first President as seen with the painter's keen insight. Stuart was trained in his art in London, where he associated with eminent portrait artists of the day, including Sir Joshua Reynolds.

This portrait of Washington, known as "The Athenaeum Head" since its presentation to the Boston Athenaeum, is a contrast to other conceptions of the hero in his vigorous prime. Here the face shows an expression softened and mellowed; rather sweet, it has a yearning solicitude of a father for his people, on the whole a tender and paternal portrait of the Father of his Country.

MONA LISA

Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519)

THE portrait of Mona Lisa, or La Gioconda (so called because she was the wife of Francesco del Giocondo, a Florentine merchant) is one of the most famous portraits in the world, if not *the* most famous.

What makes it such a masterpiece of artistic portraiture? You will notice the hands, considered by many to be the most beautiful ever painted. Perhaps you will respond to the richness of fabric in the lady's garments, or the amazing softness of their folds enveloping her bounteous curves. Most of all, you will probably be intrigued by her enigmatic smile, which has captivated and eluded art critics for centuries.

Myths and legends surround the picture. Many conjectures have been made about it, but there is still a great deal of which no one can be sure. We are not even certain of the date of its composition. After Leonardo's death, it was found hanging on the wall of his home. Apparently he was unable to part with it, and no wonder. It has a magnetic quality noticed by all who see it in the Louvre in Paris where it now hangs.

Unfortunately, no reproduction of this portrait can give even an approximate idea of the charm of the original. Even the original is encrusted with the mellowness of time, due, in part, to the Louvre's policy of never cleaning the surfaces of its great paintings.

In spite of this, however, one stands before it awed by its strange beauty. The story is that Leonardo spent four full years completing the picture and that, while painting it, he kept a band of musicians playing in order to maintain the model's expression of pleasure.

But is it pleasure? And if so, what else besides pleasure lies in her steady gaze? Let us examine the picture in detail and try to analyze it.

Leonardo painted La Gioconda sitting lightly in an arm chair. We see merely the left arm of the chair, and hardly that. The background is an

unreal "dream" landscape of complex forms seen at a great distance. Against this background of fantasy the woman is projected with almost photographic accuracy. It is indeed, accuracy even more meticulous than that of the camera's lens because it is achieved through the delicate sensitivity of Leonardo's artistic perception.

Look now at the garments enfolding the woman's figure. Of indeterminate material, they consist of a low-cut gown with long sleeves, a large scarf across one shoulder and a filmy net resting lightly over the hair. Notice the flowing rhythm of lines and forms in this drapery. Above all, see how skilfully they set off the delicacy of her flesh, the dignity of her pose, the ineffable expression of her face.

And finally, the face. Judged by the standards of her time, Mona Lisa is a woman of rare beauty. Her entirely missing eyebrows may startle the modern observer. But that was the fashion of the day and, in the picture, their absence heightens the spotless clarity of her richly modelled countenance.

Her expression is one of serenity—the repose that comes from a sense of security. She is obviously thinking, feeling, musing; but, assuredly, she is smiling, too. How do you interpret that mysterious, elusive smile? It has been called warm, also cold; the essence of womanliness, also the essence of cruelty. Whatever it actually is, its baffling quality lies in the genius of Leonardo. That, in the end, is the clue to his greatness. That, in the end, is the clue, too, to the greatness of the portrait, for even today, Leonardo's profound and versatile genius is not wholly comprehended. Beauty is, partially at least, in the eye of the beholder. The ability to appreciate beauty depends upon the capacity of the beholder's soul. Could it be that Mona Lisa baffles us because there is not enough greatness in us to appreciate Leonardo's magnificent art?



MONA LISA (LA GIOCONDA)

FROM A PAINTING BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

PALLAS AND THE CENTAUR

Sandro Botticelli (1444-1510)

DESCRIBED BY MARY LENA WILSON

THIS may possibly seem to you a strange painting when you first look at it, but when you understand what the artist meant to portray in it, I am sure that you will find it very interesting. The beautiful lady who has her hand on the monster's head stands for the glorious De' Medici family, who ruled in the city of Florence, Italy, during the fifteenth century. Just before this picture was painted there was a great uprising against the family, and they were almost put out of power. But they succeeded in subduing their enemies; and in celebration of this event, the artist Botticelli, who was a great friend of the De' Medicis, made this picture, which symbolizes their triumph over their foes. You see how the lovely lady has her hand on the head of her enemy, the wretched half-man, half-beast, and seems to have him completely in her power, for he is leaning against the wall with the most pitiful, dejected expression imaginable.



PALLAS AND THE CENTAUR
FROM A PAINTING BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI

This horrid creature, called a centaur, was one of the favorite figures in Greek mythology. It is hard to see just how they would ever get the idea of such a frightful monster; but it is said that the people of Thessaly—a part of Greece—had never been used to riding horseback, and when they saw men coming out of the forests mounted on swiftly running horses, they were so terrified that they took to their heels without waiting to see just what was taking place. They rushed back to their homes with stories of terrible creatures whose bodies were like those of animals from the waist down and like those of men from the waist up. Ever since then the centaur has had his place in myths, and always represents some evil force. That is why Botticelli chose him to stand for the wicked enemies of the De' Medicis.

But the beautiful lady who has subdued him, and who stands for the brilliant and victorious De' Medici family, has a very lovely story connected with her. She is called Pallas here, for the goddess of Wisdom, but that is really only to carry out the symbolic idea of goodness overcoming evil. In reality, her name is Simonetta Vespucci, known to everyone as the "Bella [Beautiful] Simonetta." She is the wife of Marco Vespucci, a close friend of the De' Medicis, whom she married when only sixteen.

There are many beautiful paintings of this lovely Simonetta made by the famous artists of the day. You can see from the very gentle expression of her face that she must have been of a kind and lovable disposition. It was probably this, quite as much as her unusual beauty, that made her so admired by the poets and artists and noblemen of Florence. For many poems were written in her honor, and she was the adored lady of Guiliano De' Medici, the younger and very handsome brother of Lorenzo the Magnificent, whose rule in Florence was one of the most glorious in the history of all civilization. In a tournament which Lorenzo held, in 1482, Guiliano chose Simonetta as the lady in whose name he would go forth to battle; and he carried a banner in which she again appears as Pallas, holding in one hand a lance and in the other a shield of Medusa. In her name the young Prince overcame all the other contestants, and rode proudly forth victorious with his lady's banner high in the air.



HEAD OF PALLAS
FROM A PAINTING BY BOTTICELLI

In almost all her pictures the Bella Simonetta appears with her lovely golden hair falling down in soft ripples over her shoulders, and her face shows this same sweetness of expression. You can see that all the admiration and attention she received never spoiled her at all, for there is not the slightest sign of pride or vanity in her bearing. In this picture she almost seems to feel sorry for the poor monster whom she has conquered. It was this gentleness and sympathy which made her so beloved by all those who knew her.

You can see, too, that Simonetta is young.

Despite her heavy, flowing robe, and the victor's wreath that crowns her head and covers her arms and breast, she is just a simple girl—very young to be the idol of the great men of a city like Florence. But the poor lady did not live long to enjoy her tremendous popularity. Soon after this picture was painted she died, and was mourned by all the people. But the fame of her lovely face, and her beautiful character, and her charming winsomeness has lived through hundreds of years, so that boys and girls who look at her picture to-day may learn to admire her, too.

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER

Frans Hals (1584?-1669)

THIS young man, with a fierce, upturned mustache, is an officer in one of the companies called Shooting Guilds, of Haarlem, in Holland; and the picture is usually called "The Laughing Cavalier."

As we look at the portrait, we notice that though there is not even a smile on the man's face, he seems to be laughing at us in a good-humored and at the same time almost scornful way, almost as if he thought us foolish, or silly. We do not even know his name; but whoever he was, we are quite sure he had a good deal of money and liked fine clothes, for he is dressed in the height of fashion of the time in Holland, and wears his velvet hat, handsome, embroidered coat, lace ruffs, and lace frills as if he liked them. Notice how his sleeves are slashed to show the fineness and whiteness of the linen underneath!



Courtesy of Metropolitan
Museum of Art

YONKER RAMP AND HIS
SWEETHEART

FROM A PAINTING BY FRANS HALS

Yet he is no mere lover of fine clothes. Although the picture is only a half-length portrait, it gives us the feeling that the man is standing squarely on his feet, one hand on his hip, the other on his sword-hilt, fearlessly facing the world. For he is an honest

man, and we know that while it might not be a wise thing to rouse his temper and provoke him to a quarrel, he would be a good friend to have and keep.

If we look at his face closely, we can see that his mouth is quite firmly closed; and if we place a hand over his eyes, there is not a trace of a smile on his face. But if we cover the mouth, the eyes laugh at us out of the picture; and it is this laugh that has given it its name. Some people insist that if you look for a long time at the picture, the expression of the face changes, and that sometimes it seems to laugh, and at other times to smile. Of course we can scarcely see this in a small photograph of it, but the photograph gives us a very good idea of the beauty of the picture, and tells us with much certainty that only a very great artist could have painted such a face.

The picture was painted by Frans Hals, one of the great Dutch painters, who lived in Haarlem all his life. It was painted in 1624, just about the time that the Dutch were trying to build up a colony at New Amsterdam, which we now call New York; and it is interesting that men just like this, perhaps from the same city, were at that time living in the new colony. Perhaps this very man talked to men who had seen the Hudson, and had heard from them some of the hardships we read about in our history.

There is just one thing more that we want to notice in the picture. The man is fully in the light, but because he has turned his head to look toward us, out of the picture, the left side of his face is in shadow.

"Yonker Ramp and his Sweetheart" is another famous painting by the same artist.



THE LAUGHING CAVALIER
FROM A PAINTING BY FRANS HALS

THE BLESSING, OR THE NEVER-ENDING PRAYER

Nicolaas Maes (1632-1693)

SHE is giving thanks for the meal before her, and asking God to help her use in His service the strength that it gives.

We wish we might see her eyes! When that prayer is finished, and she looks up, we may be quite sure they will prove to be good and friendly. Only a woman with a warm heart would be likely to give house-room to the saucy kitten that pulls so mischievously at the table-cloth!

A long time ago, when a famous Dutch artist painted the picture, this woman was somebody's grandmother, living in a cottage near Amsterdam. It was a very simple, plain home. She had worked hard all her long life, and never knew any of the luxuries which we nowadays take for granted—warm, lighted rooms, soft rugs, closets full of pretty clothes—but she never sighed for them. With her own capable, strong hands (they show that they are used to work), she spun and wove woollen stuffs for the clothes of her family, and for that very gown she wears now. The spinning-wheel stands close by her chair, ready to use again after dinner. She made with those same patient, skillful hands the linen for her cap and kerchief, and for the cloth on the table. And we may be sure they were always kept white and clean: Dutch women have long been famous for their neat house-

keeping. Yes, this Dutch grandmother has always had her days full of useful work.

Most of those long years it is likely that she had her family to love, and that kept the work from seeming hard. Now, as one can plainly see, she lives quite alone. Let us hope that friends—grandchildren, if not her own—go often to see her, to tell their news and make their fun and otherwise to show their love for her.

If some boy or girl should come in now for an errand or a call, she would certainly offer to share that simple meal! Let us see, there is—plenty of good bread—some fish: what can that be in the shallow dish beyond? Perhaps the bowl with the spoon holds milk or some kind of soup (At the time when this picture was painted, not many Dutch people knew anything about tea and coffee, and chocolate.) And what do you guess is in that gay-colored jug?

You will have noticed that the knife, lying there on the table, has a bone handle, no doubt carved to make it prettier. Perhaps her husband did that ornamental carving when he was a young man. It is quite likely that either her husband or her father made, and also carved, the big wooden chair in which she sits. Yes, and made the table, too. Most men in those days—nearly three hundred years ago—knew how to use ordinary carpenter's tools, just as the women knew how to use spinning-wheels and needles. One could not then run out to a shop at any time and buy furniture and clothing ready made. People had to depend for most things on their own skill.

Had you noticed the big, heavy keys hanging on the wall? Probably one of them would unlock a large wooden chest, in which grandmother has always kept—neatly folded and laid in place—her finest sheets and towels, her precious best gown (worn only to church), and extra bed-blankets for winter. Maybe another key belongs to a closet holding her little stock of flour, and meal, and cheese. Grand houses in Holland have beautiful silver for the table, but it is hardly likely that this woman ever owned such fine things; her spoons have always been of smooth, white-scoured wood, or of pewter, which is almost as lovely as silver when it is well polished.

What do you fancy this friendly old grandmother would be likely to do after her work is finished? The frisky kitten might keep her from



CHILDREN AND PUPPIES
FROM A PAINTING BY HANNO RHOMBERT IN THE
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



THE BLESSING, OR THE NEVER-ENDING PRAYER

FROM A PAINTING BY NICOLAS MAES IN THE RIJKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

feeling too lonely. When evening comes, she takes down that tall candlestick from the shelf in the wall, lights her candle, and sews or knits for a while. If she cares to know just how much time is given to those tasks, she just turns upside-down that hour-glass on the shelf, so that the sand it holds may be all in the upper half, and that it may have to trickle slowly down through the narrow neck in the middle of the glass to reach the lower part. It takes exactly one hour for all the fine sand to run through; so the glass is just about as useful for that purpose as if a modern clock stood in its place on the shelf.

And one thing we may be quite sure she will do before she goes to bed. She will take down from the shelf that big Bible with the metal clasps (she is very proud of owning such a beautiful, great Bible), and read some favorite chapter. The printed words are in the Dutch language, but many of them look enough like Eng-

lish for us to guess what they mean. If her favorite chapter should happen to be one we ourselves know well, we might follow the reading by looking on with her. It is quite likely that she knows by heart the Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and the one that begins "The heavens declare the glory of God." After her evening reading is finished, she may give a good-night look to the sky from her cottage door. The stars that shine over sleeping Holland are the very same ones that we see now in our home skies. And her sleep, we may be sure, was peaceful with the thought that God cares both for the heavens above and for the earth below, with its homes and people.

If, sometime, you travel in Holland, and visit the chief picture gallery in the city of Amsterdam, you may see this very picture, just as Nicolaas Maes painted it, in oil colors on canvas. The Dutch people consider it one of their real treasures.

PORTRAIT OF CARLYLE

James Abbott McNeill Whistler (1834-1903)

(Picture on page 124)

It is a curious fact in the career of one of the great modern artists that the two most popular pictures he has painted are of old people. One of the greatest works of art of the century is Whistler's "Portrait of My Mother"; and little, if any, behind it in favor is his portrait of the famous philosopher Carlyle.

The portrait of his mother was painted first, and the general style is almost exactly the same as the picture of the great Scotchman. Both figures are seated, both are shown in profile, or side view, and the general scheme, or system of color, is the same. Even the room in which they are painted has the same details. "An arrangement in gray and black," he called them both.

This picture was painted to the order of the municipality of Glasgow, and is now in the city gallery.

Carlyle was one of the greatest thinkers that Great Britain ever produced. He was born on a small farm in Scotland, although his father followed the trade of a stone mason to support his family. The children were reared in the simple, rugged way of all poor Scotch families. The father was able to earn about enough to keep his family just within the lines of comfort.

It was a hard life on the whole, and while it helped to mold the strong character of the philosopher, it also left its mark on him in other ways. He never, in fact, quite got over its severities, and to the end of his days was not a very strong man. But he had a shrewd, candid way of looking at things from his youth—"canny," the Scotch call it—and moral courage to express what he thought; also great and tireless industry. It was the possession of these qualities that gave him first place among the thinkers of England.

Brought up in a home whose books were only the Bible and one or two other works of a religious nature, he took every opportunity for culture. While he was a tutor in a family in Edinburgh, as a very young man, he began to write; and his articles from the start were accepted by *Blackwood's*, the great Scotch magazine, and *Fraser's*, the companion in London.

He was very sincere in everything he did, and took life seriously, almost to the point of going to extremes. This gave a certain rugged strength and originality to his work that was recognized almost as soon as he began to write.

After he had published a few essays on Ger-



THOMAS CARLYLE

FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES ABBOTT MCNEILL WHISTLER

man topics, and written a wonderful article on his own great countryman, Burns, he was invited by a Scotch friend, Lord Jeffrey, the great critic, to go to London. Here he settled in a very humble way, being poor and just married, but he worked hard and managed to make a living by his pen. All the time he was dreaming of fame, for he had great faith in himself. He never for one instant doubted Thomas Carlyle.

Only a short time after he came to London he published "Sartor Resartus," a wonderful book dealing in a philosophical yet humorous way with the history of mankind in relation to clothes. This made him at once famous, and he soon had publishers for everything he could write. He then began to lecture, and was the sensation of London for his fearless and original way of saying just what he thought.

He had great common sense, and his plain way of telling his thoughts was of much practical service to the times in which he lived. He seemed to come as a prophet, and was accepted at such. The greatest people in London crowded around him to listen when he lectured, and his books sold by thousands. He lived a long life in London, in very simple fashion, with his witty and charming wife—they had no children—and was known as "the Sage of Chelsea," that being the name of the district in which he lived.

About ten years before Carlyle died, Whistler painted this portrait of him. He was an old man and lonely—for his wife had lately passed away—and weary, yet he seems still in his rugged prime, as can readily be seen. Observe the homely yet characteristic details—the extended right hand grasping the cane, the left hand resting on the knee, the cloak and big slouch hat. Carlyle never dressed in any other outdoor garments. It is as if he had just come in from a walk, and was seated in conversation with the artist. This probably often happened, as Whistler lived near Carlyle, in Chelsea, which was the favorite part of London for writers and artists. Most portraits are painted in a few calls, when the visitor sits for an hour or two at most, while the artist works at his task. Whistler saw Carlyle many times, and was thus able to study and get not only the features, but a good deal of the soul of the man.

Carlyle seems to have been a hard man to get

a good picture of. He was rather crusty and short-tempered, and would "look pleasant" for nobody. Again, he had a morose, melancholy expression. Most pictures of him—even photographs—and they are not many—are not satisfactory. But when people saw this Whistler picture they hailed it as the true portrait of their hero, for the whole British nation loved honest, brave Carlyle, despite his little faults. And so it has been so looked upon ever since.

It is very likely that the loving care and pains Whistler bestowed on the portrait of his mother—an old lady who also had Scotch blood in her veins—helped him to make this masterpiece of Carlyle.

James A. McNeill Whistler was a great artist, but a very eccentric man. He was born in New England, and grew up to manhood in this country, but went to Europe and never came back. He lived most of his life of seventy years in London. He was a wiry, nervous man, who always seemed to be having a quarrel with somebody. He was vain of his looks, wore a single eye-glass, and dressed very neatly. He had curly black hair, from which a snowwhite lock stood out in the center just over his forehead. He was a very witty talker, and much in demand in society. But these were only surface qualities. He had beneath them the soul of a fine and true artist. His greatest gift was the ability to select just what was most worthy to be shown in a picture. This made him, as some have said, "the most exquisite painter of his time."

MR. CARLYLE'S APPEARANCE

His countenance was striking, homely, sincere, truthful—the countenance of a man on whom "the burden of the unintelligible world" had weighed more heavily than on most. His hair was yet almost dark; his mustache and short beard were iron-gray. His eyes were wide, melancholy, sorrowful; and seemed as if they had been at times a-weary of the sun. Altogether, in his aspect there was something aboriginal, as of a piece of unhewn granite, which had never been polished to any approved pattern, whose natural and original vitality had never been tampered with. In a word, there seemed no passivity about Mr. Carlyle; he was the diamond, and the world was his pane of glass.—*Alexander Smith.*

ST. CECILIA

Raphael



RAPHAEL has represented St. Cecilia as a graceful girl. Her sweet face is upturned as in a vision she sees the golden light, and is absorbed by the music of the angelic choir. In listening to the heavenly strains, she forgets her earthly instrument, and it is slipping from her hand. At her feet are her violin and pipe, her tambourine and castanets—now they, too, are all cast aside. To the left of St. Cecilia, as we face the picture, stand St. Paul and St. John. St. Paul, lost in thought, leans upon his sword. This is one of Raphael's grandest figures.

This St. John is not the Baptist, but the beloved disciple. Like St. Cecilia, he is listening to the divine harmony.

St. Augustine, with his bishop's crook, stands on the other side. Next to him we recognize Mary Magdalene by her pot of ointment. This is always given to her in art, because she anointed the feet of her Lord. Her face is thought to be the face of the girl to whom Raphael gave a life-long friendship.

JOANNA OF ARAGON

Raphael (1483-1520)

DESCRIBED BY M. ALSTON BUCKLEY

THIS picture of the beautiful daughter of Ferdinand of Aragon, King of Naples, was painted to be sent to King Francis I of France as a present. The story told about it is that a certain noble wanted a gift that would be worthy to send the King; so he asked the Princess to let him have it painted, and he asked the great Raphael to paint it. The Princess consented; but Raphael was much too busy, with the pictures he was painting for the Pope, to leave Rome. So he sent his assistant to see the Princess in Naples, to make a picture of her, and bring it back to him with a description of her dress. From this Raphael was able to paint her portrait.

Some people say that he painted only her head, and that his pupil painted her dress, and this may be true. But, even so, it is a very beautiful picture, and was a gift that the King was very glad, indeed, to have; and when the French people said they would have no more Kings, they kept it as one of the treasures of the Louvre.

We cannot see the chair on which the Prin-

cess is sitting, but the artist makes us feel that it is like a throne, and gives us the feeling that she is not only young and beautiful, but queen-like. She is sitting in a large room, with a beautiful arched alcove, or passageway, behind her, and a door opening out on a terrace, where one of her ladies is standing looking up at the sky. Joanna herself is in the full light, which falls across her right side, bringing out the beauty of her face, and hand, and wrist. She is dressed, you see, for out-of-doors and wears a large beaver hat, with jeweled ornaments, and a heavy velvet mantle, with buttoned sleeves and a fur collar, over her rich velvet dress, which has heavy embroidery around the shoulders. She wears no jewels, except a bracelet on her right arm, as if the great artist thought that her youth and beauty did not need the help of jewels. Although she looks so young, and indeed when the picture was painted was only as old as a high-school girl who has nothing to think of but books and play, she was already married to the con-

stable, or military governor, of Naples, and had a great position to fill. Perhaps that is why she looks so grave.

Now let those of us who are learning to draw, look at the shadow on the left side of her face, and let us also notice how the darkness of her hair and of the fur brings out the outline of her

face and shoulders. Notice that her right arm is resting on the arm of her chair in such a way as to suggest how full the lovely lady is of repose. She is quite at ease. There is no restlessness about her. She is quite willing to stay where she is until the painter has finished his work.

WILLIAM II OF ORANGE AND MARY STUART

Sir Anthony van Dyck (1599-1641)

DESCRIBED BY MARY LENA WILSON

You would be surprised, I know, to learn that the pretty, dignified little lady in this picture and her handsome companion are engaged to be married. For despite their grown-up costumes you can see that they are really just a little boy and girl. But as Mary Stuart is Princess Mary of England, and William II is the Prince of Orange, the question of their marriage was settled for them when they were very young. Before these children were in their teens it was arranged that they should be married, in order that the friendship between England and the Netherlands might be assured.

Poor little Princess Mary! She has on a beautiful brocaded dress, and there is a handsome brooch at her neck, and a string of pearls around her throat, and a jeweled ornament in her hair; but I do not think she looks so very happy, do you? Her face is very sweet and very kind, but it must be hard being a little Princess and having all one's future planned for one. Then, too, she could never scamper about in that gown as American little girls do to-day. She must always bear herself like the little Queen she is to be; and you can tell from her grave demeanor that she never for a minute forgets that she is a Princess.

Young Prince William is a very romantic-looking youth, with his heavy, dark curls and proud, aristocratic face. The elaborate costume of the period, with its flowing cloak, lace collars and cuffs, high gauntlet gloves, plumed hat and beribboned shoes, seems made exactly to suit his princely young figure. He, too, is very dignified and conscious, but seems not quite so overburdened with his royal responsibilities as his little wife-to-be.

The stately setting in which the artist has placed them is very appropriate. The high wall and tall column are probably a portion of a balcony in one of the royal palaces.

There are several other pictures of little Princess Mary, all done by the same artist, Sir Anthony van Dyck. Van Dyck was really a native of Flanders. He was born in Antwerp in 1599, and when very young he went to study under the great Rubens, who was then at the height of his fame. Later he went to Italy and did many very beautiful pictures of Italian noblemen and churchmen. On his return to Antwerp he established himself as a portrait-painter of the aristocracy, and won a reputation for himself that spread throughout all Europe. King Charles I, hearing of the courtly paintings he made of the lords and ladies of Flanders, invited him to come to England as court painter.

This was just what Van Dyck wished, for he was very proud and aristocratic himself, and liked associating with the nobility. Then, too, he knew that his greatest skill was brought out in making portraits of distinguished people. The King was devoted to him, and bestowed honors and gifts upon him until Van Dyck was one of the finest gentlemen in the kingdom. He also made him a Knight, so that the artist was now Sir Anthony.

In return for these favors, Van Dyck made a great number of handsome pictures of the King and the royal family. He painted him in his robes of state, in family groups, and hunting in the woods. One of the most famous is a portrait of the King standing beside a dashing steed from which he has just dismounted. But the best known of all the royal family pictures is the group-portrait where Princess Mary, then only a few years old, stands between her older brother and her baby brother, known from this picture as Baby Stuart. You have often seen prints, I know, of the head of little James, but these are really only copies of a part of the group, as Van Dyck never made a separate painting of him. In this, Princess Mary is dressed with the same

elegance as in her later portrait made with the Prince of Orange.

Sir Anthony never took interest in the common people, and all his subjects are just like himself—very elegant, very refined, and very handsome. His work was done with the most perfect skill; and to this day none of his exquisite coloring has lost any of its brilliance.

But troubles came to Van Dyck. All his life he had been rich, and successful, and proud, but now his great patron, King Charles, fell into strong disfavor with his subjects. They would grant him no more large sums of money, so the artist's salary was one of the first extravagances dispensed with. Van Dyck had been very luxurious and saved nothing; in fact, he had many

debts. Added to this, his gay life had brought illness upon him, and at forty-three he found himself without money, without health, and very discouraged and unhappy. He died in 1641, just one year after his early master, Rubens, passed away.

And poor little Princess Mary had a very unhappy life after that, too. There were quarrels, murders, and wars. Her father was beheaded, and her brothers quarreled with her over the succession of her young son to the English throne. So I do not think one could really envy this beautiful little Princess in her lovely, jeweled dress, even though she did have her portrait painted by the most fashionable painter of the day.

GIOVANNA TORNABUONI AND THE THREE GRACES

Sandro Botticelli (1447-1510)

(Pictures on pages 129 and 130)

ALTHOUGH there are several figures in this great picture, it was really painted for the sake of the portrait of Giovanna Tornabuoni. She is the beautiful girl on the right, in a long velvet dress, with a veil on her soft wavy hair, and a string of pearls on her neck. It is, as you may see, one of those pictures that are meant to tell a story to us; and the story the painter means to tell us here is that Giovanna degli Albuzzi, the bride of Lorenzo di Tornabuoni, was so lovely and so gracious that Venus and the Three Graces came to present her with rich gifts on her marriage. The girl who is putting half-open flowers into the handkerchief which Giovanna is holding to receive them is Venus.

The picture itself has a very interesting story. By looking closely at it, you may see that it is a fresco painting; that is, it was painted on a wall, as most pictures were in the days when its painter lived. The house in which it was painted was the villa, or country house, of the Tornabuoni, one of the noble families of the city of Florence.

In the course of years, however, the villa became the property of another family, and the pictures in it were forgotten. In fact, some one covered them over with whitewash, and they were hidden from sight for over three hundred years. Then, one day, the owner of the house was looking it over, and thought he saw signs of a painting. So he had the thick covering of whitewash carefully removed, and was

rewarded when three pictures came to light. One of them was very badly injured by dampness and in other ways; but this picture and another one which has the portrait of Lorenzo, Giovanna's husband, in it, were sold to France, and are kept very carefully in the Louvre, the great picture gallery in Paris. You can see that dampness and time have injured this picture, too, but it is still a very great and beautiful one.

Alessandro (or Sandro) Botticelli was born and lived in the great days of the city of Florence, at a time when all over Italy men were writing poems, or making great statues, or painting great pictures; and Botticelli was among the greatest of them all. He was born in the year 1447, it is believed, in Florence, in the house where he lived all his life. He was the youngest of the family, and perhaps this was why his father—although he wanted him to follow his own trade and become a tanner—let Alessandro have his own way and be a painter. Some people say he was first apprenticed to a goldsmith, and in those days many of the things made by goldsmiths were rare works of art. Others declare that Alessandro never did any goldsmith's work at all.

However that may be, when the eager boy was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, his father sent him to the famous artist, Filippo Lippi, to learn painting. Filippo Lippi soon saw the youth's genius, and took such pains with



WILLIAM II OF ORANGE AND MARY STUART
FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DYCK IN THE RIJKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM



GIOVANNA TORNABUONI AND THE THREE GRACES

FROM A PAINTING BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI

him that Botticelli "quickly reached a degree of excellence far beyond all expectation." Afterward he studied with another artist, named Pollaiuolo, but he and Lippi continued to be friends always; and when Lippi died, Botticelli took care of his son, and taught him to be a painter.

And now we must tell you an interesting thing.



ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF GIOVANNA TORNABUONI
FROM A PAINTING BY GHIRLANDAJO

The name by which we know Botticelli was a nickname. His father's name was Mariano di Vanna dei Filipepi, but the young artist's friends called him Botticelli, which means "Little Barrel"; and, following their example, we call him by this name instead of his father's long, difficult surname. It is supposed that an older brother's nickname had been "Barrel," and so the little fellow became "Little Barrel."

When he was about twenty-three, instead of helping Filippo Lippi, as he had been doing, he set up for himself; and during the next twelve or thirteen years he painted many pictures for the people of Florence, and especially for a great man named Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco, who was a member of the great family of De' Medici, of which you will read a great deal when you study history. When he was about thirty-five, however, the Pope sent for him to take charge of the decoration of the beautiful Sistine Chapel in Rome, where afterward Raphael and Michelangelo did such great work. He painted a number of pictures in the Sistine Chapel, where perhaps you may see them some day; and when the work there was done he went back to Florence.

Many people say his best pictures were painted in the next ten years, and it was during this time that this one was finished. He died in the year 1510.

And now that we know something about the painter, let us look again at the picture, for, like all beautiful things, you may look at it many times, and never tire. You will notice that Venus and the Graces are moving toward the bride, and that shows us that she is the principal figure in the picture. Two of the Graces are not looking at her, but still the position of their bodies, and their flowing dresses, show that they are moving toward her. Even the way the bride holds out her hands to receive the gifts, gives us the feeling that they are all alive. An interesting thing in the picture, too, is that the figures are all linked together by their hands, even though they never touch one another.



PICTURES OF NATURE AND HUMAN TOIL

Few young people care for landscapes without human figures in them. They like action amidst nature's wildest or most lovely moods. So, in this division of our book each picture is a landscape associated with the toil or rest of human beings.

Millet, the peasant painter, is, of course, the best, as he was the first to see how man adds grandeur to the scenes among which he moves, by the patience or the faithfulness of his work. We have here, therefore, the more modern men, such as Breton (Millet's disciple), Israels (Flemish cousin), Mauve, and Walker, his modern followers.

But always, chief of all, the gentle farmer of Barbizon, who painted "The Gleaners," and "The Shepherdesses," and "The Winnowers," and even "The Butchers," of the little village that nestles on one side of the Forest of Fontainebleau, and on the other looks out to the meadows where Millet saw and heard "the Angelus," of which you can see a beautiful reproduction, on page 32 of this book.

GOING TO WORK

Jean François Millet (1814-1875)

DESCRIBED BY M. ALSTON BUCKLEY

WHEN we first look at this picture, we see only a young man and a young woman going to their work, and walking heavily because they wear clumsy sabots, and have always worn them. They look clumsy to us, because their clothes are clumsy, and perhaps if we met them, they would

be shy and awkward, as people are who do not often meet strangers.

But Millet saw beyond the clumsy clothes, and the awkwardness; and in every man and woman he met he saw the character, the soul, and spirit in them. As we learn to love these pictures, and



CARRYING HOME THE CALF

FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET



Courtesy of the Corporation of Glasgow, Scotland

GOING TO WORK

FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET

look at them often, as we grow older, we will see it, too. Millet painted pictures of peasants, because he knew them better than he knew other people, for he grew up among them. He knew that the rough clothes and the heavy gait were only the outside. The character of the men and women he painted was often grand and noble; and this, though it is hard to describe it, is what really makes us like his pictures.

Of course, the nobility of his own character shows in his pictures, too, because what we are always shows in our work. We must learn when we are young that unless we make ourselves noble, we shall not be able to understand nobility in others by-and-by. If there had not been something great in the men and women at whose pictures we have been looking, no skill that they might have been able to gain would have put greatness or beauty into the work they did.

Now let us look again at our picture, and we shall find that we love it more than we did before, and we shall love it a little better each time that we see it. As we said, it is just a picture of a boy and girl walking through the country on their way to work; but Millet thought of

the country as their workshop, and so he has made them look as if they belong to it. They are not grumbling because they have had to get up early and go to the field. They are quite cheerful about it; and, in spite of their clumsiness, there is dignity about them, for they are not ashamed of their task. Presently they will reach the field just beyond, and will do a good morning's work before the church bell in the distance tells them it is time for dinner.

The girl has a basket on her head; her fork is carried by the boy over his shoulder, and his hoe is on his other arm. The morning sun is shining over the plain in the background, and the sky is full of light. They are walking in sunshine, and it makes them feel happy, although, perhaps, they do not know it. They only know that life is good.

The older ones among us may notice the youthful lines in the figures, and we may compare this picture with "Carrying Home the Calf," on another page, in which, with a few strokes, Millet shows the difference of years between the father and the son, though we cannot see their faces.

CARRYING HOME THE CALF

Jean François Millet (1814-1875)

(Picture on page 132)

THIS is one of the pictures that Millet saw in his walks through the country, and it is one that many of us who live in the country have seen, although, perhaps, we had not learned to see the beauty in the simple scene.

Let us see if we can think of the story that is being lived in it. Perhaps the young woman went out to look at her pet cow, where she was tethered in the field, to see if she had enough to eat, and move her to another place, if she had not. But, lying beside the cow, she found a calf—a little young thing too helpless to walk. It was too cold for it out there; and so the girl called her father and brother, and they are carrying it, on a hurdle, to put it in a house where it can be kept warm.

The cow has followed, and is fondling the calf, and lowing over it, as if she fears it is going to be taken from her. The girl looks a little sorry for the poor thing, but the men plod steadily on with their burden. It is all in the day's work, and they want to go back to what they were doing.

Do you notice that these men walk as if they were in the habit of plodding through soft, ploughed land, and that the young man already goes as if he were in the habit of bending over the handles of his old-fashioned plough, or carrying heavy burdens? The two men are carrying the calf as if it were something precious, and indeed it is, for will it not grow up, and make some money for them?

Do you notice how the trees in front of the house have been cut? This is called pollarding, and is done so that while they can give shelter from the wind, in the Summer their shade will not be heavy enough to darken the house very much.

The house is the kind in which many of the farmers in the north of France live. Millet rented just such a house in Barbizon, except that his house had only a story and a half instead of two stories. It had a wall in front, just as this has; but he broke down part of the wall, so that he could see the view of the plain, as he sat outside his door.

THE SONG OF THE LARK

Jules Breton (1827-1906)

DESCRIBED BY M. S. EMERY

THE painting from which this copy was made hangs in one of the rooms of a great museum (the Art Institute) in Chicago.

Some pictures we understand at once. Some are so full of beauty that they delight us at the first glance. And there are some whose meaning and beauty are not quite so clear at first; we have to look at them many times, and do some thinking of our own about them.

Now this woman, for instance: she is a French peasant. The artist himself was French, and used to seeing country women and girls do all sorts of heavy work on the farms. Women who live in Paris and the large towns of France care a great deal about being daintily neat and dressed with care in the prettiest clothes they can afford; but in the country districts things are quite different. There the few pretty gowns and caps are saved for Sundays and special holidays, while the daily work to earn a living is the chief thing about which people have to think.

And yet, even when people are very poor, with nothing beautiful in their homes, and very little chance for education, or what we count as refinement, there may still be wonderful and lovely things to enjoy. It all depends on whether a person knows how to look and how to listen.

That is what our artist, Jules Breton, believed; for he had known many plain country people who found plenty of happiness in their own lives. We can see for ourselves that this young woman here is one of the hard-working kind. The sun is just rising, and she has already come from that farm-house in the distance, on her way to the fields, where a big day's work awaits her. Probably there is rye or barley to be reaped; that sharp, curving sickle which she holds in her hand is such as small farmers use for harvesting grain by hand. Their fields are too small to make our modern methods seem worth while, though sometimes several neighbors do club together and buy some piece of improved machinery to be used in turn.

Country girls in many parts of France wear *sabots*—shoes whittled with a knife out of single blocks of light wood. They keep the feet dry, and last a long time without wearing out by exposure to mud and snow. But our friend here

has come out with bare feet, like a boy. She has turned up her faded skirt, partly to save it and partly to leave her legs freer for long strides. Though the morning air is cool, she knows the sun will be hot at midday, so she has tied an old kerchief over her head for protection. Her cheeks are tanned and sunburned. Her hands are red and rough. She has none of the outward prettiness that everybody likes to see in a woman. Even her face looks rather dull and common, as if she had always to do with ugly materials and heavy loads.

Yet at this moment even her plain face is lighted up with wondering pleasure. She has heard a lark singing in the morning sky; the bird's wings are carrying it higher and higher, farther and farther away, while the bird's song, marvelously clear and sweet, sounds through the still air even though the singer has almost passed out of sight.

It is like a part of her own morning prayer. It seems to bring a blessing to the day's work that opens before her. She might not be able at all to tell anybody just how she feels about it, but that song of the lark keeps her from being discontented with her part in life. It reminds her of all sorts of happy things when she was a little girl. It seems, somehow, to hint at happier things to come in the years ahead. She believes in God. The lovely notes of that bird's song, faintly heard now from far up in the sky, seem to speak of Him.

In another moment the song of the lark will have faded into the sunshiny silence overhead. Then this worker will move on, to begin the tasks of the day. And one cannot help believing that the work will be done better because of this moment of delight. All the more heartily will she be able to meet the demands of her long day, in the wholesome, healthy spirit that a wise man has urged upon all of us.

"Thank God," says he, "every morning when you get up, that you have something to do which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know."



THE SONG OF THE LARK
FROM A PAINTING BY JULES BRETON

SPRING

Anton Mauve (1838-1888)

DESCRIBED BY M. ALSTON BUCKLEY

PEOPLE who have been in Holland say this picture brings back to them the feeling of a soft spring day, when the sky seems blue and at the same time gray, the grass is tender and young, and the young leaves look like a soft green veil. Even as we look at it now, we can feel the quiet of the country, and can imagine ourselves drinking in the soft, misty air, as we survey the long stretch of low flat plain. We almost see it stretching down over the horizon; and we know that much more of it has been ploughed than appears in the corner of the picture, where a patch of pinky-brown shows that the farmer has been at work.

Let us turn the pages and look at some of the pictures by Jean François Millet, of sheep and peasants, or countrymen. Although the man in this picture wears a rough coat, that a man in any country might put on, something tells us that he belongs to a different land from that in which Millet's peasants live. We feel, too, that the sheep have been painted by another hand, so that if we saw the pictures themselves we could tell that they were the work of different artists. Many of you may have seen this beautiful picture, for it is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York; and sometimes it is sent away to other places so that people who cannot go to the great Museum may have a chance to see it.

This picture was painted by a Dutch artist named Anton Mauve, who lived in the last century. His father, who was a Baptist minister, wanted him to do something that would bring him more money than painting pictures; but he

felt that he would never succeed at anything else, and in the end his father let him have his way.

The artist was a man of great gentleness, and though at times he was sad, at others he was quite gay, and his works seem like him. He painted a great many pictures, most of them of one part of Holland that he loved very much. Indeed, he loved all his charming little country, except the cities; but there was one place, a short distance from the sea, where the grass is very green and tender, and here it was he especially liked to live and paint.

Look at the trees at the right of the picture. Do you notice that you cannot distinguish the leaves? All we can see is a light feathery cloud of green that clothes the branches. Of course, the leaves are painted that way because that is how we see them. At a little distance from a tree we cannot tell the shape of its leaves. At the same time we can tell at once that the trees in the picture are poplar trees, just as in nature, from the shape of a tree, and the shape the mass of its branches take when they are clothed with leaves, we can tell its name.

Another interesting thing is the pains the artist has taken in painting the dog in the picture. Some of the sheep have scattered toward the right, but though the shepherd seems to be standing in a dream, every line in the body of the dog shows that he is on the alert, ready to bring them back if they go too far. It was just such dogs as this one who were helpful and watchful in the Great War, and in some cases received "decorations."

PLOUGHING IN THE NIVERNAIS

Rosa Bonheur (1822-1899)

(Picture on page 138)

THERE are pictures that are not only pleasing to the eye but which, in a strange way, appeal to our hearts. This is not to be wondered at when we remember that some were painted by the artist on his knees—these are prayers. Others are scenes of joy or sorrow that have been drawn from personal experiences—these are lessons.

It is the commonest things of our every-day

life that make the most wonderful pictures when treated by the hands of a master.

It is such a scene that is illustrated by "Ploughing in the Nivernais." There does not seem to be anything very wonderful about it. Nothing to make one desire it, and yet it is one of the world's great pictures.

Teams of oxen ploughing—that's all. Yet it



SPRING
FROM A PAINTING BY ANTON MAUVE



PLOWING IN THE NIVERNAIS
FROM THE PAINTING BY ROSA BONHEUR IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY

is a perfect picture of a perfect day amid the rolling, tree-clad hills of central France. In the distance a cottage home peeps out amongst the foliage; the workers are an exact type of the peasants at their labor; the ancient plough, just the sort the artist saw; the ploughman, a real man who knew how to hold a plough. Look at the land. Rough before the sowing, but just the sort to bear fruit a hundred-fold.

Then the oxen! The district is far-famed for its cattle. The picture shows some magnificent specimens of the breed, drawn with marvelous fidelity; splendid animals, full of energy, action, and power.

The whole is an example of the majesty of the common, when seen by the seeing eye of genius. But genius is not enough. Rosa Bonheur had other things besides that: she knew her sub-

ject, she loved it and could interpret it with the truest sympathy.

The great French writer, Victor Hugo, with the insight of genius, knew the secret of Rosa Bonheur's wondrous success. Read what he wrote:

"The boldness of her conceptions is sublime. As a creative artist, I place her first among women, living or dead. And if you ask me why she thus towers above her fellows, by the majesty of her work silencing every detractor, I will say it is because she listens to God, and not to man. She is true to self."

There is the secret of all success. The story of this simple, industrious artist's rise to fame is an inspiring one. She was the first woman to be made a member of the Legion of Honor. She was the first woman of her age to reach international reputation in art.

A FRUGAL MEAL

Josef Israels (1824-199)

DESCRIBED BY ANNE N. P. GUTELIUS

IN THIS Dutch fisher's hut they waste no pennies, and so they do without all things they do not need. That is what "frugal" means. All is so simple. And it is the beauty of the simple things that stirred the artist to make this picture.

In the little Dutch fishing village where he lived, Josef Israels saw just such pictures in real life, and understood their beauty. Has he made us understand it, too?

The room is small, but not crowded, because not much furniture is needed—a square wooden table for the meal, and the children's little one; two well-made chairs for the man and his wife, a cradle for the tiny child, and a stool and kettle by the fire. The family's dishes when not in use decorate the chimney shelf. The floor is of bare tiles, and easily kept clean. Perhaps the little cupboard in the center holds extra household tools; and in the dark recesses, left and right, are built the beds—plain bunks against the wall. The man has built them himself, as well as the tables and the chairs. His wife, it is likely, has helped to weave the chair-seats of reed, and the body of the cradle, too.

These are laboring people, but need not work too hard for their strength. The man is glad to lean upon the table and rest and eat, but he is not weary. His apron still is on, and he is ready to go to his work again by-and-by. The

woman sits straight, and ready to rise in a moment if the children need her. But they are contented and busy with their food. Even the hen does not go without a bit. She, too, is contented and unafraid. So there is an air of peace about the scene.

This woman cooks only the simplest meals, for they must be done above her hearth-fire, and there are other things to do—all the clothes must be sewed by her hand, and kept whole and clean, the children cared for, the cradle rocked; then, often she is needed at the boats to help when the fish come in.

Yet there seems no hurry nor worry here. Each has the others to look to for love and care, and to share all things with, as this meal is shared. There are clothes, there is food, and the little hut to protect from the storms, and heat, and cold.

From the one window in the front the warm light flows in, spreads a tender half-gloom about the corners of the room, and rests on the two figures in the center, drawing them together by the cone of brightness over the table where the steam rises from the bowl. Perhaps in this glow of the rising steam the artist has meant to suggest that heavenly blessing rests upon what is shared in peace by those who sincerely love one another.



A FRUGAL MEAL
FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEF ISRAELS

THE HYMN OF THE EARTH TO THE SUN

G. Bertrand (1849-1929)

DESCRIBED BY ANNE N. P. GUTELIUS



THIS painting is upon the ceiling of the big dining-room in the Hotel de Ville, Paris. When we know that the original is seen only at the great distance of the floor from the ceiling we understand the reason for the unfinished look of the drawing: the masses of light and dark, the lack of detail-lines. Hold the print at arm's length above your head and you will see that the effect is to make the objects drawn seem more real, the figures of the man and oxen round themselves and stand out more strikingly against the sun-filled air of the valley behind them. The picture is filled with contrasts: the solid earth of the hill in the foreground against soft changing clouds—the solid animal strength of the oxen, who belong entirely to the earth, and the soaring spirit force of the man, that carries him away from himself and his toil.

The dips and crests of the hills, the lifting branches of the weeds, the wings of the flying birds, the curve of the lake, and his own uplifted arms are like the lines of a wondrous hymn that the man alone can understand: "The Hymn of the Earth to the Sun."

He is doing his autumn ploughing, this splendid man of the soil. He has worked for some hours, for the sun is high, guiding the plough in straight furrows while the oxen pulled. As he rounds the highest crest of his land, alone but for the wild things of nature and the animals he has tamed, the sun is spreading a warm glow upon the clouds about the hilltops, its heat drawing the vapor from the lake below, to fall some time again upon the waiting fields and prepare the soil for sprouting. Before him is a plant that has sprouted and grown, leafed and flowered, and ripened seeds. The lofty clouds are there—the world's water supply; the birds and the beasts which the sun has fed. All supply notes in the Earth's great hymn to the Sun.

Small wonder that ancient tribes, who knew nothing of crowded cities, worshiped the Sun as a god, praying to it and offering sacrifices to the powerful being who controlled their existence. So the man in Bertrand's picture, at the summit of his labors, represents men of all times as he raises his arms, his eyes, and all his inward being in adoration of that wonderful force!

PLOUGHING IN ACADIA*

Horatio Walker (1858-1934)

DESCRIBED BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

WALKER has found the pivot point for his painting in the island of Orleans, in the St. Lawrence, some twenty miles northeast of Quebec. Here the descendants of the early French settlers still retain the simple faith and habits and fine ingenuousness of the peasants of northern France; a sturdy race, close to the soil, and drawing dignity as well as nourishment therefrom, perpetuating their origin even in their belongings: the domestic utensils, the farm implements, in the racial characteristics of their clever little horses and oxen, and in the very fashioning of their harness. Nor was the singling out of this Acadia merely the happy discovery of a painter in search of the picturesque. It was a harking back to the associations of his boyhood; for, though Walker's later youth was spent in Rochester, N. Y., he is a Canadian by birth, the son of an English army officer.

It is a beautiful thing for an artist when he can thus graft his maturity on to the roots of his early impressions.

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Indeed, it is beautiful for the artist when he can recover that boy's will, and link the early thoughts on to the maturer thoughts of manhood.

He is nearer to Israel's than to Millet in his attitude toward peasant life. The peasant of Gruchy was so profoundly impressed with the pitifulness of the peasant's life that his story of labor with all its force is a restricted one. He missed its nobler aspect in relation to the universal scheme, and feels only its heavy fatalism. Israel's has a wider sympathy, which can discover beauty in the monotonous routine, the beauty of little observances well and faithfully done, and the quiet intervals of rest and homely joy that intervene. But while Walker is akin to the Dutch artist in the embracing tenderness of his vision, he excels him in breadth and force.

In this respect he reminds one of Troyon, whose magnificent landscapes and grand cattle are big with nature's fecundity and strength. There is not a little of these two men in Walker; of Israel's tenderness and Troyon's breadth. Even in so stirring a subject as the large

"Ploughing in Acadia," painted about 1887, there is this infusion of tenderness. The three horses straining abreast are full of vigor; they tug with a sustained effort in which the continuity of the movement is finely expressed; the high gear above their saddles, covered with sheepskin, tosses in the air over their shaggy arched necks; the old man at the plough tail is stocky and hale; lusty green weeds have their roots in the strong earth, and the sky is full of bracing weather. Through and through it is a sturdy picture; but note, also, the affectionateness with which the head of the nearest horse is rendered. He is of the Normandy breed, the most willing of servants, the most intelligent of animal companions. His eye is bright, the nostril inflated; he is rejoicing in his strength; and later on, when labor is over, he will nose into his master's jacket and both will feel like friends to one another. This is the wholesome, natural view of the peasant's labor, when it is really close to the soil and uncorrupted by a cheap press; man and the animals going about their appointed task until the day is done, and finding companionship with one another and with nature.

This ploughing scene reminds me of a later one, painted a few years ago, of two oxen coming up the furrow with their massive, leisurely movement, while behind them the light is mounting up in floods of crimson, that overflow upon the broad backs of the beasts and lap the cool, glistening earth. It represents the first moments in nature's daily awakening to life and in man's daily routine of labor. Both in the sky and on the earth there is the steady gathering of force; not a burst of energy, but that massing of energy that will not readily expend itself. I have heard it remarked that the oxen look tired already, and the men likewise; but perhaps it is rather a passivity of feeling that is conveyed.

And in another way many of these canvases of Walker's involve this heroic suggestion. While close studies of pastoral and agricultural life in a portion of this continent to-day, they set one's imagination back in the Old World that we call Homeric; times of spaciousness and simplicity, when we fancy that man's strength was in closest affinity with nature's; times of wholesomeness and poise of mind and body, when man lived by nature's rule, and labor was loving.

* From "American Masters of Painting," by Charles H. Caffin. Used by permission of the publishers, Doubleday Page & Company.



PLOUGHING IN ACADIA
FROM A PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER

Copyright by N. E. Moutross

THE COMING STORM

George Inness (1825-1894)

DESCRIBED BY HAPGOOD MOORE

HERE is a splendid example of the work of George Inness, who many of us believe was America's greatest landscape painter. Of him it has been said, because of his conscientious work, that he "painted more good pictures than anyone else ever painted." If you can visit "the Inness Room" at the Chicago Art Museum you may feel that this latter statement is true.

How powerfully and heavily the brooding clouds trail across the scene, which is somehow full of a sense of spacious air and far distance, though just being swallowed up by the tempest. Darkly the hill lies beneath the shadows; and, by way of contrast, one lighted tree stands in the immediate foreground. The meadow, too, is still sunny. It is but a passing summer shower, in which the cattle, the peaceful houses, the distant hamlet, and the man working with his oxen, will be unharmed.

This was the sort of thing that Inness loved to paint—what he called "civilized landscape," landscape with homes in it, with workers, with trees, or shrubs, or little incidents carefully painted. Among these he had his favorites. "He was drawn," Caffin says, "to early mornings,

to evenings, to quiet afternoons, or the golden glow of Summer and Autumn, when the atmosphere is caressing." He liked landscapes when they were changing, and often painted the same scene over in different aspects.

"A landscape under his brush," says one critic, "would change much as the scene itself might under changing lights and varying seasons. The sky filled with clouds, then cleared again; the sunlight spotted the grass, or the shadows stretched across it, while the trees turned from the green of Summer to the russet of Autumn."

He himself used to say, reverently: "Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, the hillside, the sky, clouds—can convey a human sentiment if we are in the love of God and the desire of truth." We love him because he painted the world that we love.

Inness was of Scotch descent, and he had the strong, independent nature which we associate with the Highlands. He was mostly self-educated in art, although after he had made his start he went to France and learned much from the Barbizon painters, Corot, Daubigny and Rousseau

VIEW ON THE SEINE, OR "THE HARP OF THE WINDS"

Homer D. Martin (1836-1897)

DESCRIBED BY ANNE N. P. GUTELIUS

(Picture on page 147)

AS we look into this picture of Homer Martin's we find ourselves standing on a narrow strip of beach, among the windings of the upper Seine.

To us, as we stand on our strip of beach, comes a finer music than that murmur of the streams. This music is not loud, but it is strong and spreading. It seems to be sweeping around us and into the spaces beyond our sight, filling them with the joy of living.

Sometimes you have stood outdoors when the wind was not quite tame, and have shut your eyes and listened. Where does the wind come from? Where does it go? It is happy to come, but it never stays, and yet it is around us always.

Something of this feeling of things beyond our

eye comes as we look into Martin's landscape. This beautiful little piece of country is touched joyously by the sun, and the wind, and the water, that spread joyously again into spaces beyond.

The stream plays upon the rocky ground at the left, where coarse grass and bushes grow, and waters the trees as it cuts its way through the softer ground to the right. It is useful to the little town, but does not stop nor stay.

The sunlight comes brightly through the thin slashes of light wind-clouds. It dances between shadows on the bank at the left, lights the houses of the town, makes warm, dazzling spots upon the river, but then, how joyously it fills the endless spaces of the sky. The artist has made



Courtesy of the Albright Art Gallery

THE COMING STORM
FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE INNESS

his sky more sunny by the contrast of the partly-shaded bank at the left, by the delicate dark outlines of the straight poplar trees and their cutinous reflection; but even more by the painting of the sky itself. The horizontal lines of brilliant light stretch one below the other with thin clouds between until they reach the line of the far hills, and close above that is light which seems to stretch beyond.

Do you hear the wind? The artist must have felt a breeze on his cheek. The clouds are filled with its music, the scrubby growth upon the bank is moved. (See the uncertainty of its outline.) And what a perfect instrument for the wind to play on is this beautiful harp of trees! In a line

—as we see these poplars so often—on the river's bank, they seem to the artist's imagination, each one the vibrating string of a harp. With the lines of reflection in the water the likeness is very striking to the eye—the center of a picture filled with the strong music of Nature.

When Homer Martin painted this landscape he was not standing upon that narrow beach, but was shut within doors, in the western United States, his health and his eyesight failing. Big was his mind and strong his power to feel and remember the poetry of this scene!

The public knows this painting affectionately as "The Harp of the Winds." It was the title first given to it by the artist.

A SHEPHERDESS

Jean François Millet (1814-1875)

(Picture on page 148)

IF THE pretty girl in this picture had on her fine holiday dress and shoes, you would not like it. You would say: "The picture is not true. A French shepherdess does not dress like that when she goes to the field with her sheep." And you would be quite right; and that is why Jean François Millet, the great Frenchman who painted this picture, shows her in her working-clothes, with a woolen cape, and wooden sabots to keep out the wet and cold on stormy days. Pictures can be true or false, just like anything else, but Millet made his picture tell the truth.

The day he saw this picture, however, was neither cold nor rainy. There are flowers in the grass, so it cannot be Winter, and the sunshine is flooding all the plain. We know it is near noontime, for the sun is high up in the heavens, and the shadows are so short that you almost think there are none, until you look closely 'round the flock, at the girl's dress, and the heads and necks of the sheep. Then you see there are shadows, because the sun is behind them. The side which is near us, of the tufts of grass, is shaded, too.

Of course, any country boy or girl can tell you at once that the picture shows a scene in late Summer, for the lambs are nearly as large as the old sheep, and the wool of the old sheep has had time to grow since it was shorn; while away in the background you can see where a farmer is piling his sheaves into a wagon, to bring his

harvest home. We can almost feel the crisp, clear air.

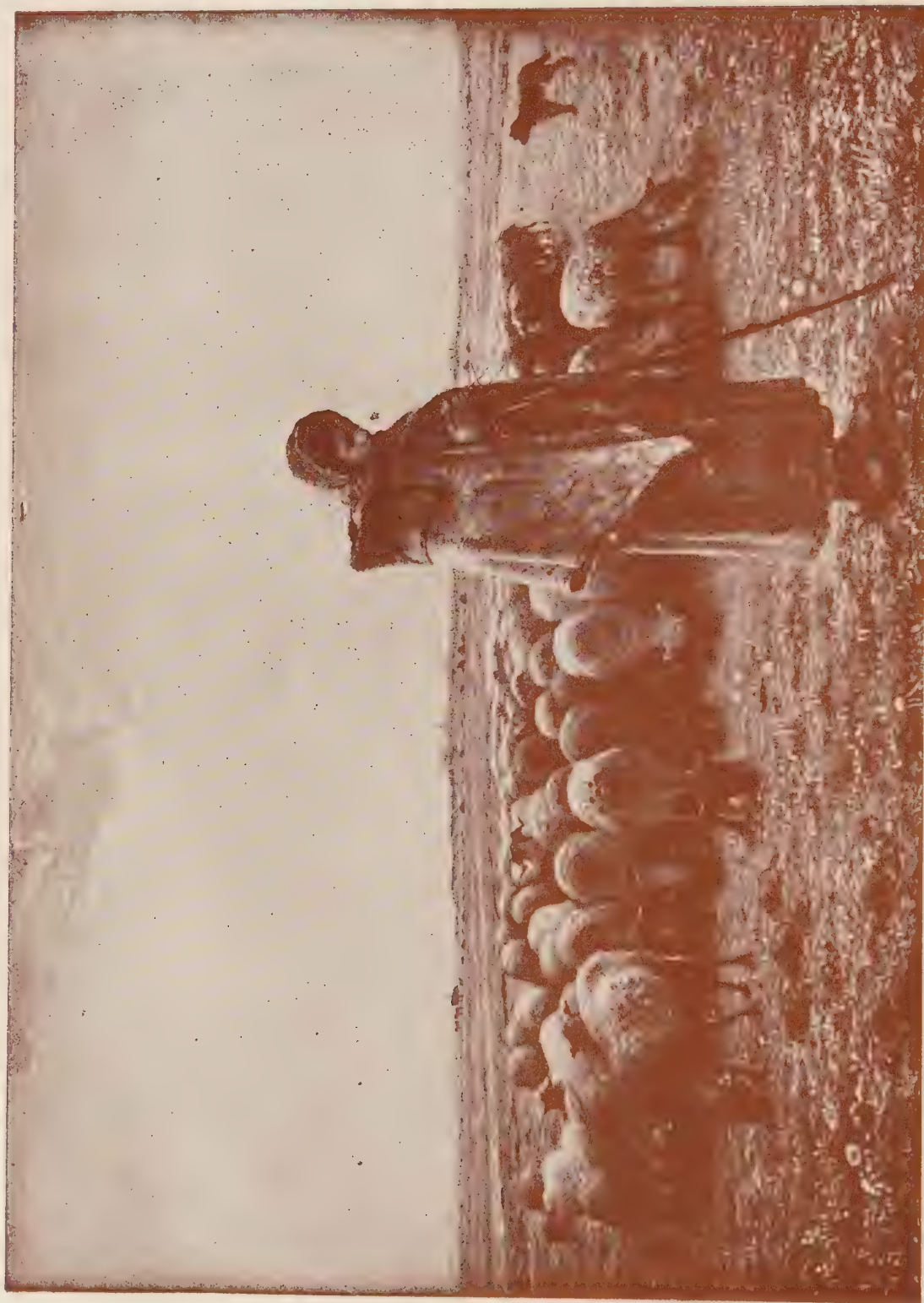
But do you notice that there are no fences to be seen? That is just why the little shepherdess is leading her flock. In northern France there are very few fences, and the sheep and cattle have, of course, to be kept away from the growing crops. Very often cattle are tethered in one spot, but the sheep are trained to follow a shepherd or shepherdess, and our little shepherdess goes day after day to the field with her flock and her faithful dog, who is watching to see that no sheep breaks away. As she stands or slowly walks along, our shepherdess knits a stocking very quickly, so that she may help her mother with her tasks. Perhaps she has come to a difficult part of her work, for she seems to be very intent on it, and you can see that she is standing still by the way her feet are firmly planted, and her stick has slipped down, while the sheep are moving up toward her.

We said that the artist saw this picture; but what we meant to say was that he saw it in his mind before it was painted, just as we can see a hundred pictures every day in the week, if our eyes are open to the beauty of the world. The great artists not only see these pictures, they can paint them: and so they teach us to see the beauty in the woods, and lakes, and rivers, in flocks of sheep, in men and women at their work, and even in the city streets.



THE HARP OF THE WINDS
FROM A PAINTING BY HOMER D. MARTIN

1925
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art
Described on page 144



A SHEPHERDESS
FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

Described on page 146



THE ART of modeling from clay or stone is not so popular in America as the art of painting on canvas. We are a people who love color and lavish details; sculpture gives us only form and austere ideas.

But the human form is a glorious thing, as the great Michelangelo told men; and we ought to learn to enjoy some of those tremendous or graceful renderings that have served as monuments and memorials of human achievements or emotions.

We present in these pages just a few pictures of sculpturing—enough, however, we believe, to stimulate a desire to know more of this noble art, and to help us to appreciate the many examples, original or in reproduction, that are in our own museums.

MOSES

Michelangelo (1475-1564)

DESCRIBED BY ROBERT M. SIMS

THE great leader of the Israelites has just returned from his communion with God. During his absence, Aaron has made a golden calf for the people to worship, instead of the God which they cannot see. This is the first sight which greets the eyes of the venerable patriarch as he descends from the mountain heights.

Struck dumb, for the moment, he has seated himself abruptly upon the stone, and gazes with uncertain eyes upon the scene spread out below him. The chosen people are dancing and singing, naked and unashamed, about the image of the calf.

Gradually the thunder-cloud of anger rolls up within him. We see it in every line of that majestic figure. On forehead, yes, limbs, and body the lowering clouds are gathering. Over the right eye the heavy knot of indignation appears; between the two eyes the forehead is creased in perplexity. They forecast the rage which followed and caused the leader to break into bits the holy laws which God had written for him.

The eyes see far into the distance, and they are troubled—troubled because of the scene that they behold; troubled because he knows of God's anger; and troubled because Moses is vexed that

the people for whom he has sacrificed so much should be so thoughtless.

With his left hand he nervously twitches the end of his long, flowing beard. The fingers of his right hand rest unheeded upon the streaming locks. Under his right arm he holds those precious tablets of stone, the Ten Commandments.

The right foot is ready to bear his weight, while the left is drawn back as if to help him rise. The horns protruding from the top of his head are said to be emblematic of light and power.

About his whole being there is the atmosphere of masterful restraint. Anger, pain, indignation, sorrow—all these Michelangelo has chiseled into the countenance and posture of the great Israelite. The taut muscles and swollen veins are eloquent with meaning. His Moses is the incarnation of majestic indignation and menace.

It is quite fitting that this masterpiece of chiseled art should form the central figure of the group which Michelangelo planned and executed in part for the tomb of Pope Julius II. For more than forty years he labored on that tomb. It was never completed as he had planned it. But that portion which he was able to finish is composed of some of the finest specimens of his labors.

DAVID

Michelangelo (1475-1564)

DESCRIBED BY ELIZABETH GUTMAN

ACCORDING to the Bible, David was but a youth when he liberated his country by slaying the giant Goliath; and in his great statue of him Michelangelo represented him in the Biblical words: "He was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance."

Michelangelo himself was not much more than a youth when he conceived and executed this statue of David, for it was completed in 1504, at the time of Columbus's fourth trip across the seas, when Michelangelo was merely twenty-nine years old.

Michelangelo's statue has all the beauty that is in the Biblical description of David. The head, the hands, and the feet are large in proportion of the rest of the body, for the boy had not yet, at the time, reached full maturity. The torso is of the almost tender slimness of early

youth. But it is hard and muscular too, ready to move. David is poised for action, yet in his face there is thought. He is wondering how to proceed.

His left hand touches the sling hanging over his shoulder. In his right hand he holds a stone, weighing its possibilities. His left foot touches the ground only slightly. He is ready for swift flight, but he is measuring his own force against that of the enemy whom he is seeking in the distance.

The statue is a colossal piece of sculpture, measuring over eighteen feet in height. It is called "The Giant" by the Florentines for whose city it was made. It is in keeping with the bulk of Michelangelo's statues which are almost always monumental in size as well as in character. There is power in the bodies of his figures and there is power in their expressions too.



MOSES

FROM A SCULPTURE BY MICHELANGELO

THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE

(*Sculptor Unknown*)

MANY, many years ago there lived in Macedonia a powerful general named Demetrius Poliorcetes. He was a great fighter, both on land and sea. One day he engaged in a big naval battle with an Egyptian fleet and defeated it. As the result of this victory he became King of Macedonia.

To commemorate his feat he very appropriately chose to have a splendid statue of Victory erected on the sacred island of Samothrace.

On the reverse side of certain coins which he had cast during his reign is an imprint of that statue. It was a mammoth, winged figure, perched high upon the prow of a vessel. In one hand it held the staff of a flag whose banner floated gracefully over its shoulder, and in the other hand a long bugle was clasped, with its mouthpiece close to the lips of the figure.

But that figure did not look like "The Winged Victory of Samothrace" which has come down to posterity. From whence came this "Winged Victory," then?

Well, after King Demetrius died, his statue of "Victory" disappeared. No one knew what became of it.

One day some workmen were digging among the ruins on the island of Samothrace, and they uncovered a piece of a sculptured wing. Eagerly they dug, deeper and wider. After a long time they collected almost two hundred broken pieces of carved stone.

Skilled artists worked for months, carefully fitting these pieces together, and one day they finished their task. The result was "The Winged Victory of Samothrace." It was not the old "Victory" of King Demetrius, for it had neither hands, arms, feet, nor bugle. These had been lost forever. But it was probably the remnants of that shattered "Victory" which King Demetrius had erected to celebrate his triumph over the Egyptians.

What a wonderful piece of artistry it is! In every line there is strength, beauty, rush, and impetuosity.

Imagine that figure poised in all its grandeur upon the prow of a vessel! The wings of the

wind seem now to have been added to the bark as it proudly points its nose into the sea.

The sweeping folds of the flying draperies, as they cling to the graceful curves of the body, catch the eye and will not let go. Behind, the robe is blown out in fluttering masses, which lend strength and charm to the magnificent figure.

And what a wonderful body! To the Greeks, beauty of body was equivalent to beauty of soul. Here, then, a soul of transcendent charm must be housed, for its physical expression is wonderful. Health, strength, grace, ease, beauty—all breathe from every line of the figure. Over the bosom and waist the drapery is thin and pressed close to the body; showing through it the noble form exhaling its radiant purity.

But the unknown artist conveyed his strongest message in the wings. Poised for flight, every feather spread, the innate strength of those powerful pinions lends itself to the entire figure.

On the lower half of his figure the sculptor used long lines and elongated curves; in the upper, short lines and broken curves. His employment of these methods led him to the enviable result which he no doubt sought to attain.

The visitor to the Louvre—that great art center of the world in France—sees this famous statue at the head of a great stairway, where it was placed in 1896. No more fitting place could be found for it. It seems as if it had floated down from the heavens and come to rest upon the pedestal already placed for it. Its appeal to the imagination is irresistible. Once more the old heroic days seem to have become real; and, headless and "winged" though the statue is, it is a thing of integrated beauty.

As the art lover gazes upon this masterpiece of the unknown sculptor he wonders what might have been the message conveyed by it had it been blessed with a head and the ordinary appendages of a human being. Incomplete and ancient as it is, it has probably been the most popular single piece of statuary in the history of sculpture.



THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Gutzon Borglum (1867-1934)

DESCRIBED BY WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH

A LADY told me the other day that her little girl often stops on her way to school and runs up to this statue, climbs the bench, and kisses its face. It is not unusual in Newark, New Jersey, where the memorial is placed, to see school-children "sitting in the lap of Lincoln."

The figure is not much larger than life. The man has just sat down as if he were tired from walking, and his hat is on the bench beside him. And it is a real bench. The figure is at one end so that there is room beside him for another, and the man is represented with his arm somewhat outstretched, as though he were asking one to come and sit down. Many do so, and it is a resting-place as well as a memorial. Not only do the birds light upon the kindly face, but children clamber over it and look up into the eyes.

Of course, you all know who this man was. And I think you will agree with me that this is the most appropriate memorial ever made for Abraham Lincoln. Out in Kentucky, at his birthplace, his log cabin has been enclosed in a Grecian temple. In the City of Washington, D. C., they have set his statue high above the people, in the midst of a circular marble colonnade. But here he is as he used to be when he was President, sitting, when he could snatch time, on a stool in front of a soldier's tent or on a bench in a public park.

He was one of the kind of men who, when he sat down, made people want to sit beside him. It seems as if that long arm was always extended to somebody. You may recall how he stretched it out once to a little girl who was standing in a

dooryard beside a trunk, crying because she was going to lose her train. He caught up the trunk with one arm and the girl with the other and ran to the station in time to deposit both on a rear platform. Scared children who came to call on him were likely to be taken within the crook of that arm and comforted. He knew how to come alongside. The people felt so close to him that they regarded him as the father of them all.

What saved the Union, Lowell tells us, was that Lincoln "kept step with the drum-beat of the nation." It seems somehow appropriate that his death should have occurred in a poor man's home, in a lodging-house. I was in that house a few weeks ago, and to me the most impressive thing there, was a letter from a young man who gave up his room so that Lincoln might rest there after he was shot, and who wrote home to tell how he slept a few nights later, not only in the same bed, but under the same coverlet where the President died.

Lincoln had plenty of enemies to keep him humble, but he had success enough to make almost anyone proud. He could not have failed to remember that his cabinet and general officers of the army were mostly men of greater education and social standing than he, and yet it was he rather than they who won the victory that saved the Union. But he did not leave his bench for a throne, or even for a platform, and when men last heard him speak it was in the glad but humble tones of an older brother; and when they last saw him alive it was seated among the people sharing in a common pleasure.

HER SON

Nellie Verne Walker (1874-1934)

(Picture on page 156)

A SCULPTOR hews his figures with a chisel from a block of wood, or stone, or other hard material; or models them in clay or wax, and has them cast later in bronze or other metal. He has, unlike the painter, no problem of light, no problem of color. Yet he has many problems besides the handling of his tools to make his work interesting and beautiful.

This group by Nellie Verne Walker appears to be done in plaster. This is a popular medium in America. The ancient Greeks, the world's

greatest teachers of sculpture, used a fine white marble. These figures speak plainly of the Greek masters. There is a solid beauty with a fineness of thought, of spirit.

The dress is the simplest possible. It is not modern, of course, but might belong to any age or country of the white man. Judging by their garb, the mother and son might be from Palestine in the days of Christ, or from the great Greek city, Sparta, where the Greeks were the most beautifully developed people of the



ABRAHAM LINCOLN
FROM A STATUE BY GUTZON BORGLUM

The small inset is as the statue itself looks; the larger picture shows a common sight—it is as though the great man were still a living friend of the children of his neighborhood and were telling to these one of his stories.



HER SON

FROM A SCULPTURE BY NELLIE VERNE WALKER

world, in body and mind. But is there not about the faces of these two something American? We are told that the fine development of our American youths is most nearly like the perfection of the Greek at its best. There must be about this group, then, a quality that makes it belong to all civilized times and places.

This relation of mother and son is, of course, true the world over—of the best mothers and sons. She has trained his body and his mind. Many of the ideas tumbling over each other in his head have come from her, and are being shaped by his own individuality. She is a wonderfully satisfying mother. That she knows how to be intense and inspiring, we see by the expression in her face. That she knows how to be a calm refuge from troubles, we see by the firm calmness of her left hand resting in her lap. The right arm that half encircles the boy seems to say, "Go!" as well as, "Come!" It

protects, and at the same time encourages him to do his best. This son is his mother's greatest work. To her he is the most interesting being that breathes. Here she seems waiting for him to tell her the new thought in his mind, ready to offer whatever he needs.

The son is, we might say, half-grown. His body has lengthened below the waist, but is short still in the trunk. His mind has passed from the stage of acquiring little details of things, as in childhood, and is reaching out toward the understanding of great facts and feelings. His mother is the important thing of his life, but there are new calls that he must follow. In his erect bearing and pose of the head we see courage and a readiness to do things when he shall understand fully what he should do. One hand rests with a gentle trustfulness on his mother's hand, as though he would gain strength from her wisdom while he directs his attention to the new voices he hears. His other hand seems to be in action as though it were helping him to work out the new ideas that have come to him, or to explain what is taking possession of his mind. It is a wonderful time for her son, and the mother understands, and watches as he listens to those marvelous new voices from a world of marvelous things.

THE ADORATION OF THE CHILD JESUS

Andrea della Robbia (1435-1525)

(Picture on page 159)

DURING the Golden Age of Italian sculpture a certain goldsmith named Luca della Robbia discovered a humble art which, nevertheless, led to the creation of forms of delicate beauty. He was especially fond of moulding figures in clay, but he had considerable trouble making the parts of his figures stick together. So he worked all day and nearly all night, till his hands were stiff and almost frozen, and at length produced a glaze which held the clay together and produced a beautiful shining surface. This became known as "terra cotta," or "Robbia ware."

A "bas-relief" is a flat surface adorned with outstanding figures. It is particularly adapted for altars, wall-memorials, lunettes over doorways, and decorations for the fronts of buildings. In all these Luca della Robbia was very successful. Often his decorations were white, upon a background of blue, making the impression of a piece of sky that had fallen and settled into a



MADONNA AND BABY JESUS

FROM A BAS-RELIEF BY ANDREA DELLA ROBBIAS

lovely permanent outline. Some of the most beautiful of these still hang over the doorways of convents and hospitals, or brighten the gray corridors of old monasteries. He did not disdain making bas-reliefs for humble places; and one of the best of the Della Robbias is a "lavabo," or washbowl, in the sacristy of a Florentine church. It is full of suggestions of infinite water, and sky, and purity, in a dry place.

His brothers and nephews helped him in his work. His studio came to be a manufactory, in which hundreds of pieces of Robbia ware were made, many of them being used as wall-decorations. These were sent to different parts of

Europe, and it was difficult to work fast enough to fill all the orders.

Luca della Robbia kept the secret of the ware in his own family; so when they all died, there could never be another piece made. To-day a group in Robbia ware is much more precious than it was five hundred years ago.

The bas-relief pictured in our illustration is in a great church in the Monastery of La Verna, on a lonely mountain top near Florence. It is by Andrea della Robbia, a nephew of Luca. The monastery was the first established by the followers of St. Francis of Assisi, and it has all the simplicity and tenderness of that delightful Saint.

The Holy Mother is kneeling happily before her Child, a very self-possessed bambino. Above broods the Dove of the Spirit. Aloft bends the Divine Father in benediction. Four pairs of sweet Angels press their hands together in adoration, singing "Glory to God in the highest." But, most delightful of all, are the lovable cherubs that nestle close to the Father, like birdlings to their nest, and the frieze of smiling little ones at the top. Study their faces carefully. Certainly the one at the extreme right is the happiest, but the center one is most grave and wise.

The figures are in white; the background is of heaven's own blue.

MEMORY

Antonin Mercié (1845-1916)

WE USUALLY think of Memory as an old lady, burdened with years and sorrows, but this sculptor has pictured her as young, and beautiful, and happy.

The charming girl has fallen asleep, and her attitude is that of complete repose. The skillful artist suggests the lovely form, and it is one who has not toiled nor been heavy-laden. Over her head and down her shoulders droops her wedding-veil, and it is a young bride who is dreaming of her future and remembering her short and happy past. Birds—are they the blue-birds of happiness?—are bringing her recollections from afar, and they are all roses of memory, fragrant, dainty and yet in bud. Other roses fall loosely from her lap and lie at her feet.

A happy Princess, with a pure heart and a lovely life, waits to be reawakened by her Prince!

The statue stands in the vestibule of the Luxembourg Palace in Paris, where it is always being studied by happy young people.



MEMORY

FROM A SCULPTURE BY ANTONIN MERCIÉ



THE ADORATION OF THE CHILD JESUS
FROM A BAS-RELIEF BY ANDREA DELLA ROBBIÀ

THE TWO NATURES

• *George Grey Barnard (1863-1935)*

IN EACH of us there are two natures, the lower and the higher. Even children can feel this. We like too much of something that we should not have. We like too much of our own way. But all the while, something is whispering to us not to be selfish, not to be lazy, but to do what is right, and to be kind to every one, and thoughtful of those around us.

We can see that the faces of both youths are the same, because, of course, each of our two

natures is part of us. One is down, but he is not really beaten. Though he is conquered, he is ready, the moment the other is off his guard, to spring up again and renew the fight. The standing figure seems to be calling attention to the fact that he has won; but in every line of the figure on the ground we can read the fixed determination to try again. His eyes and firmly closed mouth seem to say that, though for the moment beaten, he is not vanquished.





PICTURES FROM HERE AND THERE

NEARLY every one enjoys a trip, whether it is to a neighboring town or to a far away country. New surroundings are always interesting, and it can be really exciting to see people and places on the other side of the world.

It is not always possible to go on a voyage or long journey but there are other ways of viewing a never-ending panorama, and that is by reading stories and looking at pictures. Some people prefer to remain quietly at home where they can enjoy books and paintings telling the tales of today's events or those of days long gone by.

Pictures portray stories as graphically as the printed word, and there is no limit to on the strange shores of the New World, the martyred Joan of Arc leading her troops to victory, the first printer and his newly invented press, the American Indians waiting to attack the Puritans or Sir Walter Raleigh laying his scarlet cloak at the feet of Queen Elizabeth.

The pictures and stories in these pages are presented to give a wide variety of glimpses into many lands and many different periods in history. They give famous people and also scenes emphasizing native dress and customs of many nations. All the pictures, however, have a story to tell.

There is much to enjoy in any good picture, and, as we become more and more familiar with our picture collection, it is surprising to see how many more details we observe each time we look at them. There is new joy in the striking colors, perhaps amazement at the primitive customs of ancient times, or admiration of the gallant figures who accomplished heroic deeds. We find, too, that our familiarity with these pictures gives us greater appreciation of other fine pictures which we may see all around us.



ALEXANDER THE GREAT VISITS DIOGENES

WHAT a contrast is shown in the two men in this picture! Alexander, the youthful King of Macedon, by his military prowess conquered nearly every other nation in Europe and Asia. This was in the fourth century before Christ. It is said of him that he wept because he had no other kingdoms to conquer.

He was one of the most famous generals of all time.

And Diogenes?—Diogenes was a Grecian philosopher belonging to the Cynic school. These Cynics did not believe in luxury or soft living, and Diogenes carried his teachings so far that he lived in a tub and dressed in the scantiest of clothing. He was seemingly content with the rudest of shelters and the poorest of food.

The fame of his harsh life and austere teaching finally reached the ears of Alexander, the man who desired to lord it over the whole world. He came to call upon this philosopher who desired nothing at all except a tub.

The two confronted each other—the haughty conqueror and the lowly Cynic. As Diogenes sat with bowed head, hardly noticing the man who had made millions tremble, the young King spoke first.

“Diogenes,” he said, “what is it you desire most of all? What can I do for you?”

Still the old philosopher did not raise his head. “I wish nothing from you, O King,” he replied, “except that you will not stand any longer between me and the sun.”

A GRECIAN POTTER

THIS is a fanciful picture of a potter at work in ancient Greece, perhaps five hundred years or more before the time of Christ. As your history will tell you, Greece was a great power even before Rome, and for centuries after her armies and navies were defeated this relatively small country exerted a profound influence upon the rest of the world. How was this? Through her literature and her art. Why, in our colleges Greek is still studied; while the remains of her ancient art which have come down to us are still the admiration of all students.

On the beautiful urn which the young man in the picture is decorating, he may show some scene from their wars, or graceful nymphs dancing before an altar to their gods, or some other glimpse of their daily life. We still preserve such urns and vases in our museums, and in addition to their beauty they give us fascinating peeps into this land of the long ago. You see, their potters were also painters, and so well did they lay on their tints that after twenty-five hundred years they still glow with life.



From a painting by Paul Thumann

One of the most beautiful poems by the English poet, John Keats, is entitled "Ode to a Grecian Urn." Read it. You will be delighted with its imagery. And the first time you have the opportunity in some museum, study the sculpture as well as the pottery, which, after all this lapse of centuries, speaks such an eloquent message of a people whose love of beauty has colored all the world.



From a painting by Alexandre Louis Leiotz

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE WANDERING MINSTREL

WHAT a jolly looking fellow this is! I think he looks happy just now because his songs at the last window have been rewarded with silver. He looks gloatingly at it, as it lies in the palm of his hand. Over his left shoulder he carries his trusty instrument, a violoncello, and

soon he will be sawing away industriously again a little further down the street.

It is strange how wandering minstrels have persisted in nearly every land and time. Even to-day in America we hear them, but usually in the form of a hand-organ, turned by a smiling Italian.

This fat and merry man is of a type found during the Middle Ages in France and Belgium. He sometimes went out alone, or again in a band of roisterers, who played and sang until the master of the house, in self-defense, paid them to go away. Some minstrels, however, were welcome guests in court and castle, for they sang ballads telling of heroic deeds, and as this was in a day before folks read books or had newspapers, their stories and songs were

eagerly listened to.

Notice the quaint detail of this street of old France. See the barred gate at the end of the street, and the round turret of the castle. Then note the exquisite bit of iron scroll work in the sign of the two convivial tapsters. Such signs were common in those days, and were indeed works of art.



GUTENBERG, THE INVENTOR OF PRINTING

THE fifteenth century is famous for a good many things. You remember, of course, that toward its close—in 1492—Columbus discovered America. Our picture shows another discovery made about fifty years before Columbus's time that has had almost—if not quite—as far reaching effects as the finding of a New World. It was the invention of printing.

For many centuries men had laboriously copied books in handwriting. Each book had to be done separately, so few people other than the monks and very rich people knew how to read at all.

Then a craftsman of Strassburg, Germany, named Johannes Gutenberg, had an idea. Why could not letters be carved on separate blocks, he thought, and then be run through a press so that

any number of prints might be made of them? He began to experiment, and soon had made the whole alphabet, cutting the letters in reverse so that they would print the right way.

Next he set up a whole page of a book and placed it on a flat bed, over which he had fixed a heavy Screw press. By turning this screw so that it bore down firmly upon a sheet of paper against the inked type—behold! the first printed page was made.

Within a few years after this momentous time, books were being made by the hundreds, instead of one at a time, and people everywhere were learning to read. So you see, Gutenberg, like Columbus, discovered a new world.



BOADICEA LEADING HER ARMY

BOADICEA was a famous woman warrior of a far-off time. To picture the days when she lived and fought, we must go back to early Britain nearly nineteen centuries ago. The Roman

Empire which stretched out here, there, and everywhere over the known world had reached this northern island also, and had turned it into a Roman province.

The Emperor Nero, one of the cruelest of all the lords of Rome, cared nothing for the rights of the Britons and treated them contemptuously and harshly. Their leaders were slain or thrown into prison, and they were little better than slaves.

But there was still one leader with whom they had not reckoned. It was a woman—Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, a warlike clan,—and as her scouts brought word to her of the cruelty of the invaders, her eyes flashed fire. Riding from one camp to another she exhorted her people to rise and strike the hated Romans. In a swift attack she captured London and put seventy thousand to

the sword.

However, her triumph was short-lived. The powerful Empire at the south sent another large army against her, under Suetonius. Her forces were defeated in a desperate battle. Rather than fall into the hands of the victor, Boadicea took poison and died.

JOAN OF ARC

FEW lives have been so romantic as that of the French peasant girl, Joan of Arc. Her story reads like a fairy tale, and yet it is a part of sober history.

Back in the year 1429, the French king was fighting with his back to the wall to defend his throne. The victorious English had overrun the land, taking one city after another, and no French leader could withstand them. At this crisis, a young girl appeared before the Dauphin, as the young king was called, for he was not yet crowned, and told him that angels had appeared to her in a vision and had commanded her to rescue France. The Dauphin allowed her to don a suit of armor, and, mounting a black charger, she placed herself at the head of the troops. Inspired by her presence, the army went forward to victory. Within a few months she saw her king crowned at Rheims.

If this were a fairy tale it would end here, with all living happily afterward. But how different was her fate! Joan, her mission done, wished to go back to her country home, but the selfish king



From a painting by J. Ingres

would not permit it. She continued in the war and was taken prisoner by the English. They tried her as a witch and burned her at the stake. Then after many long centuries, her country and her Church recognized the purity of her conduct and she was made a saint. But while she was alive no hand was stretched out to save her.



From a painting by J. A. A. Pils

THE STORY OF "THE MARSEILLAISE"

ONE of the most famous war and patriotic songs of all time is "The Marseillaise," the national air of France. It is to that country what "The Star Spangled Banner" is to our own.

Back in 1792 at the outbreak of the French Revolution—that bloody time when the monarchy was overthrown and thousands of the nobility were put to death—a young officer of the artillery, Rouget de Lisle, stationed in a garrison at Strassburg, wrote this song.

At a gathering of his comrades, one evening, he sang it. When he came to the inspiring refrain: "March on! march on! to liberty or death!" he waved his arms as though leading them into battle. They listened spellbound. "Encore!"

they shouted. Again he sang it, and soon they had caught its fire and were singing and shouting it with him.

The garrison quickly learned it, and when soon after they were summoned to Paris they marched through the streets singing "The Marseillaise." Before nightfall it was sung, hummed, and whistled all over Paris.

So many dark deeds of vengeance were done to the accompaniment of this song, that when Napoleon came into power he banned it, as did the later Bourbon kings. But when the Republic was again proclaimed, "The Marseillaise" was heard again; and now on all State occasions when the flag is raised or lowered, its beloved strains are heard.

THE LIBERTY BELL

HAVE you ever seen the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia? Well, *I* have, and not so long ago. It is in the rotunda of old Independence Hall, and soldiers stand guard over it—for it is one of the most precious relics of the American Revolution.

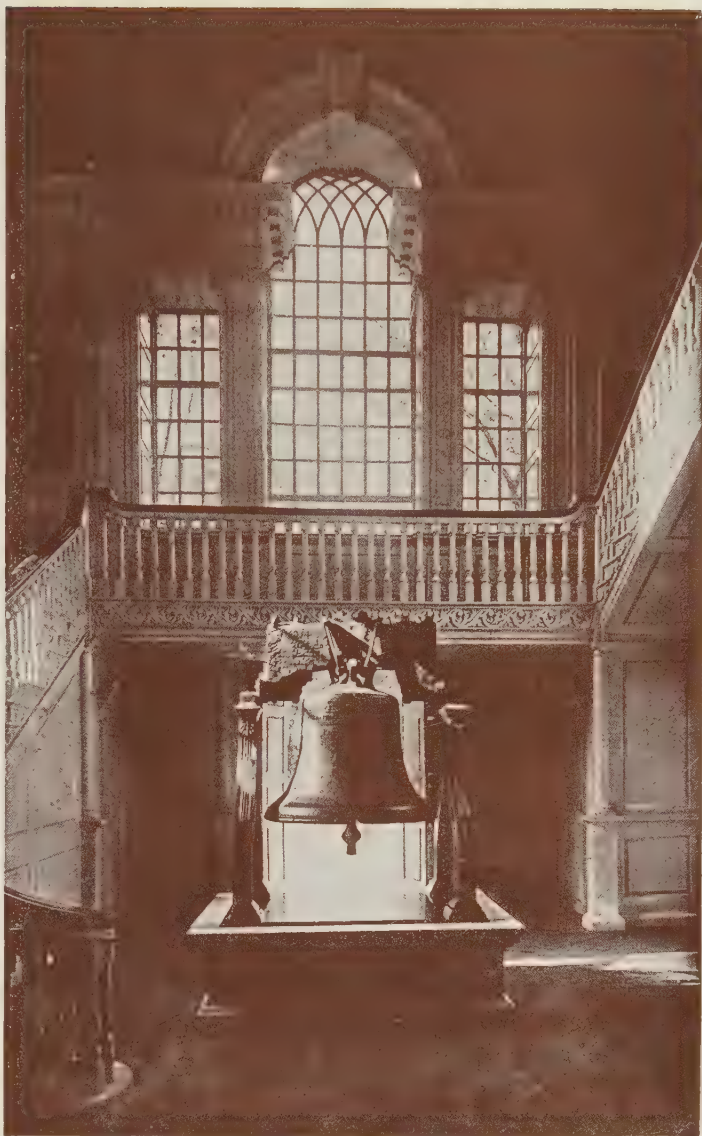
In the first days of that struggle when many people were bewildered and did not know which way to turn, the first American Congress was called together. They decided to publish a "Declaration of Independence," to inform the British King, as well as their own people, why they were fighting.

Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration, and on July 4, 1776, Congress adopted it, each member signing it. Outside in the street crowds had waited all day long, as they knew this would mean a break with the Mother Country.

Suddenly a messenger ran out into the street and waved his hat to a man in the belfry of Independence Hall. At the signal he turned and pulled the bell-rope with all his might. The Liberty Bell, as it has been known ever since, rang out the tidings far and wide. "Lib-er-tee!" it boomed; "we are a free people!" It was holding true to the motto molded into its brazen edge: "Proclaim liberty!"

How the people shouted when they heard its message! Horns were blown, bonfires were lighted, and all night long they celebrated.

The old bell is cracked now. Its tongue is hushed forever. But still it stands in its ancient home where everyone may see. And as they pass it—hundreds in a day—you may often notice one stop and lovingly pat its brazen side.





From a painting by A. Cabanel

A FLORENTINE POET

SOME persons are privileged far beyond the lot of other mortals—and the group of eager listeners shown in this charming picture were certainly of that class. For they were privileged to hear Italy's greatest poet, Dante, recite his immortal poems.

The time was the Middle Ages—to be exact, about the end of the thirteenth century. Dante Alighieri, to give him his full name, was born in Florence, in 1265. Those were stormy times, the country being rent with civil war between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. As a result of his own activities in the war, he was banished and for many years lived the life of a wanderer. But out of his misfortunes came one of the world's greatest poems, "The Divine Comedy,"

which tells of the life of the hereafter.

To many a castle Dante doubtless came a welcome guest in his wanderings, and rich must have been the memories that he left behind. In his mellow voice, with the fire of genius shining out of his eyes, he would recite the majestic lines telling of the fate of lost souls in the infernal regions or picturing the blessed ones in Heaven. The young maiden and her gallant are listening spellbound—and who would not?

It was only a few years after the exiled poet's death that his country began to realize his true greatness. Now he is recognized as the first of Italy's great poets, and one of the outstanding geniuses of the world's literature. His books will live for all time.

THE POET SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD

By common consent William Shakespeare is considered the greatest writer the world has produced. So famous is he, that to most people he is only a name. It is hard for them to think of him as once being flesh and blood.

Yet Shakespeare had a lively time as a lad, if traditions are to be believed. He lived in the little town of Stratford, not a great distance from London, in a day—now three centuries gone by—when the stage was just becoming popular. Strolling players went from village to village, setting up an open-air stage on the village green. They had no curtains or stage scenery, but did some pretty lively fighting and dancing.

The boy, William, became stage-struck. He ran away to the big city, where he hung around the theatre entrance and held the actors' horses. Then he was given small parts on the stage, and at last became a favorite actor.

But, best of all, he began to write his own plays—comedies, tragedies, and historical plays—and his skill at this soon far outshone his own acting.



When he was rich and famous he came back to his home town, and we can well believe that he delighted to hail the boys and girls whom he met in the street, for they reminded him of his own childhood days, when he went to the Grammar School, or perhaps snared a hare on the Squire's land. Stratford is still full of memories of William Shakespeare, the village lad who became famous the world around.



AN ENGLISH MAIL COACH

BACK in "Merrie England" fifty or more years ago such coaches as the one shown in our picture were very common. In fact, before the advent of the railroad this was about the only means of travel between cities. While it was slow and lumbering, and the travelers were jolted about in a rather lively fashion, it had its enjoyable side as well.

Imagine yourself seated atop of one of these coaches on a fine, sunny day. The road winds in and out among the hedgerows or under the stately elm trees—now climbing some hill whence you can see for miles down a valley of gardens and farms; or again along the banks of some sparkling stream.

The horses—there are usually four or six of them harnessed in pairs—dash

away spiritedly as if they too enjoyed the spin out in the country. On they go as Jehu, the good-natured coachman, plies his whip or handles the many ribbons. Around the curves they dash or over hummocks while you hang on for dear life but thoroughly enjoy it all.

As the coach nears the next town the man alongside the driver puts a bugle to his lips and—"Tarantara! tarantara!" sounds its clear notes—"We are coming! Clear the way!"

Now isn't that more exciting than trains, or even automobiles?

Some day you must read the stories of Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, and you will delight in his descriptions of coaching in the old days and what you will see along the way.



From a painting by Margaret Isabel Dicksee

SWIFT AND STELLA

DID you ever read "Gulliver's Travels?" Well, if not, you have a rare treat coming to you. It is all about a voyage to Lilliput, where Gulliver finds the people no bigger than his forefinger. On another of his travels, he falls in with a race of giants.

The queer part about all this is that Jonathan Swift, the author, wrote the book as a satire against England and some of its foibles. A satire, as you know, is a cleverly concealed jest. He was poking fun at everybody.

Swift lived in England two centuries ago, and as he was a church official, he was called Dean Swift. He resided for many years in Ireland, and while there he was visited by a charming young lady

by the name of Esther Johnson, and her governess. The eminent author took a great interest in this girl, whom he called "Stella." He coached her in her literary pursuits, and when she was absent from him he wrote her long letters, many of which are still preserved.

It is said that Stella fell in love with her mentor, and he with her, and also that they were secretly married. But this is only surmise. We only know that for many years she exercised a profound influence upon him and his work, and that in his letters to her he gives many revealing glimpses of his own life.

This is, indeed, one of the romances and one of the unsolved mysteries of literature.



ADMIRAL SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

IN THIS and the succeeding picture two of Queen Elizabeth's "Sea Dogs" are depicted. They belonged to a group of gallant adventurers, who made this English sovereign's reign one of the most famous in all history. The time was a few years after Columbus had discovered the New World, and the great

powers of Europe were in an eager race of discovery and conquest.

Drake was born about fifty years after Columbus's voyage, and, as a boy, eagerly listened to tales of adventure. When a lad he went to sea, serving under Captain John Hawkins. When he grew up he commanded ships of his own; and his name soon became a terror to the Spanish, for he did not scruple to seize their ships.

His most famous voyage was made in the year 1577, when his fleet consisted of five ships. He sailed down the coast of South America, through the Straits of Magellan, and up the western coast to California. Then he sailed across the Pacific and around the Cape of Good Hope, and so came back to England. He was thus the first English-

man to sail around the globe, and the Queen made him a knight.

The Spanish King, Philip, soon after sent a great fleet against England, and christened it the "Invincible Armada." But Drake, by this time an Admiral, again proved himself too much for the enemy, and due to his prowess and that of other bold British seamen, the huge fleet was scattered and destroyed.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

LIKE Drake, Walter Raleigh, another English lad, was fired with a desire to see the lands beyond the ocean. He went with a kinsman, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on a voyage to America, in 1579—or about the time that Drake was completing his long voyage around the world. On his return to England, poor and unknown, a lucky incident paved his way to advancement and fortune.

Queen Elizabeth was one day passing along the street when she chanced to come to a muddy place. The roads in those days were indifferently paved. Young Raleigh noticed that in another moment she would reach the mire, and pushing past the guard, he flung from his shoulders his rich velvet cloak and spread it over the muddy spot. The Queen smiled, trod gently over it, and soon after rewarded his gallantry by sending him a handsome suit. Learning his desire to found a colony in America, she aided him to fit out an expedition. The land he called "Virginia," in honor of the "Virgin Queen."



PUSHING PAST THE GUARD, HE FLUNG FROM HIS SHOULDERS HIS RICH VELVET CLOAK AND SPREAD IT OVER THE MUDDY SPOT

Many other adventures came to Raleigh, one of the greatest being his part in the defeat of the Spanish Armada—a huge fleet that was sent against England. He was also distinguished as a writer of histories and poems.



From a painting by Antonio Canale

A REGATTA ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

IMAGINE a city in which there were no automobiles or street cars, and its citizens went from one place to another in boats. That, in brief, is a picture of Venice, one of the strangest and most picturesque cities in the world. It is located up in the northeastern corner of Italy, near the northern part of the Adriatic Sea.

Venice was first built about fifteen centuries ago—a very long time when we consider that it was a thousand years old before Columbus discovered America. Its site was strangely chosen—a group of scattered islands lying close together and separated only by shallow lagoons. Here, partly for protection against their enem-

ies, partly for trading purposes, the founders of Venice erected their homes. As for streets, the canals which wound in and out among the islands served admirably—as they do to this day. When a Venetian wants to go on an errand, he does not call a taxicab, he calls a gondola.

The Grand Canal going right through the center of the city is quite wide, and on various occasions is the scene of brilliant water sports and regattas, as our picture shows.

There are many beautiful buildings and courts in Venice, but its largest street is only a few blocks long and about fifteen feet wide.



FEEDING THE DOVES IN VENICE

IN OUR last picture we showed a scene in Venice where hundreds of gondolas were darting hither and yon in a regatta, and we told something about this unique city built out into the sea.

It is said that Venice contains a larger number of fine residences and other public buildings, proportionately, than any other city in Europe. Among the most imposing of all are the ducal palace and St. Mark's Cathedral. Facing it is a beautiful public square.

The scene here shown is just in front of the great entrance of the cathedral, and is typical of one that may be seen on any day. Flocks of doves, or pigeons, hover about the buildings and fly tamely down to "hold up" the chance visitor

for food—which they unfailingly get. For every visitor to the court feels in duty bound to linger long enough to feed the pretty birds.

Notice the little girls in white sitting at the base of the flagpole. The doves are so tame that they will come up and eat out of their hands, and even perch upon their shoulders. They do not know the meaning of fear, as for many long generations they have been protected and petted.

The squirrels in Central Park, New York, and in other city parks, are likewise tame and trustful. How fine it would be if all our smaller wild animals and birds should cease to be "wild" and come to look on mankind as their friend!



COLUMBUS AND HIS SON DIEGO AT THE LITTLE MONASTERY OF SANTA MARIA DE RABIDA

THE STORY OF COLUMBUS

THE name of Christopher Columbus will forever be associated with the discovery of America. Yet many were his discouragements and disappointments. As a young man he had become convinced that the earth was round, and not flat as the geographies then taught.

He believed that by sailing due west he would finally come around the world to India. Of course, other seamen laughed him to scorn.

He first went to the King of Portugal with his idea, and the King at first listened to him, then turned a deaf ear. Next he turned to the King and Queen of Spain, but they were then engaged in their war against the Moors. Tired and dispirited from repeated rebuffs, Columbus trudged across the country on foot, with his six-year-old son, Diego. One day they stopped at the little monastery of Santa Maria de Rabida, and asked for bread and shelter overnight.

The monks greeted the wayfarers kindly, and after supper they asked Columbus about his plans. He told them, and as he talked his tired

face lighted up again with enthusiasm. "All I need is a few ships and bold sailors," he exclaimed, "and I will make Spain mistress of the Western Seas!"

The monks themselves caught his enthusiasm. "You must go again to the Queen," they said. "She will listen to you." The prior wrote her a letter, and again Columbus presented himself be-

fore Isabella. She pledged her personal jewels to equip a little fleet of three ships, and in August, 1492, the bold mariner set sail on his great quest.

After many weary days when his men were ready to mutiny, the cry of "Land!" burst from their excited throats. There, stretching before them, lay a yellow beach with tropical trees in the background. How good it must have looked to those sea-weary voyagers, and to their captain! Columbus put on his richest uniform of scarlet and gold, and took with him the royal standard of Aragon and Castile. When his boat grounded upon the shore, he fell upon his knees and kissed the ground. Then advancing, he unfurled the flag, exclaiming: "In the name of the glorious sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, I take possession of this land!"



COLUMBUS TAKING POSSESSION OF SAN SALVADOR FOR SPAIN

He had landed on the Island of San Salvador, off the coast of North America, but did not then dream he had reached the outpost of a new continent. Instead, he thought it a part of India; and the wondering, copper-colored natives who peeped out at them from behind the palm trees, he called "Indians." Later, when he explored other islands to

the south, they were called the West Indies. Four voyages he made altogether, still seeking the pathway to India. He died in neglect and want, never realizing the magnitude of his discoveries. But that which Columbus had found was of far more value to Spain and the rest of the world than a westward passage to India.



A HUNGARIAN VILLAGE

IN THE southeastern part of Europe you will find many small scattered villages such as the one shown in this picture. They are the homes of the Balkan folk, and this particular one belongs to the Magyars, a people who have lived in Hungary for a thousand years.

The country lying near the Carpathian Mountains is hilly, and as the roads are not very good the villagers live a rather secluded life. They "carry on" pretty much as their fathers and great-great-grandfathers have done before them. They have goats and cattle, and till the soil, and you can see that they keep geese. The feathers and eggs make the big, awkward birds good "paying boarders."

The village here shown is called Gyongyos—a rather hard name to pronounce, though doubtless they speak it as easily as you would say, "Smith's Corners." It is at the foot of Mount Matra in north-central Hungary, some fifty miles from Budapest, the capital.

The buildings here look modern enough, but note the quaint head-dress worn by the woman going down the road, and the old well-sweep at the bend. It looks quiet and peaceful—one of those out-of-the-way places which never hear the honk of an automobile horn. After the rush and roar of big cities, it is pleasant indeed to turn aside and pause in a spot so restful as this.



HERE is another peep into the Hungarian village of Gyongyos, about which we told you on the opposite page. This one will give you a better idea of how the people live.

First you will note the long, low, white house with its cement walls. It looks as if it would be weather-tight and warm in winter, and cool in summer.

Then see, just under the eaves, the long double rows of corn drying on the ear. They tell the tale of fertile fields lying just outside. Indeed, these Magyars, as they are called, are industrious farmers and raise lots of corn, wheat, barley, and other grain.

The mother in the foreground is shelling corn into a flat basin. She may parch it in the grain, or she may grind it

into flour to make cakes of bread. The three little girls look well fed and contented. They seem quiet and shy just now, but perhaps it is because they know their picture is being taken.

And see how curiously they are dressed—with heavy woolen skirts and a kerchief around their heads, just like their mother. They have bare feet, but then, so has their mother. To cover one's head and leave the feet bare seems to be the fashion.

The boys and their father are not in evidence, but they are doubtless busy in the fields; the boys taking care of the livestock, and the father working on the land. For they are a frugal and an industrious people, making their living off the soil.



JACQUES CARTIER

JACQUES CARTIER was one of the boldest of the early French explorers who came to this country. He was born in 1494, just two years after Columbus took possession of the land for Spain. But France was by no means disposed to let her neighbor hold all this country. Soon her seamen were also coasting our shores, and hardy trappers and monks

were exploring inland, beginning at what is now Canada.

In his early manhood, Cartier became famed as a bold navigator. After varied adventures he was sent by the French king, in 1534, to explore the upper part of North America, as the Spaniards were active in the south. He sighted Newfoundland and sailed along the coast of Labrador.

On Cartier's return the King was so much interested in his report of the strange land, that he gave him a small fleet and a royal commission to settle the country. On this voyage he sailed up the St. Lawrence, stopping at an Indian village on the site of what is now Quebec.

The Indians evinced great curiosity at his great winged canoes (ships), but were treacherous. Their medicine men danced around him waving their weapons and yelling. But Cartier had still greater magic. He gave orders that the brass cannon brought ashore from a ship be discharged. At the thunderous noise, smoke and flame, the savages fell flat on the ground.

To prevent mischief, Cartier seized one of their chiefs, and held him as hostage.

PERILS OF THE PURITANS

THE story of the founding of Massachusetts and other New England states begins with the Pilgrims and the Puritans. The first colony at Plymouth, and the struggle to keep it alive on the part of the Pilgrim Fathers, is one of the epics of our history.

Next came the Puritans, who settled at Salem and Boston. The Puritans were the powerful religious party in England to which Oliver Cromwell belonged. He became the Dictator of England, but after his death the monarchists again came into power, so large numbers of the Puritans emigrated to America.

They found living conditions vastly different in this country. The whole land was a wilderness inhabited by Indians and wild beasts. When the colonists began to clear away the timber and build villages, the Indians resented it as it interfered with their hunting grounds. A few tribes were friendly and came to trade, but others were treacherous, if not openly hostile. There is one well-known picture which shows the Pilgrims on their way to church—each able-

bodied man carrying his gun ready for instant use.

In this picture, we see a young colonist and his wife taking refuge behind a large tree. The skulking savages are seeking them everywhere. The settler will be wise to stand silent; but if he is surprised he is resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible.





INDIAN CHILDREN AT PLAY

AREN'T these two little Indians cunning? And don't they look happy in their small tepee, which is an exact duplicate of the big one in the background? Maybe their father or an older brother made it for them, and you can imagine the delight of these two youngsters playing at keeping house.

These dusky children live away up in the Northwest—in Alberta, Canada, which is just across the border from Montana. They belong to the tribe of Stony Indians, who have taken on many of the ways of their white brothers. However, they still like to live in tepees,

or wigwams, made of upstanding poles covered with skins. These can be taken down in a few minutes when the tribe wants to break camp and move to other hunting grounds. They are much less bother than houses, and—between you and me—they are more healthful to live in. They make folks hardier and less liable to catch cold, than our tight, steam-heated houses.

And in all the Indian villages, particularly of the Stony tribe, you will see these miniature houses of skin, nearly as well made in every respect as the “regular” ones. Here the children play by the hour and, yes, the little girls have dolls, just as their white cousins do. While the small boys, especially this important looking fellow with the big hat, are the heads of the house and probably boss their sisters around—or try to—just as they do right here at home.

But I am afraid that you wouldn't like to live in one of these tepees—even a big one—except for a month or two in the summer. For there in the Rocky Mountains of Canada it is cold at night, even during the summer. Early in the fall the frosts come, and presently the snow. Then some of the Indians go into more substantial lodges. But others who live by hunting and trapping go out into the wilderness even in the dead of winter, with nothing but the flimsy walls of their tepee to keep off the wintry blast.

It is all in being used to a thing, you see. And that is one reason why these little Redskins are taught from the time they can run around alone to live in a tepee and enjoy it.



from a photograph by S. N. Leek

AN ELK RANCH

THIS is a curious sort of ranch, now isn't it! An elk ranch. We always think of these lordly members of the deer family as running wild, and they generally do.

The elk—or, to give him his proper name in America, the wapiti—used to roam in great numbers over the western hills and plains. Then as the land became built up or split into farms, and hunters pursued them relentlessly, the size of the herds grew less and less. For a time it seemed as if the elk, like the buffalo and the antelope, was doomed to destruction.

At this point the Government took a hand in protecting this lordly animal, and set aside grazing lands, some of

them near Yellowstone Park, where he and his tribe might live in peace.

At Jackson's Hole, in Wyoming, is such a sanctuary for the elk. Here they congregate by the thousands, especially in the winter-time when grazing is difficult on account of the deep snows. Mr. S. N. Leek, the man who took this picture, has taken a great interest in them; and they in turn recognize him as a friend. They come by hundreds right up to his front gate asking for the hay they know will be waiting for them.

Which, do you think, is better—to earn the friendship of a wild creature such as this, and save him from starvation; or to show yourself his enemy, seeking his life?



From a painting by E. Fournier

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER

WHEN we think of George Washington we too often think of the military hero and statesman. It is hard to think of him as a farmer, yet so he was.

From his earliest years he deferred to his mother, a Virginia gentlewoman, and she always disliked fighting. As a boy nearly grown he had a fine opportunity to go to sea, and had packed his bag all ready to leave home, when the sight of his mother's tears caused him to turn back. Had he become a sailor, how different the story of our country might have been!

A little later, as a young man, he turned surveyor and tramped the Virginia wildernesses. Then came the outbreak of the French and Indian War,

and the mother reluctantly saw her tall son in the uniform of a colonel.

Finally came the sharpest wrench of all. Virginia with the other colonies had seceded from the Mother Country, and George Washington was chosen to lead the colonial troops. When he came in his new uniform to take a last leave of his mother, she did not chide him. "I have always taught you to do your duty," she said, and kissed him and gave him her blessing.

We can well believe that in the long years of struggle which followed, the leader took heart when he recalled his mother's face and her faith in him. We know that never in his whole life did he abuse that faith.

“WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL”

ONE of our country's most beautiful patriotic shrines is the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C. The building is constructed of pure white marble and is in the form of a Greek temple with a colonnade of thirty-six Doric columns representing the states in the Union when Lincoln died.

Facing the Washington Monument and the Capitol building, the wide entrance doorway leads in directly to the great seated statue of Abraham Lincoln. The statue was cut from white Georgian marble by the sculptor, Daniel Chester French. Two tablets hang on each side wall which are inscribed with the Second Inaugural Address and the Gettysburg Speech.

Standing before the colossal figure of Lincoln, visitors seem to sense the overwhelming presence of the Great Emancipator. His face shows the simplicity, the melancholy and the tenderness of the man who led our country through the troubled Civil War days and yet in his expression we see, too, that indomitable strength and courage which brought victory to the Union.



STATUE OF LINCOLN IN THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

Abraham Lincoln has been called the best-beloved public man in the history of the English-speaking countries. "With malice toward none, with charity for all" Lincoln lived as an inspiration to his fellow-men. He proved in his own life that any man, if he has the stamina and the character, may rise from the humblest surroundings and through his own effort, achieve greatness and nobility.



From a drawing by Clinedinst

DANIEL WEBSTER

Who Rose from Poverty to Fame

LIKE Lincoln's, the career of Daniel Webster illustrates the power of ambition and perseverance to rise above obstacles. Webster was literally a child of the wilderness. He was the son of a small farmer near the village of Salis-

bury, New Hampshire. Born in 1782, just about the close of the Revolution, he grew up as a boy in a sparsely settled community without any of the conveniences to which we are accustomed to-day. The school system was poor, and the farmer boys could attend for only a few of the winter months.

But Daniel early showed a deep passion for books, and was determined to study law. His father, who was also a county justice, encouraged him all he could, but the boy realized that he would have to work his way through school. And he did. One of his early jobs was as assistant in a sawmill. While waiting for the logs to be sawn apart by the screeching steel, he would snatch every spare moment to dig at one of his books. The other hands laughed at him, but he kept right on.

At fifteen he was ready for college, and entered Dartmouth, teaching school between whiles. His first job after graduation was teaching at \$350 a year. He then took up the study of law.

When we think of Daniel Webster, the brilliant orator and the great statesman of later years, we should recall the New Hampshire farmer boy who fought his way up through countless handicaps, and who knew no such word as fail.



from a photograph by R. J. H. DeLoach

JOHN BURROUGHS FEEDING A ROBIN

WE TOLD you, a little while ago, about a man who fed the elk in the winter-time. Here is a man who made friends with the birds. He knew their calls and he had studied their ways so long that they came to know his gentle heart, and they would perch upon his shoulder or even eat out of his hand.

John Burroughs, who passed away not many years ago at a ripe old age, was as well beloved of his fellow-men as of the feathered folk. He had a rustic home in the country near New York, which he called "Slabsides," because it was covered on the outside with rough slabs. Here he lived in quiet and pursued his studies of nature. He knew the flowers, the shrubs, the trees, the

changing seasons, the small animals and birds, as few men have known them. And he wrote nature stories in delightful vein. Children called him "Uncle John" and many grown-ups spoke of him as "John-o'-birds."

Once when visiting a friend in Athens, Georgia, he made the acquaintance of a robin, as shown in this picture, which is an actual photograph of the incident. The bird was picked up almost starved to death and fearful at first of the big but gentle man.

Mr. Burroughs found some angle-worms and the robin, perched on the back of his chair, snatched at them greedily. In less than a day it went on its way rejoicing.



JAMES WATT, THE FAMOUS INVENTOR

"OH, LOOK, MOTHER! When I hold the lid of the tea-kettle down with this spoon, the steam throws it right out of my hand!"

The excited little fellow who made this remark lived in Scotland nearly two hundred years ago. James Watt was born in 1736. His father was a merchant, but at a very early age the lad showed the keenest interest in machines of all sorts. By the time he was fifteen he had read all the books on natural philosophy, as they called science, that he could lay his hands on, and he had invented a crude electrical apparatus.

But the powers and potentialities of steam always fascinated him. He would play with the kettle by the hour, and

strive to harness its inner giant. He was not the inventor of the steam engine, as is often stated, but as a young man he became familiar with an early type made by another. The chief trouble with it was, however, that it wouldn't go; and everybody said the idea wasn't practicable. But James Watt thought otherwise. He began to experiment and worked for years.

About the time of the American Revolution, 1776, he at last completed his steam engine—and it worked! Of course it was a crude affair, compared with those of today, but the principle which Watt discovered still holds good, and his name will always be associated with steam, the great servant of mankind.

TRY AGAIN

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung
himself down
In a lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was monarch, and
wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to
sink.

He flung himself down in low des-
pair,
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while as he pondered
there,
"I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at the moment, a spider
dropped,
With its silken, filmy clue;
And the King, in the midst of his
thinking, stopped
To see what the spider would do.

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted;
Till up and down, now fast, now
slow,
Nine brave attempts were
counted.

"Sure," cried the King, "that fool-
ish thing
Will strive no more to climb;
When it toils so hard to reach and
cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more,
Ah me! 't is an anxious minute;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door
Oh, say, will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got;
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into his native cot.



From an original drawing by Raymond N. Hyde

"Bravo, bravo!" the King cried out,
"All honor to those who try;
The spider up there defied despair;
He conquered, and why shouldn't I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time did not fail.



A JAPANESE FAMILY AT DINNER

How queer the Japanese seem to us! They do many things in their own peculiar way—although doubtless we seem as queer to *them*. They live in houses with paper walls; they wear wooden clogs; they rest their heads on wooden pillows: they sit flat down on the floor, or crouched down, instead of using chairs: they cook on charcoal stoves and eat out of little bowls, using chopsticks as the Chinese do too.

Even their clothes and their hair look strange to us. But the loose, flowing garments worn by the women, as we see in the picture, are undoubtedly quite comfortable. The men, also, wear a loose

dress something like this. Today most of the men wear western style clothes on the street.

See how happy this small Japanese child looks. He knows that whatever is in that bowl is going to taste good. Probably it is rice, for that is one of their favorite foods. Instead of having half a dozen things to eat on the table, as we do, the Japanese will make a whole meal of one thing, such as fish or rice.

The ladies are going to have their cups of tea as soon as little Yoki has had his meal. They are both so interested in feeding him, that the tea is being neglected.



JAPANESE CHILDREN AT PLAY

WHEN we see children in America at play, we generally hear plenty of noise. They dash freely here and there and shout to each other hilariously. But over in Japan they are more quiet.

See the two or three groups shown in this temple yard. They are squatting on the ground, much as their elders sit down indoors; for you know the Japanese do not use chairs. The nearest group of three seem to have some sort of guessing game. One boy is spreading out his fingers to be counted. Over near the fence a larger crowd is bending over absorbed in some other interesting pastime. Could it, by any chance, be a game of marbles?

Some grown-ups are watching them with interest, but are not interfering with their play. The children play so quietly

that the teachers hardly ever have to admonish them.

The scene of this happy play group is Kobe, Japan. Today you would not see many scenes like it in Kobe or in any other large cities of Japan except in Kyoto.

During the war many such temples and shrines were bombed so that all you might see of a temple like this one would be the two stone lanterns and perhaps the bronze horse, standing in front of a pile of rubble. But you would still see children playing, just as they are doing in the picture.

The small cherry tree by the gate is typical of the gorgeous orchards of cherry trees which decorate the Japanese landscape every spring.



ISIS, THE EGYPTIAN GODDESS

MANY centuries before the time of Christ, one of the great civilizations of the world was that of Egypt. You remember that Joseph, one of Israel's sons, became prime minister under one of the Pharaohs and that another Pharaoh oppressed the Children of Israel.

The Egyptians believed in many gods, but their chief deities were Osiris and his sister, Isis. He was worshiped as the sun-god, and she was the fruitful earth. The river Nile runs through the center of Egypt, and its annual flood renews and waters the soil; so the devout Egyptians were careful to pray to Isis that she bring them good crops. When the harvest was gathered in, the first ears were laid aside to be placed on the altar

before her image, as a thank offering. A festival of eight days was held each year in her honor.

Many fine temples were erected to her, the ruins of several still surviving. One of the most imposing was that shown in this picture. It occupied nearly the whole of the small island of Philæ. An irrigation project known as the Sassonan Dam has caused the waters to rise until the ruins are almost covered.

In later years the worship of Isis became intermingled with gross rites and superstitions. But it is not strange in the early days when people did not know of the One God, that they should pay divine honors to the earth which brought forth the food which kept them alive.



A "STENOGRAPHER" IN NORTH AFRICA

"TELL her that we are all well, that we received her chest of coffee and sandalwood slippers, and that we hope she can pay us a visit at the coming of the next caravan."

After all, letters are pretty much the same the world around. We send messages to our friends, or transact business, or do a hundred and one other things through the medium of the written word.

But it is not quite so easy, along the shores of North Africa or in Eastern countries, to write letters, for the reason that comparatively few folks know how to write. Even the wealthy ones are often ignorant, so far as schooling is concerned. You see, they have no common schools such as those in our country,

and furthermore, the girls lead a very secluded life. So they dictate their letters to a public scribe.

These men go from door to door, and doubtless make a good livelihood. They sit down cross-legged on the floor, tablets in hand, and write in longhand the messages which are dictated. They must be men of honor, for the messages are often very confidential indeed.

Note in this picture how the letter-writer has removed his wooden sandals and laid them aside." This is a mark of respect to the lady of the house. She seems to be sitting silent, while her slave does all the talking. Perhaps it is because she thinks it improper to be talking directly to a strange man.



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THE GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZEH

THE Pyramids of Egypt are among the most interesting objects in the world, as they are among the very oldest made by men. They date back to a remote period some twenty-five centuries before the coming of Christ. So you see, they

are over four thousand years old.

Why were they built? They are but monuments to the tremendous vain-glory of kings.

The Egyptians firmly believed in the immortality of the soul. But they also believed that the soul would come back at some future time to claim its original body. So the Egyptians carefully embalmed the dead bodies; and many such mummies, have been found in our own times.

Now the kings thought that they were of a little finer clay than other folks, so they spent huge sums on their tombs. The pyramids are nothing more than gigantic tombs; and the largest is that of Cheops, near Gizeh.

This great hill of stone is 764 feet long on each of its four sides, and rises to a height of 460 feet.

As there is no stone near the spot, the massive blocks which compose it must have been dragged from great distances. Herodotus, the ancient historian, states that to build it required the labor of 100,000 men for a period of twenty years.

Think of all the suffering of these poor slaves tugging at heavy ropes in a pitiless sun—for a king's vanity.



CHILDREN OF VOLENDAM

VOLENDAM is a tidy little city of Holland, and of course you know where that country is. Right across the North Sea from England, its sturdy folk have wrested their land from the ocean itself. By a wonderful system of dikes the sea has been kept out of the lowlands, and

very fertile farms greet the eye, where otherwise would be water or swampland. Then there are canals, here, yonder, and everywhere, used by the people for their boats in the summer, and for skating in the winter.

These two children show the kind of stock the sturdy Dutch are. The boy is playing with a boat, which he probably made himself; and as he sets the sails he dreams of a day when he will be sailing a big boat out on the ocean, just like Daddy.

The girl looks like a little woman, with her long gingham skirt touching the ground, her quaint white cap with its wings, and her knitting. For the girls are taught from an early age not to waste their time, and they are expected to knit their stockings instead of buying them.

And note the wooden shoes. All the children over there wear them, and while they make a great clattering, they do protect their feet from the rough cobblestones which are cold in winter and hot in summer. At any rate, these children look contented and happy—and that's the main thing.



A FLOOD IN HOLLAND

IN THE spring our newspapers and motion picture films often show pictures of the great floods in the Mississippi Valley. Our great river and its tributaries sometimes have overflowed their banks or broken the levees and spread out over vast areas of land.

That is exactly what has happened in Holland, at the time when this photograph was taken—only instead of a river, it is the sea itself which has broken through. The scene looks very much like flood pictures of the Mississippi.

The Dutch are a brave, hardy folk who, for centuries, have fought against the encroachments of the sea. Holland is a low-lying, flat country, and thousands of acres have been actually reclaimed by the building of enormous dikes or banks of earth. Then they are

drained by ditches, and the soil when dry proves wonderfully fertile.

But the Dutch have to stand constantly on guard against the ocean. An unusually high wind or heavy storm will bring the waves of the North Sea battering against their defenses. Then a single break in the dikes will send the waters pouring through. It may take many long months to drive them back again, and meanwhile many families may be homeless. Their houses and barns are up to the eaves in water, like these shown in the picture, and it is of course impossible to do anything about raising crops. Even the cattle suffer, as they have no place to graze.

However, fortunately for Holland, such floods are of rare occurrence—their dikes hold firm.



BEETHOVEN AND MOZART

FORTUNATE indeed was the little group of ladies and gentlemen of this scene; for they were privileged to hear two of the greatest musical geniuses that ever lived. No story of music is complete without its record of the works of Mozart and Beethoven, and so it is interesting to learn that they were friends.

Mozart's life story is one of the most extraordinary and pathetic ever written. He was born with marvelous musical powers. At the age of four he played on the clavichord, an early type of piano, and two years later was composing minuets and other pieces, some of which still live. His remarkable gifts brought him to the attention of the Austrian Emperor and Empress, and he gave

Court concerts when too small to reach the piano pedals. At the immature age of thirteen he was appointed director of concerts. But he died in his thirties of actual want.

While he was at the hey-day of his power a young man came to see him, in Vienna, and as soon as the visitor sat down at the piano and began to play, Mozart recognized in him a kindred spirit. Beethoven, also, won universal fame and likewise met with great personal grief. At the age of forty he became stone deaf, and could not hear a note of his divine music. Yet even in his prison of silence he continued to write the symphonies and sonatas which are his lasting monument.



Courtesy of the Canadian Pacific

FILIPINO RAPID TRANSIT

IN THE Philippine Islands, which are now independent, people are not in so much of a hurry as we are. The natives do not talk about "horse-power" or "tires" or the amount of gasoline needed, or "miles per hour". You hear nothing like that. They are more likely to say "mañana"—meaning "tomorrow"—as time means so little to them.

So the Filipino of this picture is well content. He has a good stout carabao which is trained to carry a rider and at the same time to draw a sledge. You will notice that the latter has not even wheels under it, but is dragged along the ground on long poles.

The carabao is a "water buffalo" which the Filipinos catch and tame. It is their principal beast of burden and all work. It patiently draws the crude plow through the soil, and with equal patience trudges along in harness, which consists of a simple yoke and wooden

shafts. He hauls the sledge with its big basket for either freight or passengers. The little girl shown in the basket seems to be having a fine ride. She probably enjoys being dragged slowly along as much as we like riding in our fast automobiles.

The basket, by the way, was made by her mother. The women of the Philippines are highly skilled in weaving baskets and jars of long rushes. As you see, this one is well made and can hold a heavy load.

Some time you may be interested in reading more about the Philippines. Until 1899 they belonged to Spain and were kept wretchedly ignorant and poverty-stricken. When they came under the protection of the United States, as a result of our war with Spain, they soon learned to trust us and understand our ways. They were granted independence July 4, 1946.



A BUS IN AGRA

WE HAVE just been looking at one sort of rapid transportation in the Far East—the Filipino sledge. Here is another and the kind you will find in one section of India. It is a “bus” in use in Agra. This is a city in northern India, famed for its many handsome buildings. The finest of them and one of the most beautiful in the world is the Taj Mahal, built of white marble and looking like a palace taken out of the Arabian Nights.

In contrast to the fine buildings are the hovels of the poor people, for there are many poor here. Those shown in our picture are the middle class. At any rate they are rich enough to pay for a ride in this wonderful two-story bus.

The more you look at it, the queerer it seems. The second story is for pas-

sengers, while the lower one is for freight. The two hind wheels are like our farm-wagon wheels; but the front ones look as if they hadn't grown up, and never expected to do so. Of course, their being so small allows the vehicle to be turned easily in the narrow roads, which is an advantage.

The two dromedaries also look queer hitched to this wagon. They have packs on their backs and a look of patient resignation on their faces. But then, all camels have that.

If you went about the streets of Agra you would also find oxen hitched to carts. But the dromedaries are a great deal faster, when they want to be. I wonder what the Indian word for “Gid-dap!” is.



From a painting by Franz Defregger

A FAMILY IN THE LAND OF VON WINKELRIED

THE SWISS are a liberty-loving people, and for centuries have maintained their independence, although their tight little country is hemmed in by powerful nations. Perhaps this smart young officer, home on furlough, is telling again the old story of Arnold Von Winkelried, the patriot of long ago.

It was in the year 1386, when the Austrians were marching against them, at the field of Sempach, a glittering host with spears extended in solid phalanx. The beleaguered patriots were falling back before this wall of steel, when Winkelried rushed forward, crying, "Make way for liberty!" and seized and pressed into his own breast as many of the enemy's spears as possible. Thus a

way was opened into the ranks, and his comrades rushed over his body to victory.

William Tell is the other Swiss popular hero, and many are the tales told likewise of his exploits. But the Swiss of to-day are a peace-loving people, tilling their lands, tending their flocks of cattle and goats upon the slopes of their mountains, and playing host to all who visit their beautiful lakes and peaks.

Indeed, Switzerland is called the playground of Europe. During the first World War it served as a haven for many refugees, and since then the League of Nations Congress and other peace councils have met at Geneva. Happy indeed is the land that can remain at peace with the rest of the world!



THE WHITE HOUSE

BY ALL odds the most famous residence in the United States, and one of the most famous in the world, is the White House, at Washington. It is here that our Presidents live, and no trip to the Capital City is complete without a visit to its stately door.

The White House first got its name more than a hundred years ago, from the fact that it was built of white stone. President Adams was the first to live in it, in the year 1800. Its century and a quarter of occupancy have witnessed many stirring and impressive scenes connected with the history of our country; for it has been here that the Chief Executives have held their receptions, dinners, and other official functions,

attended by the distinguished representatives of every nation in the world.

In the summer of 1927, while President Coolidge was in South Dakota, extensive alterations and repairs were made on this venerable building. Then workmen found some of the original, handmade nails put into it over a century ago.

The grounds about the building set off its stately Southern beauty. It is an inspiration just to look at it, and then ponder over the many great leaders who have been within its walls. What stories these old walls could tell!

If you have not yet visited the White House, you have something to which to look forward.



IN JAMAICA

IN JAMAICA, which as you know is one of the larger islands of the West Indies, the natives do not believe in hurrying. For one thing, it is extremely hot in the middle of the day, and for another, they are constitutionally opposed to it. After all, why hurry when it is so much pleasanter to take one's time?

Nevertheless, this stream does look inviting. Even the donkey seems to enjoy letting it swirl around its legs. To stand here in the water and under the shade of the large tree is much easier than working out in the hot sun.

Only two persons seem at all busy: the girl fording the stream carrying a large box on her head, which, by the way, is a favorite way of carrying things

there; and the woman who is doing the family wash by standing in the water and pounding the garments over a flat rock.

Jamaica is a charming island to visit. A great profusion of fruits grow there, and the scenery is wild and wonderful, the central part being a lofty range of mountains, over seven thousand feet high. From the winding roads and the lookouts wonderful views may be had of its fertile valleys and the blue Caribbean to the west.

When Columbus discovered the island, on the second of his voyages, there were Indians upon it. Now the native population is largely negro, with the English in control.



THE WATERWORKS OF CURAÇAO

IF YOU live in a town or city, all you have to do when you want water is to go to the faucet and turn it on. You can have a whole bathtub full, if you want it, in a few minutes.

It is different in Curaçao, where this picture was taken. There aren't any pipes running underground, connected at one end with some big reservoir and at the other with your kitchen or bathroom. The waterworks system comprises a donkey cart on which is a barrel, and if you want a drink you must pay for it, just as if it were lemonade.

Perhaps you don't know where Curaçao is. Well, you will have to hunt for it on your map, and, unless the map is pretty good sized, you will have trouble

in finding it. Look at the northeastern coast of South America, bordering the Caribbean Sea. About forty-five miles north of Venezuela, in the Dutch West Indies group you will find it—a speck of land eight miles across, and thirty-five miles long. It is hot there, for the hilly, rocky, wild island has little green on it.

What few springs there are, are treasured like gold mines, and indeed they are far more valuable. You can get along without gold, but not water.

Early in the morning this negro water-carrier will fill his cask and then go down the hot, dusty road, peddling water like so much milk. It must be tepid and poor tasting by noon time, but his customers will not grumble. It is *water!*



MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST"

ONE of the greatest of English poets was John Milton, who lived during the time of the Reformation—when King Charles the First lost his head, and Oliver Cromwell was Dictator of England. Cromwell and Milton were great friends, and the poet held a high office under his government.

Milton was also a writer of political pamphlets, but his enduring fame rests upon his noble epic poem, "Paradise Lost." And one remarkable feature about the writing of this lengthy poem is that he did not, himself, set down a word of it upon paper. He was at this time stone blind and couldn't see to read or write a single word.

His two daughters acted as his secretaries, taking down the lines of verse as they fell from his lips and writing out the script in neat longhand, for there were no typewriters in those days. Just think how amazing must have been the author's memory and imagination, to sit in absolute darkness and dictate a theme so great!

It is the story of Heaven and Hell and the World, peopled with angels, demons, and mortals. It tells of the Garden of Eden, and how Adam and Eve lost their home in this earthly Paradise. Sometime you must read it for yourself.

John Milton sold the first rights to his book for only twenty-five dollars. Millions of copies have been printed, for it is one of the most famous books in the world.

TENNYSON CALLS ON CARLYLE

WHEN we study literature at school we are too apt to think of the authors only as names and not as human beings. For this reason, I like to see such pictures as that one of John Milton and his daughters, or this one of Alfred Tennyson having a fine chat with Thomas Carlyle. It brings them nearer to us—don't you think so?

These two men were very dissimilar in their tastes and in their work; but that may be the reason why they were such good friends. Carlyle was an exceedingly hard-headed Scotchman. He wrote essays criticising men and things quite severely. If he didn't approve of something, you soon found out where he stood. And some readers find his prose just as harsh, in the matter of literary style, as his opinions.

Tennyson was just the opposite. He was a poet—one of the most tuneful that England has produced. You have doubtless read his "Crossing the Bar," or "In Memoriam," or "Idylls of the King" with the immortal story of Arthur and his knights, or many another beautiful poem, long or short, from his pen.

He was made Poet Laureate of England, and was also created a knight.

But when his day's work was done, I like to think of him as a man among his friends, coming to call on bluff, outspoken Thomas Carlyle, out at Chelsea, and sitting down in the old Scotchman's garden to smoke a quiet pipe and talk over things. I would have given a good deal to have listened to one of their talks—wouldn't you?



TENNYSON AND THOMAS CARLYLE IN CARLYLE'S GARDEN



Photograph by Detroit Photographic Co.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

THERE are three great focal points for every visitor in Washington: the White House, about which we told you in a preceding picture; the Capitol, with its imposing dome looking down Pennsylvania Avenue; and the tall shaft of the Washington Monument.

As a matter of fact, you cannot go to Washington without seeing the Monument. It towers into the sky and beckons the eye from every point in the city. Rising sheer from its low hill near the Potomac to a height of 555 feet, its very simplicity and dignity hold the onlooker.

Within the Monument a slow elevator crawls its painful way to the top, and it is well to avail oneself of its services. But if one is young and supple in the knee joints, then by all means walk down the winding stairs.

You can study the various stones donated by States, and read many interesting inscriptions. In this way only, also, can you get any idea of the tremendous mass of stone piled up to make this awe-inspiring column, dedicated to the Father of his Country.

However, George Washington does not sleep here. Go down the river a few miles and you will reach Mount Vernon, his charming home, kept very nearly as it was in the old days when he was a Virginia planter. And there, near the home he loved, is his simple burial vault—quite different from the mighty Monument at the Capital.

HOW TO PLAY THE GOOD OLD SONGS

For those guiding children at their games



DING, DONG BELL

THE tones called for in the first measure should be in imitation of a big bell. The effect of the octaves and the broken time is especially good, and offers a useful technical exercise; the action of the wrist in the rapid alternation of the hands is to be in perfectly smooth rhythm. This simple technical figure prepares the young player for the more brilliant "interlocking" passages favored by quite a number of composers. Play the consecutive fourths in last measure very smoothly.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

ORDINARILY the thumb is not used on black keys; yet it is occasionally necessary to employ it in that way, particularly in playing chords, in solid as well as broken form, as in the second measure, left hand, where the thumb on C \sharp makes easy the stretch of the octave in reaching the first note of the third measure. Again, the interval C \sharp -B, in the right hand, third measure, is easily performed if the thumb is put on a black key. Note the tie in the left-hand accompanying figure in the first and other measures.

POP GOES THE WEASEL

HERE is a favorite tune of the old country-side fiddlers to which our grandparents and their fathers and mothers danced. Notice the groups of two slurred notes in the right-hand part. The effect of the sixteenth, when the piece is played rapidly, is almost that of the short grace note. Be sure to give the dotted eighth its full value. Frequently the young player will use the rhythm of a triplet, thus:  in which the first note has twice the time  value of the second; whereas in the correct figure the first note has three times the value.

The waved line before the first chord in the fourth and the seventh measures indicates a harp-like effect; play the lowest note first, and follow with the others in ascending order very rapidly,

the effect of a chord on a guitar, ukelele, or banjo.

JACK AND JILL

Two technical problems are presented in this easy arrangement of an old tune: For the right-hand, two-part playing; for the left, broken chord figures. The instrumental phrasing should follow the voice, as indicated by the slurs.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

I

IN playing two parts with the same hand the thumb frequently slides from one key to another by a movement of the first joint. An exercise easily worked out is to place the thumb on C and the fifth finger on the octave above as a point of support. Then play C, D, E, and back again to C, several times over, with the thumb; raise the hand a little, so that only the tip of the thumb is in contact with the key, before passing from C to D; in descending from E to D, have the tip of the thumb in contact with the D key before making the slide. This preserves the legato connection. Examples of this sliding movement are in measures 2, 4, 6, 7, and 8. In the fourth measure the fifth finger is curved under the fourth on A in order to reach the G. In measure 5, right hand, change fingers on repeated notes. In measure 7 note that the third finger slides from a black key down to the white key to facilitate the playing of the next two notes. In passing from the last note of the seventh to the first of the eighth, right hand, the fifth finger reaches under the fourth.

II

Change fingers on repeated notes, as in measures 1 and 3, but not in two-part passages, as in measures 5 and 6. In measure 7 the second finger slides from the F \sharp to the G. The fingering for the three successive sixths in the right hand, last measure, is much used.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

THE left-hand part affords helpful drill in scale passages; the three-note figures are intended to represent the irregular movements of the wandering sheep. The entire left-hand part should be practised separately to promote facility and smoothness of execution.

In the right-hand part note the change of fingers on repeated notes. This is not always necessary, but is introduced here to accustom players to this kind of fingering when it is essential. Do not hurry the tempo.

DICKORY DOCK

THE characteristic technical idea of this number is found in the embellishments in the fourth and the last measures; the first one is played by the right hand alone, the second by both hands.

The left-hand part is to be played with legato smoothness. The F \sharp , in the second and the fourth measures, may be played by the third finger instead of the fourth as is usual in arpeggios, so as not to alter the finger position used in the preceding and succeeding measures. In the fifth and the sixth measures the broken thirds are played with sequential fingering. Excellent practice may be had by continuing a sequence over a larger number of thirds.

OLD KING COLE

THIS air is worked up into a piece after the old classical style, a little more difficult than some of the others in the series, but worth the extra study required to learn it. In the first measure, the eighth notes in the right-hand part, first and second counts, join to those in the left-hand part as an inner scale melody; the passing from one hand to the other must be smoothly accomplished. A few irregularities in fingering occur, for example: In the third measure, right hand, the third is passed over the fourth; in the sixth, ninth, and tenth measures, the same finger is used in succession because the short phrases do not require perfect legato connection at these points. The hand moves in going from one position to the other.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

THIS number is in the pastoral style, and imitates the bagpipe effect of a "drone" bass through the use of the first and fifth of the scale (tonic and dominant). The right-hand moves mainly in sixths and thirds. In the first measure, right hand, extend the thumb from C toward the B \flat , to make the connection as smooth as possible, and slide down from the B \flat to the A. In ascending,

raise the hand a little, which will make the motion from A (a white key) to B \flat (a black key) easy. Note the third, G-E, in the seventh measure. It is played 4-1 instead of 3-1, as might be expected. The second finger is passed over the third, thus requiring only three successive uses of the thumb instead of four.

TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

PLAY this with a sharply accented style, as if it were being used as a country dance tune. The only unusual fingering is the seventh measure, right hand, in which the third follows the first in order to make the second available for playing the third, A-F \sharp , at the end of the measure. To reach this smoothly, the fourth finger passes over the fifth. In practice the tempo can be increased.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY

THE arrangement has as an object to make clear an inner melodic part which passes from one hand to the other. In the first measure, it begins in the right hand as an alto, and is taken up smoothly (indicated by the line between the two staves) by the left. The effect is to be that of two voices. The same effect occurs in three other measures. In the seventh measure, left hand, fourth count, do not hold the B, an eighth note; only the G is held.

OH, DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

SOMETHING of the scherzo quality characterizes this piece in spite of the compound rhythm, 6/8. This quality is shown in the sharp accents and in the alternating two-note groups and staccato single notes, as in measure 2 of the piano part. The second eighth note is to be slightly shortened to a staccato. The double notes in both hands, with accents, as in measures 1, 3, 5, etc., are to be played with forearm stroke and weight, not from the wrist; the latter method produces a light, thin tone. The parts for right and left hands, beginning in the ninth measure, must be played perfectly together, as if two voices were singing.

POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON

THIS tune has been used with good effect by teachers of dancing classes to develop the sense for rhythm; at the accents a stamp of the foot gives snap to the movement. As a piano piece, it should be played with the dance feeling and a little of the simple, old-fashioned spirit of the minuet, although not in triple rhythm. As usual, we have a change of fingers on repeated notes. In the left hand, last note of the sixth measure,

be sure to play the D with the second finger, so that the thumb may be placed on the C, thus putting the hand in playing position for the broken chord in the seventh measure.

HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE

THE right hand plays from the wrist throughout the first three measures, a light, easy staccato, and again in the fifth measure. In the first practice use a slow tempo, and make sure that the action is accomplished with a free wrist. Gradually increase the tempo until the passage can be played very rapidly and lightly. This kind of practice is excellent to gain command of the wrist motion.

The left hand uses the regular fingering for the arpeggio. Between the last note of the second and the first note of the third measure, stretch the hand widely to make the reach of a ninth.

LUCY LOCKET

THE tune is practically identical with the first part of Yankee Doodle, and can be used as a study in playing consecutive sixths in legato style. The thumb is used consecutively, the legato connection being most prominent in the upper part. An irregularity in fingering is found in the sixth measure, where the fourth finger reaches over the shorter fifth, which should maintain its position over the D, played in the preceding measure. In playing A, the first note in the seventh measure, curve the fourth under the third which played the preceding Bb. In the left-hand part, sixth measure, pass the thumb under the fourth finger to make a good legato connection.

THE MUFFIN MAN

THE successive sixths in measures 1 and 2 are fingered in the usual manner. The left-hand part calls for a certain deftness of hand action. In the first measure, for example, the upper E comes between the two notes which form the sixth in the right hand. Raise the right a little so as to strike the E underneath. The pedal may be used if the player will follow exactly the printed directions. First strike the A (bass note), then immediately depress the pedal; hold it down until the sign (*), at which point release it. Strike the bass note on the count and immediately afterward depress the pedal. Do not pedal exactly with the beat.

LONDON BRIDGE

HERE is excellent practice in playing consecutive thirds with the right hand. The young player should work on two or three successive thirds to

secure good connection. For example, the first three; then take the fourth and fifth to get the slide of the thumb; next the measure as a whole. The second measure can be divided into halves at first.

The left hand has a melodic quality and is to be played legato. In the second measure are two points for special attention, namely, the slide of the thumb from Bb to A, and the lift of the hand at the end of the measure to the required position for the first note in the next measure. Keep the wrist free, and swing from the shoulder.

THE FARMER

SIMPLE successions of thirds furnish the principal technical material for the right hand in this little number. These should be practised very slowly at first, so that the two tones of the third may be sounded together exactly. For example, practise the last two thirds in the first measure and the first in the second, likewise the second and third in the second measure and the first in the third. The left hand has arpeggios of five tones which call for smooth playing; to secure this, be sure that the shoulder hangs easily, and that the action is free. Excellent drill may be had from playing each arpeggio a number of times in succession, at first slowly, and then at a gradually increasing tempo.

MISS JENNIA JONES

THE two hands are contrasted in technical material, the right playing legato, the left staccato, except in a few instances in which it has two-note groups, of which the last should be cut short, the equivalent of a staccato effect. A light wrist stroke may be used by the left hand, which should play in perfect rhythm. In the first measure the notes G-F#-G are fingered according to the principle that when possible the hand is to be kept in the five-finger position within the phrase, which is indicated in the succeeding notes G-B-D. The fourth is placed on A, in the third measure, to keep the fifth free for the B, in the fourth measure.

THE FARMER IN THE DELL

THE accompaniment to this well-known little tune is worked out in thirds, sometimes divided between the hands, at other times in the left alone. The repeated notes in the right are marked for a change of fingers; if the player can keep the hand from "bobbing" up and down he can use the same finger instead of making a change. In the fifth measure a fingering is given which avoids the use of the thumb on a black key, 4-1

and 3-2, replacing the regular succession 4-2 and 3-1. Keep an even, steady rhythm, and play the thirds exactly together.

HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

THE right hand has double notes throughout, and the movement of the parts occasionally requires a little manipulation of the fingers. For example, in the first measure, right hand, last two counts, in which the fingers 3-1 cross over 5-2. This is most easily done by passing the thumb under the second finger almost to the G, and tilting the hand to the right, thus enabling the longer third finger to reach over the fifth.

SWINGING 'NEATH THE OLD APPLE-TREE

THIS piece gives excellent drill in playing consecutive thirds with a sliding of the thumb from one key to another; also in passing the fourth finger over the fifth and under the third, a device often necessary in playing two parts by one hand. This song, from the period before the American Civil War, makes an excellent school song.

THE SOLDIER

THE opening measures of the accompaniment represent the drum beat. The sixteenth note, slurred to the following eighth, is to have practically the effect of a grace note, like the customary beating of the small drum, in which the two sticks do not strike exactly together.

In the refrain, think of the music as the effect of a band. The little melodic phrase marked (Trombone) and (Alto) is to pass from the left hand to the right without a break in feeling or in time. Keep the rhythm sharp and exact.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

THE left-hand part offers the greater difficulty in the arpeggio accompaniment. The wrist is to be used with a sidewise (rotating) motion. In the first measure, the third finger acts as a sort of pivot to carry the hand up to G, where the second finger becomes the pivot for the swing up to B. The other measures are played in the same way. The shoulder and the elbow are kept free for the swing back to the next bass note.

This piece can be used for instruction in the elementary use of the pedal. Depress the pedal immediately after the first bass note is struck; the dotted line indicates the holding down of the pedal; do not release at the end of a measure, but just as the next bass note is struck, as shown by the (*), and immediately depress the pedal again.

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW

Two points of technic are introduced in this piece, a change of finger on repeated notes in the right hand, and a two-octave arpeggio, triad of F, in the left. The simplified form, in eighth notes, one-octave phrase, may be used at first, if preferred.

WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?

THINK of this little air as a sort of dance tune somewhat in the style of the old-fashioned country dance, with quick steps, one sharp accent on the first count of the measure. In the case of two notes grouped under a slur, give a staccato effect to the second one. Learn the fingering, and use it always in playing the piece.

BABY BYE, HERE 'S A FLY

HERE we have a delightful descriptive piece, based on a favorite nursery song of fifty or more years ago. The left-hand part offers the greater difficulty, because it plays in sixteenth notes to represent the buzzing of the fly. Note that the fingering requires the second finger to pass over the thumb in playing the "buzzing" figure. This is the technical value of the piece to the young player, for it will familiarize him with a form of accompaniment much used in spinning songs, mill-wheel pictures, bee imitations, etc. In the last measure the right hand crosses over the left to play the last two notes.

JOLLY OLD ST. NICHOLAS

THE repeated thirds without change of fingers may be played by a free wrist action, but without removing the fingers from the keys; even when a change is made, as in the second measure, the wrist action is used, the hand being shifted sidewise to bring the other pair of fingers over the right keys. In the last two measures the thumb of the right hand moves from a black to a white, and then to a black key again. The muscular action is simple; in the first case, the thumb slides from the D \sharp down to the D; in the second, the raising of the finger into the striking position carries it over the C \sharp by the slightest possible extension.

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

THE left hand has an important part in this simple tune. In the second measure, note the change of finger on the C to prepare the hand for the broken chord position of the C triad. In the third and fourth measures, right hand, is the fingering for a series of diatonic thirds, which calls for a sliding action of the thumb.

BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP

WHATEVER difficulty the player may find in this little song arrangement will be mainly to secure the right amount of smoothness in the part for the left hand. The few figures are sufficient to indicate a simple, practicable fingering. Without the part for the voice that for the piano is sufficient in itself to make a little piano piece, playable by young artists. In case the hands are too small to play the larger stretches, as the octave in the second measure, and hold it down while the eighth notes are played, release the upper G. The successive two-note chords for the right hand should be played with a clinging touch. Avoid a "jumpy" effect of the arms and hands. The bass (left) also should be performed with a real legato.

One can always help or mar the effect of playing by a wrong rate of movement. In learning this little piece begin slowly at first. After the fingers have learned their part, increase the speed a trifle. The life of music is in the rhythm. Rhythm depends upon meter, and meter upon accent. A 2-4 meter calls for one strong accent or stress upon the first count. Follow this principle in playing the little piece. But remember, when the piano part is played with singing the pianist's duty is to follow the "time" of the voices.

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE PAPER

IN A measure this little song suggests a small chorus, for it is arranged mostly in four-part harmony. Young players find more or less difficulty in this style of playing because they are apt to be careless as to the "fingering." To play successive groups of two-notes (soprano and alto, tenor and bass) in one hand requires a different technic from that used in playing scales, broken chords and arpeggios. The thumb often plays two different and adjoining keys, as in the right hand part, first and second measures. Sometimes repeated notes are played by a change of fingers, as in the left-hand part, second measure, and elsewhere in the course of the arrangement. Sometimes thirds are played by 4-1, as in the right-hand part, fifth measure, because the second was used in the preceding chord to play on a black key; sometimes a third is played by adjoining fingers, as in measure six, left-hand part. The idea is, so far as possible, to keep the necessary fingers free to use in playing the next notes. Players who "finger" music try to avoid awkward changes within a phrase. In playing this sort of music always shorten *slightly* the last note of a phrase, so as to make a more definite "attack" on the first note of a new phrase. But that does not mean a strong accent. Accent belongs to the first "count" of a measure, not upon

a short note at the end of a measure, even if it is the first in a new phrase.

LITTLE JACK HORNER

IF THE player observes the melody of this folk-song he will find that in three successive lines it begins on the next higher note and has the same relative pitch for the other degrees of the musical phrase. Some writers call this "rhyming," taking the idea from poetry. In music this method is called "sequence," that is following a pattern, and the method by which the effect is made is "transposition." Observe in the first line the notes are D G F#, in the second E-A-G, and in the third F# B-A. The repeated notes in the right hand should be played with a free wrist, not a stiff, jerky motion and raising of the hands. In the next to the last measure is an illustration of the use of the thumb on two adjoining keys in succession to secure a better "fingering" for the following notes. The thumb is drawn from the C key to the B by a movement of the first joint, sliding from the one key to the other. This device is much used in piano playing, especially in the old classical pieces, such as preludes and inventions by Bach. In cases of a skip wider than an octave, as in the next to the last measure for the right hand, carry the hand to the new position by a movement, sidewise, from the shoulder, keeping the arm, elbow, and wrist free from stiffness.

LITTLE MISS MUFFITT

SEQUENCE is used in making the melody of this little song, just as we found it in "Little Jack Horner." It is a device much used by composers, not only of simple melodies but also of the highest types of music. For this reason attention is called to it here, so that young pianists may become acquainted with this principle of melody. The harmony in this little arrangement of a juvenile folk-song is made very simple, in three parts. Perhaps some of the children who will play this will have been taught how to make "triads." Take 1-3-5 of a scale and play the three together. In the key of C, the notes will be C-E-G. In F major, the key of this little piece, the degrees will be E-G-B \flat , as in the first chord; we can also have F-A-C, or C-E-G. In playing the successive thirds, which are a characteristic of this piece, follow the fingering carefully. As a rule, the thumb is kept off "black" keys because it is short; the same is true of the fifth finger, although it is sometimes used in playing thirds which include black keys. Successive sixths are often played by the same fingers, especially if the hands are small. An example is in the next to the last measure.

PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT

IN THIS arrangement of a simple air we have much use of contrary motion between the two hands. The opening melodic figure of the tune makes a complete chord. We call it a "triad" because it is made of "three" notes. The bass (left hand) has the triad in its "first position," as teachers often call it, the degrees arranged in numerical order, 1-3-5. In the third measure we have another triad, C-E-G, used in the same way. This is another example of what we have previously called "sequence." In the second measure observe that in the right hand the player has the notes A-G-F while the left hand plays the opposite arrangement, F-G-A. This is a method much used by composers. It is known as "contrary motion." Other illustrations are to be found in other measures. It will be remembered that young players have exercises in "scales in contrary motion." These figures in contrary motion are to be played with smoothness. In the next to the last measure both hands have special fingerings, to give better command of the right keys. It is easy to slide the thumb from the black key, B flat, to the adjoining white key, A. Observe that the phrasing in the piano part follows the natural phrasing in the reading of the words. The left hand follows the phrasing of the right.

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST

IN THIS number we have a simple harmony, mostly in three parts, a combination easily within the reach of small hands. In measure seven we have something new. Observe the G \sharp in the left hand. This degree does not belong to the key of D major, which is the key of the little piece. In playing scales the young pianist will remember that G \sharp is used in the key of A. In this particular measure the key is changed, for the moment, to the key of A, a "modulation," we call it. Modulation is much used in music; not so often in short tunes but much in larger, longer pieces. The player should watch accidentals. Here is a plan: The key signature for D major is F \sharp and C \sharp . The G \sharp is the next sharp added to make the key of A major; hence, for the moment, we go into the key of A. Observe the first chord in the next measure: it is A-C \sharp -E. But the A \sharp is merely a chromatic note; it does not change the key. Four-part harmony appears to some extent in this piece. The movement is not at all fast. The words must be pronounced clearly and the player must keep pace with the singer. This gives opportunity to get the fingers on the right keys without special difficulty. To an extent, this will prepare young players for

easy four-part arrangements such as are in books of instruction.

THE TOYMAN'S SHOP

CHILDREN should early learn the various keys. For some reason there is a feeling that "flats" are easier than "sharps." For this reason composers of music for children often avoid keys with four and five sharps, such as E major and B major. For example, many players, even among adults, will select a composition in the keys of E \flat and B \flat rather than E and B. Whether this idea of less difficulty in playing and reading music in "flat" keys is well-founded or not, it is necessary that young pupils shall learn the sharp keys, three, four, and five sharps, as well as the keys with the same number of flats. In this arrangement somewhat more is demanded of the hands: Three-note chords are to be played, requiring more combinations of the fingers and greater stretching. In the eighth measure the player will observe an accidental, A \sharp . If this is added to the four sharps in the signature, F \sharp , C \sharp , G \sharp , D \sharp , we get five sharps, F \sharp , C \sharp , G \sharp , D \sharp , and A \sharp , the signature for the key of B major. Therefore, we say we have made a modulation into that key. We come back to the key of E again, as we know by the fact that two measures later we have A, without the sharp, in the bass. A few measures later we again "modulate" to the key of B, only to come back to E and close in that key. It is interesting in the music assigned for lessons to observe these changes of key by adding chromatic signs to the signature, or taking away if naturals are used.

MOTHER, TAKE ME TO THE ZOO

HUMOR is possible in music, but it is not easy to play a little piece like this "Zoo" song and make it sound "funny." Perhaps it is just as well not to try. Watch the words. If a comma or other punctuation mark is used it is well to take the hands from the keys at such points, so as slightly to shorten the time value of the note. This is especially desirable in accompanying a singer or a chorus. A few of the chords of three notes will call for a wider stretch than small hands can make, as in the sixth and seventh measures. In such cases, it is admissible for the player to omit the lower note of the octave. In playing such chords do not stiffen the fingers in the effort to stretch the octave. As said before, it is better to drop the lower note. In all cases keep the chord attack light and free, always trying to follow the humorous sentiment of the words. A semi-detached, but not actual, staccato is advisable, as helping to make the words stand out clearly. A lively, free rhythm,

as if the child were actually at the Zoo and enjoying the sights there, will help the playing of this song.

THE SNOW MAN

THIS song was written by a well-known English composer and is an illustration of how experienced musicians have delighted in adding to the musical pleasure of children. It is a complaint of teachers that in much music written for children the right hand part is uniformly the more difficult. As a result, the left hand does not play as fluently as the right unless the pupil is given much exercise and etude material to play. The left hand part of "The Snow Man" is made up of scale figures which are to be played legato and with even rhythm to keep up the lively motion called for by the melody. In measure ten observe the B \flat in the left hand. Subtract this from the signature and we have a key with *no* flats; hence, we have modulated to the key of C. But in the seventeenth measure we have B \flat again, and are therefore back in the key of F. Observe the contrary motion between the two hands in many measures. Also the sequence in the melody at the beginning in which each series of three notes begins successively higher by one degree. Follow the fingering carefully; a few irregulariteis are necessary to secure a smooth legato. Practice slowly at first, and then increase the speed. In playing with the voice follow the singer.

THE SPARROW ON THE TREE

HERE we have the favorite combination for young players, a three-part harmony. For those who delight in giving the left hand "something to do," the arranger has put in passages with plenty of motion calling for legato playing. Certain interesting points are introduced, both parallel motion, as in the first measure, and contrary motion, as in the next two measures.

In playing this the pianist should follow the words very carefully. The lines represent a sort of dialogue, and the phrases should have the same separations. This is particularly essential when the player accompanies a solo singer. The separation between phrases need not be so marked if the song is performed in chorus. The left hand has as much work as the right and will benefit by careful practice. The song is by an English composer who took much pleasure in writing for children.

It may be said here that it is excellent training for a young pianist to play with a solo singer or a chorus of children. In using the songs in this collection the arrangements were purposely made

easy so that a child with little experience might play them. This facility is also a help to the mother who has no time to keep up her music.

LOOBY LOO

It is difficult to imagine plays on the stage without music. The little games played by children are illustrations of the spirit we all have for "representing" things and of acting out our ideas. Folk-plays, like folk-songs, are full of interest for most persons. As a rule, they had words which the players sang while they acted out the ideas. These little games with song are ideal for use in the house where the piano is available. Besides that, they offer excellent material for young players to use in their moments of recreation. "Looby Loo" is arranged very simply and so as to accentuate the rhythm which should always be strong and well-marked. The player must always have regard to the words and follow them, line by line. The bass movement is very definite and is always to be strong. We suggest that a teacher put on a recital program a group of these song plays and have them performed by child players. It is not necessary that the words be sung and acted, although the effect is excellent if a small chorus of children sing the songs without acting them. They form delightful material for a recital.

UNCLE JOHN IS VERY SICK

EVERYONE will recognize the tune to which these words are set. It is not necessary here to say more than that it was a tune with words applied to the provincial troops of the American Colonies raised for the French and Indian wars, intended to ridicule the colonials. However, it was taken up by them and became a favorite air during the American Revolution.

The accompaniment is composed of broken chords with passing scale fragments as a sort of "running bass." In this form, it offers excellent technical material for the left hand, especially for finger facility. Although the movement should not be rapid, a pupil can play it at a fast tempo for technical practice. The sixths in the first measure and elsewhere may be played, especially by children with small hands, without change of fingers. In passing, it may be said that sixths played in this way make an excellent preparation for playing octaves. In playing the two-note chords in the right hand, especially when they are repeated, the young pianist should not bounce the hands and arms, especially the elbows. The so-called "clinging touch" is better. Keep the wrists yielding and flexible. Some measures have been "fingered" as a guide.

SOLDIER BOY

THIS song will appeal to the younger children, girls as well as boys. For the girls also like to dress as soldiers, carry toy guns and beat drums. Like other children's songs, this "Soldier Boy" is a picture of child life and recreations. One of the striking points of this arrangement is the martial effect of the left-hand accompaniment. It has the rhythm of the small drum, following the notes of the chords. For example, the first chord is D-F#-A, 1-3-5 of the scale of D major; the second chord, in the third measure, is G-B-D, which also has the order of 1-3-5 in regard to succession.

These are examples of triads which should be learned by young players. They furnish the material for accompaniments in the form of broken chords and arpeggios. The two-note chords for the right hand must be studied carefully to get the correct fingering, which contains a few irregularities, as in the seventh measure, in which the thumb is placed under the second finger. In the last measure is an illustration to show how the thumb is sometimes passed from a white key to a neighboring black key. A young pupil may as well learn these irregularities while still in the early part of the second grade. Make this sound like a soldier's march, with plenty of accent.

SOLDIER, SOLDIER, WILL YOU
MARRY ME?

HERE is an illustration of the folk-song type. The words form a dialogue, and can therefore be acted out if desired. Thus presented, this song will prove effective and attractive, especially if acted out by a boy and a girl. Perhaps some of our readers will like to try this sort of entertainment for recitals or school exercises. A boy or a girl should also play the piece.

As a "soldier" song it is essential that a strong, clear-cut rhythmic swing should be used. The player should follow the correct accentuation of the words. For example, in the first measure, accent the first and the third notes, sung to the accented syllable of the word "soldier." In the same way accent "will" and "me" in the second measure, "knap" (of "knapsack"), "fife," and "drum," all of which have accents.

When the chorus comes in, the chords may be struck with more force and very decisive accents, as if a full band were playing. But don't pound out the chords in the endeavor to get power. Stiff arms and wrists do not give the amount and quality of sound for good tone. If you have learned the clinging touch and to play with loose, free wrists, try that method.

WE'LL ALL GO A-SINGING

WHEN sung according to directions, this little song has the effect of a little dialogue. It is necessary that each sing her line promptly, so that no time is lost between. As to playing, we find something new in the matter of rhythm in the left hand. In practising this, count 1 2 3 4 5 6 to a measure, slowly at first, in order to get every note at just the right time. Observe that the right hand generally plays a two-note chord first, and is then followed by the left hand, which plays on 2, 3 and 5, 6, except near the close, where it has six notes (two triplets) to the measure. These left-hand groups must be played very lightly, as if one were using a harp, or perhaps a mandolin, banjo, guitar or ukelele, in which successive strings are struck. Raise the hand after the two notes have been struck. This lightens the stroke on the second note.

This left-hand part will make an excellent exercise for the practice of light attack on successive chord notes, a technic which the player will find useful in more advanced music, especially in the classical style. The movement of the arm is up and down with the muscles and joints free; the hand comes down and the first finger to make the attack is helped by the weight of the arm; then the hand rises again from the keys and as it does, the next finger draws the tone from the proper key.

OATS, PEAS, BEANS AND BARLEY GROW

THE melody is mostly in two-note chords, often in sixths. These can be played by the same fingers, especially by those with small hands. As said before, this method of playing successive sixths is a most excellent preparation for octave playing. The player will soon get the "trick" of passing the thumb from one white key to the next, from a black key to a white, or from a white key to a black. The two notes must be played exactly together, not in a broken manner, such as a teacher used to describe as "chip-chop."

The left hand generally plays chord notes much in the style of an accompaniment on a guitar or banjo, or maybe on a harp. In making this motion the young player can use the principle commonly called, in articles on technic, "rotating." The hand swings to right or left—rotates on the wrist as an axis. This movement brings the proper finger nearer to the correct key. Practise this slowly before trying to play the piece. Once this technic is learned it will prove invaluable to the player. Another advantage is that this method of playing is much used by the best teachers of to-day.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SINGING GAMES

MERRILY FORM A RING

While singing this song, the children clasp hands, to form a ring and circle round, at the same time swinging their arms in time to the rhythm of the music. The game makes a good introduction to the singing games which follow.

GOING TO LONDON

Going to London may be used as a swing song for a little child, either in a swing or a hammock, and prevents it from wishing to swing too high.

PLANTING CORN

This is a singing game played by French children. It may be played by a number of children, standing in one or two rows, with a chosen leader a pace or two in front of the center of the line.

For the first line, the leader waves his hands, or sways as he sings, his motions being followed by the children in line. For the second line, he bends and goes through the motion of poking a hole in loose ground, and enlarging it with his toes. For the third verse he appears to drop the kernel of corn, and stamps it into the ground with his foot. He can continue to stamp during the third verse, or make any other appropriate gestures which may suggest themselves. The alternate couplets printed also suggest appropriate gestures.

The fun consists in a rapid change of gesture, which the children in line must follow as rapidly as possible.

ON THE BRIDGE AT AVIGNON

In this game a leader is chosen to stand in the ring formed by the children holding hands.

During the refrain the children dance around, but when they reach the couplet they stand, and follow their leader in making the gestures called for. For instance, the ladies make deep courtesies, first to the right, then to the left. The men make low bows in the same way. The carpenter saws; the cobbler hammers his last; the farmer

sows his grain, and so on. The game may be prolonged indefinitely, and the leader can increase the fun if she has enough imagination to introduce new occupations unexpectedly, with gestures to be followed without warning.

LUCY LOCKET

This is a circle game for small children who cannot remember a number of verses. The little ones hold hands, and dance round in a circle, swinging their arms in time to the rhythm. Or, they may stand and mark the rhythm in any other way that suggests itself to the mother or kindergarten teacher.

THE MUFFIN MAN

The children choose one of their number, and, forming a circle, dance round him, at the same time singing the first verse.

He answers them by singing the second verse, while they stand still to listen. He then chooses another child to stand with him in the circle, while the dancing children circle round, again singing the first verse.

They are answered by the children within the circle, and the questioning is continued until the last child has been chosen.

Then all sing together "We all of us know the Muffin Man," and the game is complete.

LONDON BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN

In this game, two of the tallest children choose names such as "red rose" and "white rose" and form an arch by holding hands, as in Sir Roger de Coverley, or the Virginia reel. The other children form a line, by holding one another's dresses or coats, or putting their arms around one another's waists, and run around and under the arch.

The verses of the song are sung alternately by the bridge-holders and the line. The children in the line commence with the first verse, are answered by the bridge-holders, and so on.

At the end of the second verse, the arch drops, and a prisoner, generally the last in the line, is gathered in, given a choice between the red and white roses, and is sent to stand behind the player of his choice until the song is finished, when a tug-of-war follows to see which tower shall fall.

The aim of the children in line is of course to escape capture and thus prolong the merriment of the game.

THE FARMER

The children choose two leaders and form in two rows, facing each other, at a little distance apart. The verses are sung alternately by the two lines. The leader first chosen advances two or three steps and sings the first verse, making the gestures appropriate to a sower scattering grain by hand. He is followed by his band, who repeat his words and gestures, and fall back to their place while singing the last line, to make room for the second leader, who advances, singing the words of the second verse. In his turn, he is followed by his band, and the game goes on until it is completed.

THE FARMER IN THE DELL

In this circle game, the children choose one of their number as the farmer, and put him in the center of the circle, where he stands while they sing the verse. At the second verse he chooses a wife and brings her into the circle; at the third verse the wife chooses the child, and so on until the last verse, when after the cheese has been chosen all the singing children circle round, clapping into his ear, until he breaks away, when he is caught, and takes his place as the farmer.

HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

This game is much like Miss Jennia Jones, except that there is no seated player.

The children form a ring, join hands and circle round, at the same time singing the first verse. While singing the words of the second verse, they stand, and imitate the motions of washing clothes. At the third verse they again circle round, and so on, imitating the various motions called for, until the song is finished.

MISS JENNIA JONES

1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, and 17

We've come to see Miss Jennia Jones,
Miss Jennia Jones, Miss Jennia Jones,
We've come to see Miss Jennia Jones,
And how is she to-day?

2

Miss Jennia Jones is washing,
Is washing, is washing,
Miss Jennia Jones is washing,
And can't be seen to-day.

4

Miss Jennia Jones is ironing,
Is ironing, is ironing,
Miss Jennia Jones is ironing,
And can't be seen to-day.

6

Miss Jennia Jones is sewing, etc.

8

Miss Jennia Jones is baking, etc.

10

Miss Jennia Jones is sweeping, etc.

12

Miss Jennia Jones is scrubbing, etc.

14

Miss Jennia Jones is sick, etc.

16

Miss Jennia Jones is worse, etc.

18

Miss Jennia Jones is dead, etc.

19, 21, 23, 25, 27, and 29

What shall we dress her in,

Dress her in, dress her in,

What shall we dress her in;

Shall it be (19) blue?

21, red; 23, pink; 25, green; 27, black;

29, white.

20

Blue is for sailors,

For sailors, for sailors,

Blue is for sailors,

And that will never do.

22

Red is for firemen,

For firemen, for firemen,

Red is for firemen,

And that will never do.

24

Pink is for babies, etc.

26

Green is forsaken, etc.

28

Black is for mourners, etc.

30

White is for dead people,
For dead people, for dead people.
White is for dead people,
So that will just do.

31

Where shall we bury her,
Bury her, bury her?
Where shall we bury her?
Under the apple tree.

32

I dreamed I saw a ghost last night,
Ghost last night, ghost last night,
I dreamed I saw a ghost last night,
Under the apple tree.

In playing this game, which has been one of the delights of children for many centuries, one child is seated on a chair with a smaller child lying in her arms, to represent the mother and Miss Jennia Jones.

The other children form a circle, holding hands, and advance and retreat, swinging their arms, and singing the first verse.

At the end of the verse, one child leaves the circle, which is immediately closed, and goes toward the mother, who lays Miss Jennia down and comes forward singing, "Miss Jennia Jones is washing," at the same time bending forward and imitating the scrubbing of clothes on a washboard.

At the end of the verse the inquiring child goes back to her place in the circle, which again advances and retreats, all the children repeating the words, "Miss Jennia Jones is washing clothes," etc., or, instead of moving back and forth, all the circle make the motions of washing as they sing.

The rest of the game is chiefly repetition, with the words of the first verse repeated between the alternate verses until the seventeenth is reached. Ironing is imitated by closing the right hand as if over the handle of an iron, and making the motions of ironing over the open palm of the left hand, held to represent an ironing-board. For sewing, the motion of hemming a seam is used; for baking, imaginary bread is kneaded. For the sweeping verse, an imaginary broom is held, and vigorous sweeping motions are made.

For scrubbing, if the game is being played on grass, the children may kneel to scrub in pantomime. In the baking verse they imitate the beating of batter, or the kneading of bread. For the

verse which announces that Miss Jennia is sick, the hands are placed palms together, and the head laid on the right hand, as on a pillow.

While singing the other verses the children again join hands and advance and retreat, except for the verse which announces that Miss Jennia is dead, when they stand still with their faces in their hands, and, swaying backward and forward, sing in a lugubrious tone. When singing the color verses, the color questions are asked by the children in turn, and answered in chorus.

Finally, when the ghost is seen, Miss Jennia springs to her feet, the ring breaks up, and the children flee with shrieks, followed by the ghost, who captures and brings one child back in triumph to take the place of Miss Jennia, and the game goes on.

LOOBY LOO

The children join hands, forming a ring, and circle to the right for the first four measures, then to the left for the repeat. Follow the directions of the words while singing the song, putting the right hand forward, then the left; the right foot, then the left; the head, etc., leaving it to the initiative of any player to prolong the game. This game is said to have originated in England. It may be lengthened or shortened to suit the fancy of the players.

SWINGING 'NEATH THE OLD APPLE TREE

There must be a swing—more than one will be better, and make the game of greater interest. The children form a ring around the swing, or swings, and circle to the right while singing the first four measures of the song, then to the left for the following three bars. On the word "tree," they all rush for the swing, the one reaching it first taking possession and selecting from among her playmates the one who is to do the "pushing." All sit in a circle, swaying from side to side while singing the first four measures of the chorus. An effort should be made to keep swing and bodies in perfect rhythm with the music. Beginning with the fifth measure the "pusher" leaves the swing to "let the old cat die."

UNCLE JOHN IS VERY SICK

After choosing a boy as the messenger, and a girl as the "mother," the children stand in a ring about them. The messenger is given a tin plate. He sings the first two bars, the "mother" the next two, and the children the following four measures. The "mother" selects seven (or three, if there are not enough playing) from those in the ring to represent the three "good wishes," the "three

kisses," and "a piece of ginger." These enter the ring with the messenger and the mother. She sings the next two bars, the children the following two, and the messenger the next four. "Whom shall we send it by?" is sung by the mother, and "By the Governor's Daughter" is sung by the messenger. He then spins the plate, and she before whom it stops will be the "Governor's Daughter." The messenger takes her by the hand, the children circle around them to the right. Singing the last verse, the "messenger" leads the "daughter" to the center of the ring, the "three wishes," "three kisses," and "piece of ginger," with the "mother" forming an inner circle, which wheels to the left. The names of the "messenger" and "daughter" are inserted in the blank spaces.

SOLDIER BOY

The children choose one to be the "boy." They then form a hollow square, facing outward, and sing the first eight measures, while the little "soldier" bravely marches around them. He stands at attention while singing the rest of the song. At the word "too," the others break and run with the "soldier boy" in pursuit. He must catch all he can while "ten" is counted. Then, with his recruits in line behind him, the song is sung again. His "company," under orders to "let none escape," should fill the ranks at the second ending. If not, the song continues until he has secured all the players. They then march around, following their commander, while singing the song once more.

SOLDIER, SOLDIER, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

A little girl is chosen to be the maid. She selects a soldier from among the other players. The rest join hands and form a circle. The maid sings the first half of the verse, and the soldier replies, as the words indicate. She follows the instructions, taking first a coat from one of the boys, bringing it back and putting it on the soldier while the children sing the chorus. She next gets shoes, then a hat, then gloves. She must get them, and get back to the soldier before the close of the song. The last verse is sung by the soldier alone, and at its ending, he makes a rush at some part of the ring. If he succeeds in breaking through, all join in the chase. If he does not get out, the maid must catch him within the circle and may impose whatever forfeit she chooses if she captures him.

WE'LL ALL GO A-SINGING

Six children take the leading parts, singing the lines ascribed to them. A goal is selected.

When the third verse has been sung, the "baker," "butcher," "tailor," etc., choose their followers

from among those players left. Then, while the others close their eyes, the "baker" first takes his men and hides them. The second and third verses are sung by the rest while he is doing so, and the "baker" must sing his one line, "I will be the Baker." He must then hurry to conceal his men, for when the song comes to the line, "And we'll all do our duty," they must join in the singing, trying to subdue their voices so as not to reveal their hiding place. After the song has been sung once the others start to hunt for the "bakers," singing the second and third verses all the while and trying to locate them, when they all sing the closing line together. If a "butcher" catches a "baker" first, then it is the turn of the "butchers" to hide, and so on.

OATS, PEAS, BEANS, AND BARLEY

A circle is formed after choosing the "farmer," who squats in the center. If the "farmer" has ingenuity, much fun may be derived in imitating him. The first verse is sung standing still. Each child turns to his neighbor, to the left and right alternately; viz: one turns to the right, facing his right-hand partner, who has turned to his left. This position is held while singing two bars; shrug shoulders and spread hands outward. During the next two bars, the child who has turned to the right previously, faces his partner on his left, with the same gesture, and so on around the ring. Then each faces inward, points to the "farmer" on "Can you?"; to himself on "or I," and spreads hands outward on "or any one know," then claps hands on each word following; viz: "oats, peas, beans, and barley." The "farmer" then rises, and during the singing of the second verse, if anyone does not imitate his antics to his satisfaction, the "farmer" may claim him for a "helper." After the second verse he chooses his favorite and they kneel in the center of the ring, while the children join hands and dance in a circle to the right. If a helper has been secured, he is the farmer for the next game; otherwise the "favorite" must assume the responsibility.

MARCHING GAME

Children stand in a double row and suit their actions to the words of the first eight measures. Presuming there will be ten players, we will make the rows of five each. Then comes the march. Imagine this is to be done in a square. The first child in the front row and the last of the second row are the leaders. At the beginning of the ninth bar, the front row turns to the right, and the rear row to the left. Each row marches up to the supposedly upper corners, right and left, then to the center, meeting. Here the right leader crosses

first, the two lines march diagonally and the players intersect the other line alternately. Reaching the lower corners, right and left, the leaders turn about face and march to their original positions in time to make the bow as indicated by the words.

CHAIRS TO MEND

Three are chosen to be the "chairman," the "fishman," and the "ragman." The other players sit in a circle, holding small forfeits. Each must remember his own. As the men come around the ring and stop before a boy or girl, a forfeit is given or denied him, as the player chooses. After

they have all sung their parts, the forfeits are put together and divided evenly among the three "men," irrespective of who has received them. As the "chairman" goes around he holds up his forfeits, and the owners must rise and follow him. This continues with the "fishman," and the "ragman," till at the end, it is seen which man has gained the most followers.

GOOD NIGHT

The children line up before being put to bed and sing the song through once. Prayers may follow, then the good night kiss, after which they march "upstairs" singing the song once more.



ENJOYING GOOD MUSIC

BY GRACE GORNER

It was not so long ago that American families had very little opportunity to hear and enjoy the world's best music. They were largely restricted to the music which they could produce themselves, and they rarely got the chance to hear the performances of good orchestras, choruses or soloists.

Today, however, it is quite different. Nearly every home has a radio and many homes have a musical instrument as well. Even the smallest communities enjoy concerts in one form or another. Symphony orchestras dot the land, and we hear good music in our schools and churches, and on our own record-playing machines. We are buying more records of famous compositions today than ever before. It is not hard to understand why we are becoming more and more appreciative of music as an art which brings us increasing enjoyment. The more we listen to music, the more we hear in it; the more familiar a good composition becomes to us, the more beauty we discover in it.

It is not necessary to learn to play or sing in order to listen appreciatively to music. Our ears become trained with repeated hearings, and as we learn interesting facts about the selections, there is a richer understanding of the meaning and the message of music.

Like all the other fine arts, music is an integral part of the history of world civilization. From the ancient days of Greece and Rome, the development of music was bound up in the growth and cultural expansion of each nation and sectional locality of the world. Hardly any selection you can name is without the characteristics of the time and place in which it was written. The difference in historical periods is shown, for example, in the contrast between the simple melody of a Gregorian chant and the gigantic structure of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

So also, is the contrast of national characteristics observed if we listen, say, first to an Irish folk song and then to the music of Hungary or Spain. The use of native rhythms, scale formations, folk songs and dances gives us a vast variety in the music of all nations. Soon

we find that we can recognize the outstanding characteristics of each nation's music as we become more familiar with it.

We hear many other interesting things in music, too, as our listening skill improves. Of course, anyone can tell the difference between vocal and instrumental numbers, or between solo and ensemble performances. But we find there are other differences, as well, in the quality and the range of a tenor voice as compared to the bass; or in that of a soprano, and a mezzo-soprano and contralto. The choruses are made up of sections representing these same varying ranges—the tenor, bass, soprano and alto sections. We hear them combined in harmony like a full, well-built chord.

In the orchestra, the separate instruments blend into the same harmonious musical whole, a fusing of various ranges from high to low. There are the sections of stringed instruments, brass, woodwinds and percussion instruments. Among the strings, the first violins are the highest; then come the second violins and the violas—the alto section. Next lower are the cellos, played at the knee, and the lowest of the strings are the bass viols, played standing up.

The trumpets are the high voices in the brass department. They have a martial tone, and, with the other brasses, are often used in music which resounds with stirring action. The trombones, slide or valve, have a lower, more mellow sound. The French horn has a long tube, coiled for convenience, and its tone is reminiscent of the mediaeval forests where it was used to summon the riders to the hunt. The lowest of all the brasses is the tuba, familiar to us as the largest instrument in a band or orchestra.

In the wood-wind choir, the tiny piccolo is the member of the fife family and is used for very high, fast passages with shrill, whistling effects. Its bigger brother, the flute, has a lower, sweeter voice, but is gay and frolicsome. It often plays the part of the dancing breezes or the singing birds. There are also the clarinets and bassoons; and the oboe which holds the exclusive right to sound the tuning "A" for the entire ensemble. The oboe has a tone which is

reedy, yet plaintive and tender. It sounds like the pipe of the shepherd played on a far-away hill.

The kettledrum is an interesting and important member of the percussion section. The drums were used in olden days to accentuate the rhythm, but the kettles are unique in that they can be tuned to a definite pitch by loosening or tightening the vellum heads on the brass or copper vessels. The drummers must have a fine sense of time and rhythm and they must have absolute pitch, for it is often necessary to tune the kettledrums while the rest of the orchestra is playing.

The snare drum has a sharp, incisive sound when struck, and is associated with marching music. The big bass drum beats out the accented notes of each measure. Its performer usually has a cluster of accoutrements spread about him to lend to the special effects of the music. If he is well equipped he will have a triangle, tambourine, cymbals, gongs, castanets, chimes and sometimes the celesta—the small keyboard instrument with soft, bell-like tones which Tchaikovsky employed so beautifully.

The harp is one of the oldest stringed instruments, dating back to before Biblical times. It is of an exquisitely curved shape and is plucked with the fingers.

The piano is the ever popular instrument found in most homes. Its strings are struck by hammers, manipulated by the player's fingers on the keyboard.

The largest, most powerful, and perhaps the noblest of all the instruments is the pipe organ. It is one of the oldest and most complicated, and is a gigantic orchestra in itself for each stop represents a different kind of instrument.

These then are the many voices and instruments used by the world's master composers as a medium to convey their musical messages to us, the listeners. The earliest forms of music were primitive, such as the drums beating the communications between tribes or accenting the tribal dances. Then came the simple shepherd's pipe and the lyre, the early harp, which were used to imitate the sounds of nature. Even today, we have beautiful classical examples of musical imitations of the birds, the wind, bells, the rivers, fountains and the sea.

Akin to the music of imitation is descriptive music which describes a scene or story. Its

technical term is "program music." Beethoven tells the story of his visit to the country in his "Pastoral Symphony" and Rimsky-Korsakov paints an oriental pageant in his "Scheherazade." Another program piece so popular with children is "Peter and the Wolf" by Prokofiev.

There is a boundless field of music which does not tell a definite story but which expresses the mood or poetic thought of the composer. We should not try to establish any absolute mental picture from this subtle type of expression, for its meaning can be different to each individual listener. The important thing is to enjoy the music's sheer beauty—its melody, its sparkling or muted color, or its gloriously stirring harmonies. Its mood or meaning may bring varying impressions to each of us, according to the way we think or feel.

It has been said that the mood in music with which we can identify ourselves is the mood to which we respond most easily. Thus, the "Pathétique Symphony" of Tchaikovsky (his famous "Sixth") is well known and well loved for its brooding melancholy. The emotion is quickly recognized and we may feel that it describes our own grief of one time or another. The same is true of the elated, religious fervor of a Bach or Verdi Mass, or the joys of nature as found in Smetana's "The Moldau." We enjoy the mood of the music because we understand it and feel that it is our own mood.

Our pleasure in listening will be keener if we gradually acquire some information about the different forms of composition, and get to understand at least some of the simpler musical terms. We certainly should understand such ordinary names as *opera*, *symphony*, *oratorio*, *concerto*, *sonata*, *etude*, etc. They are common nouns in music literature, the language of the art which we are discovering.

If we find out as much as we can about the composers—their lives and personalities—we shall discover a fund of fascinating stories and facts, giving an added glow to their music. The background or the story behind the music gives it a fuller significance and adds to our appreciation. In other words, the more we learn about good music, the more we shall love to listen to it. And so our more intelligent listening will make music an indispensable part of our daily living.



THE FIRST PIANO LESSON
FROM A PAINTING BY J. A. MUENIER



Lullabies

Cradle Song

English words by F.R.R.

FRANZ SCHUBERT

1. Sweet - ly slum - ber 'neath the or - chard shad - ows, Near thee murm - ring
 2. Sweet - ly slum - ber o'er thine eye - lids ten - der, Or - chard blos - soms
 3. Sweet - ly slum - ber while I bear thee home - ward; Heav'n grows dark - er,

pp

soft the brook - lets flows; Winds of spring - time gen - tly lull thee
 waft their fra - grant snows; May they wake not may - they bring thee
 cold an east wind blows; In these arms sleep soft - ly, dar - ling

Moth - er's dar - ling, moth - er's op - 'ning rose.
 An - gel vi - sions, dew - y, deep re - pose.
 Moth - er's love, no change no cold - ness knows.

Gaelic Lullaby

arr. by
W. J. BALTZELL

Hush! the waves are
Hush! the winds roar
Hush! the rain sweeps

roll - ing in, White with foam, white with foam,
hoarse and deep, On they come, on they come;
o'er the knowes Where they roam, where they roam;

Fa - ther toils a - mid the din, But ba - by sleeps, —
Broth - er seeks the wan-d'ring sheep, But ba - by sleeps, —
Sis - ter goes to seek the cows, But ba - by sleeps, —

sleeps, — Ba - by sleeps — at home. —
sleeps, — Ba - by sleeps — at home. —
sleeps, — Ba - by sleeps — at home. —

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French Cradle Song

arr. by W. J. B.

Andante (♩ = 66)

Hush! my ba-by, sleep; Soon my lit-tle child will slum-ber.

Hush! don't ev-en peep, But go right to sleep, my dear.

Ho-ly Moth-er, let me pray, Rock my lit-tle child to sleep,

That he soon may crawl and creep, And may say "pa-pa," "mam-ma."

Fine

Fine

D.C.

D.C.

Alfred Tennyson

Sweet and Low

J. Barnby

pp

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee

pp

sf *p*

sea; — Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern
soon; — Rest, rest, on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee

mf *p*

sea; — O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go,
soon; — Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest,

mf

pp *f*

Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

pp *f*

rall. e dim. *pp*

me, — While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. —
 moon — Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep my pret - ty one, sleep. —

Now the Day is Over

S. BARING-GOULD

J. BARNBY

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh; —
 2. Now the dark-ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep. —
 3. Je - su, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; —
 4. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of Thee; —

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 Birds, and beasts, and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
 With Thy ten - drest bless - ing May mine eye - lids close.
 Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

5. Through the long night watches
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching 'round my bed.

6. When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise,
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.

Hush, My Babe

J. J. ROUSSEAU
arr. by W. J. B.

Andante (♩ = 54)

Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho-ly an-gels
When from Hea-ven He de-scend-ed, To be-come a

poco rit. *Fine*
guard thy bed. Heav'n-ly bless-ings with-out num-ber
child-like thee.

Gent-ly fall-ing on thy head. How much bet-ter

D.C.
thou'rt at-tend-ed Than the Son of God could be.

Winkum, Winkum

Moderato (♩ = 72)

arr. by W. J. B.

1. Wink - um, Wink - um, shut your eye, Sweet, my ba - by,
2. Chick - ens long have gone to rest, Birds lie snug with -

lul - la - by. For the dew's are fall - ing soft,
in - their nest; And my bird - ie soon will be

Lights are flick - 'ring up a - loft; And the head - lights
Sleep - ing like a chick - a - dee; For with on - ly

peep - ing ov - er Yon - der hill - top - capp'd with clo - ver.
half a try, — Wink - um, Wink - um, shuts her eye. —



NURSERY RHYMES & MOTHER GOOSE

Baa! Baa! Black Sheep

Baa! Baa! Black Sheep, have you an-y wool? Yes, sir!

Yes, sir! Three bags full. One for my mas - ter, And

one for my dame; But none for the naugh-ty boy That cries in the lane.

Ding, Dong, Bell

arr. by W. J. B.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Ding, dong, bell, Pus - sy's in the well. Who put her in?

Lit - tle John - ny Green. Who pulled her out? Lit - tle John - ny Stout. What a

naught - y boy was that to try and drown poor pus - sy cat, Who

ne'er did an - y harm But killed all the mice in his fa - ther's barn.

Sing A Song of Sixpence

J. W. ELLIOTT
Arr. by W. J. B.

Moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Sing a song of six - pence, A pock - et full of rye,
The King was in his count - ing house Count - ing out his mon - ey, The

Four and twen - ty black - birds bak'd in a pie.
Queen was in the par - lor eat - ing bread and hon - ey, The

When the pie was op - en'd The birds be - gan to sing,
maid was in the gar - den Hang - ing out the clothes,

Was - n't that a dain - ty dish to set be - fore a King?
When up came a black - bird and nipped - off her nose.

Pop Goes the Weasel

Allegro (♩ = 104)

arr. by W. J. B.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Allegro' with a quarter note equal to 104 beats per minute. The lyrics are: 'All a-round the cob-bler's bench The mon-key chased the wea-sel; The mon-key thought 'twas all in fun, Pop! goes the wea-sel. I've no time to wait or sigh, No pa-tience to wait till by and by; Kiss me quick, I'm off, good-by, Pop! goes the wea-sel.' The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, often in triplets, and includes various fingering and articulation markings such as accents, slurs, and finger numbers (1-5).

All a-round the cob-bler's bench The mon-key chased the wea-sel; The

mon-key thought 'twas all in fun, Pop! goes the wea-sel.

I've no time to wait or sigh, No pa-tience to wait till by and by;

Kiss me quick, I'm off, good-by, Pop! goes the wea-sel.

Humpty Dumpty

I

arr. by W. J. B.

Moderato (♩. = 54)

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty
 had a great fall; All the King's horses and
 all the King's men Could'n't put Humpty to - geth - er a - gain.

legato

f *poco rit.*

f *poco rit.*

Humpty Dumpty

II

Moderato (♩. = 54)

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty

f

had a great fall; All the King's hors-es and all the King's men

poco rit.

Could - nt put Hump - ty to - geth - er a - gain.

poco rit.

Jack and Jill

J. W. ELLIOTT
arr. by W. J. B.

Moderato (♩. = 66)

1. Jack and Jill Went up the hill To fetch a pail of wa - ter;
2. Up Jack got, And home did trot, As fast as he could cap - er;
3. Jill came in, And she did grin To see his pa - per plas - ter;

Jack fell down, And broke his crown, And Jill came tumb - ling af - ter.
Went to bed, To mend his head With vin - e - gar and brown pa - per.
Moth - er, vex'd, Did whip her next, For caus - ing Jack's dis - as - ter.

Old King Cole

Allegretto (♩ = 88)

arr. by W. J. B.

Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was

he; He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl, And he

called for his fid - dlers - three. Ev - 'ry - fid - dler -

had a - fid - dle, And a ver - y fine fid - dle had he. Oh, there's

none so rare as can com - pare With King Cole and his fid - dlers three.

Dickory Dock

Moderato (♩ = 63)

arr. by W. J. B.

Hick - o - ry, dick - o - ry dock, The

mouse ran up the clock; The clock struck one, The

mouse ran down, Hick - o - ry, dick - o - ry dock.

Tom, the Piper's Son

arr. by W. J. B.

Allegro (♩ = 100)

Tom, Tom, the pi - per's son, Stole a - pig and a -

way did run. The pig was eat, and Tom was beat, And

Tom ran - - cry - ing down the street.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro' with a metronome indication of 100 beats per minute. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and fingerings. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

I Love Little Pussy

JANE TAYLOR

Andantino (♩ = 120)

J. W. ELLIOTT

arr. by W. J. B.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andantino' with a note value of 120 beats per minute. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5). The word 'legato' is written under the first piano staff. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

I love lit - tle Pus - sy, her coat is so warm, And.
 I'll pat lit - tle Pus - sy, and then she will purr, And.
 I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her paw, Lest.

if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm; So I'll
 thus show her thanks for my kind - ness to her; She shall
 I should pro - voke her to use her sharp claw; I

not pull her tail, nor drive her a - way, But
 sit by my side, and I'll give her some food, And she'll
 nev - er will vex her, nor make her dis - pleased, For

pus - sy and I ve - ry gent - ly will play.
 love me be - cause I am gen - tle and good.
 pus - sies don't like to be wor - ried or teased.

Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?

Allegro (♩ = 88)

arr. by W. J. B.

Oh, dear, what can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear, what can the mat-ter be?
 Oh, dear, what can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear, what can the mat-ter be?

The first system of the score features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Allegro' with a quarter note equal to 88 beats per minute. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words split across two lines.

Oh, dear, what can the mat-ter be? John - ny's so long at the
 Oh, dear, what can the mat-ter be? John - ny's so long at the

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part includes various musical notations such as triplets and slurs. The lyrics continue, with 'John - ny's' appearing in the second line.

fair. — He prom-ised to buy me a trin-ket to please me, An'
 fair. He prom-ised to bring me a bas-ket of pos-sies, A

The third system shows the continuation of the song. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass. The lyrics include 'fair.', 'He prom-ised to buy me a trin-ket to please me, An'', and 'fair. He prom-ised to bring me a bas-ket of pos-sies, A'.

then for a smile, Oh he vowed he would teaseme, He prom-ised to bring me a
 gar-land of lil-ies, A gift of red ros-es, A lit-tle strawhat to set

The fourth system concludes the piece on this page. The piano part continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The lyrics end with 'then for a smile, Oh he vowed he would teaseme, He prom-ised to bring me a', 'gar-land of lil-ies, A gift of red ros-es, A', and 'lit-tle strawhat to set'.

poco rit.

bunch of blue rib - bons To tie up my bon - nie brown hair. —
off the blue rib - bons That tie up my bon - nie brown hair.

poco rit.

1 5

Hey, Diddle, Diddle

Moderato (♩ = 69)

J. W. ELLIOTT
arr. by W. J. B.

Hey, did - dle, did - dle, The cat and the fid - dle, The

staccato r. h.

1 3 2 5 4 2

cow jumped ov - er the moon; — The lit - tle dog laughed to

1 3 2 5 4 2

see such sport, And the dish ran af - ter the spoon. —

1 2 1 3 2 1 4 5

Polly Put the Kettle On

Moderato (♩ = 88)

arr. by W. J. B.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is Moderato with a quarter note equal to 88 beats per minute.

System 1: The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on,". The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand with slurs and fingerings (4, 3, 4, 2) and a bass line with fingerings (3, 2, 3, 4).

System 2: The vocal line continues with "Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, We'll all have tea." The piano accompaniment continues with similar melodic and harmonic patterns, including fingerings like 4, 1, 2, 1, 2, 1, 2, 3.

System 3: The vocal line has the lyrics "Su - key, take it off a - gain, Su - key, take it off a - gain,". The piano accompaniment includes more complex figures with fingerings such as 5, 3, 2, 4, 5, 1, 4, 2.

System 4: The final system contains the lyrics "Su - key, take it off a - gain, They've all gone a - way." The piano accompaniment concludes with sustained chords and moving lines, with fingerings like 4, 2, 3, 2, 1, 7.

Little Boy Blue *

W. W. GILCHRIST

Little boy blue, come, blow your horn, The

sheep's in the mea-dow, the cow's in the corn. Where

is the lit-tle boy—that looks af-ter the sheep?

He's un-der the hay-cock, fast a-sleep.

*From "Children's Songs and How to Sing Them," by Wm. L. Tomlins; used by arrangement with Oliver Ditson Company, owner of the Copyright.

Apples Ripe

Andante (♩ = 69)

arr. by W. J. B.

Ap - ples ripe, ap - ples ripe, Who will buy my ap - ples ripe?

Ap - ples ripe, Ap - ples ripe, I will buy your ap - ples ripe.

The musical score for 'Apples Ripe' is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante' with a quarter note equal to 69 beats per minute. The piano part consists of a steady bass line in the left hand and a more active treble line with chords and eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'Ap - ples ripe, ap - ples ripe, Who will buy my ap - ples ripe?' and 'Ap - ples ripe, Ap - ples ripe, I will buy your ap - ples ripe.'

Mistress Mary

Allegretto moderato

Mis - tress Ma - ry, quite con - tra - ry, How does your gar - den grow? With

cock - le - shells, and sil - ver bells, And fair maids all in a row.

The musical score for 'Mistress Mary' is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto moderato'. The score includes dynamic markings: *mp* (mezzo-piano), *p* (piano), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand, and a simpler bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'Mis - tress Ma - ry, quite con - tra - ry, How does your gar - den grow? With cock - le - shells, and sil - ver bells, And fair maids all in a row.'

There Was a Little Boy and a Little Girl

arr. by W. J. B.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

There was a lit - tle boy and a lit - tle girl lived in our
al - ley. - Says the lit - tle boy to the lit - tle girl, "Shall I, oh,
shall I?" Says the lit - tle girl to the lit - tle boy, "What would you
do?" Says the lit - tle boy to the lit - tle girl, "I will kiss you!"

Little Rose-Bud

Andante

p

1. Down in a thorn - y for - est glade, One hun - dred
 2. Then comes a Prince up - on his steed, Gal - lop - ing
 3. Rous'd from her sleep, the maid - en fair Gives him a

years there slept a maid; There, all the flies a nap did
 thro' the thorn - y mead; O - pens the cas - tle por - tals
 lock of gold - en hair; Up jump the flies and dance with

take, Hors - es and sheep, all lay a -
 wide, Nev - er a - fraid, seeks out the
 glee, Hors - es and sheep wake from their

sleep, Ev - en the fire could not keep a - wake.
 maid, Kiss - es the love - ly sleep - ing bride.
 sleep, While the bright fire burns mer - ri - ly.

p

If All The World Were Paper

Not too fast

If all the world were pa - per, And all the sea were
 ink — And all the trees were bread and cheese, What should we do for drink?

The musical score for 'If All The World Were Paper' is in 6/8 time. The melody is in G major. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5.

Little Jack Horner

Lively

Lit-tle Jack Hor-ner Sat in a cor - ner Eat-ing a Christ-mas pie. — He
 put in his thumb And pulled out a plum, And said: 'What a good boy am I!'

The musical score for 'Little Jack Horner' is in 6/8 time. The melody is in G major. The piano accompaniment is lively, with a fast eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5.

Three Blind Mice

(In Song Form)

Arr. by W. J. B.

Moderato

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a piano accompaniment (left hand) and a vocal line (right hand). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

System 1:

Vocal: 1. Three small mice, Pined for some
2. Three bold mice, Came to an

System 2:

Vocal: fun; Three small mice,
Inn; Three bold mice,

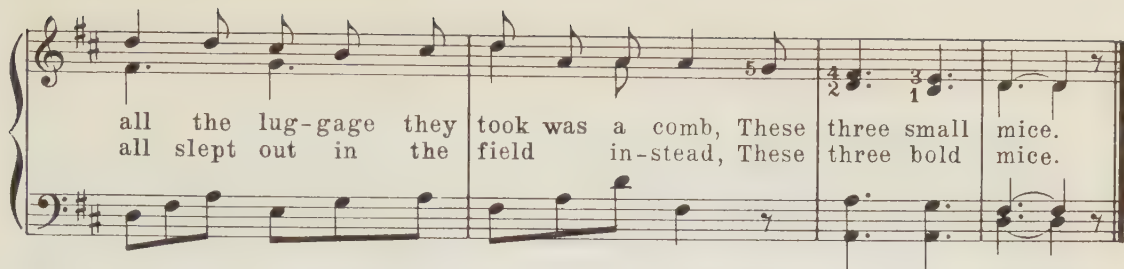
System 3:

Vocal: Pined for some fun; They made up their minds to set
Came to an Inn; "Good Eve - ning, Host can you

System 4:

Vocal: out to roam, Said they "Tis dull to re - main at home," And
give us a bed?" But the Host he grinned and he shook his head; So they

Complete version of "Ye Three Blind Mice," by John W. Ivimey
Used by permission of the publishers, Frederick Warne & Co., Ltd.



Three Cold Mice

Woke up next morn;

They each had a cold and a swollen face,
Through sleeping all night in an open space;
So they rose quite early and left the place,
These three Cold Mice.

Three Hungry Mice

Searched for some food

But all they found was a walnut shell
That lay by the side of a dried-up well;
Who had eaten the nut they could not tell,
These three Hungry Mice.

Three Starved Mice

Came to a Farm.

The Farmer was eating some bread and cheese;
So they all went down on their hands and knees,
And squeaked, "Pray, give us a morsel, please,"
These three Starved Mice.

Three Glad Mice

Ate all they could;

They felt so happy they danced with glee;
But the Farmer's Wife came in to see
What might this merry-making be
Of three Glad Mice.

Three Poor Mice

Soon changed their tone.

The Farmer's Wife said, "What are you at,
And why were you capering round like that?
Just wait a minute: I'll fetch the Cat."
Oh dear! Poor Mice.

Three Scared Mice

Ran for their lives;

They jumped out on to the window ledge;
The mention of "Cat" set their teeth on edge;
So they hid themselves in the bramble hedge,
These three Scared Mice.

Three Sad Mice

What could they do?

The bramble hedge was most unkind:
It scratched their eyes and made them blind,
And soon each Mouse went out of his mind,
These three Sad Mice.

Three Blind Mice

See how they run.

They all ran after the Farmer's Wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving knife,
Did you ever see such a sight in your life
As three Blind Mice?

Three Sick Mice

Gave way to tears;

They could not see and they had no end;
They sought a Chemist and found a Friend.
He gave them some "Never too late to mend,"
These three Sick Mice.

Three Wise Mice

Rubbed rubbed away;

And soon their tails began to grow,
And their eyes recovered their sight, you know;
They looked in the glass and it told them so,
These three Wise Mice.

Three Proud Mice

Soon settled down.

The name of their house I cannot tell,
But they've learnt a trade and are doing well.
If you call upon them ring the bell
Three times twice.

Little Miss Muffitt

Lively

Lit-tle Miss Muffitt Sat on a tuf-fet Eat-ing some curds and whey. There
 came a great spi-der, And sat down be-side her And frightened Miss Muffitt a-way.

The musical score for 'Little Miss Muffitt' is written in 6/8 time. The melody is on a single treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is on grand staves (treble and bass). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Lively'. The lyrics are written below the melody. The piano part features various chords and single notes, with some fingerings indicated by numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat

Lively

Pus-sy cat, pus-sy cat, Where have you been? I've been to Lon-don to vis-it the Queen.
 Pus-sy cat, pus-sy cat, What did you there? I fright-ened a lit-tle mouse un-der the chair.

The musical score for 'Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat' is written in 6/8 time. The melody is on a single treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is on grand staves (treble and bass). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Lively'. The lyrics are written below the melody. The piano part features various chords and single notes, with some fingerings indicated by numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

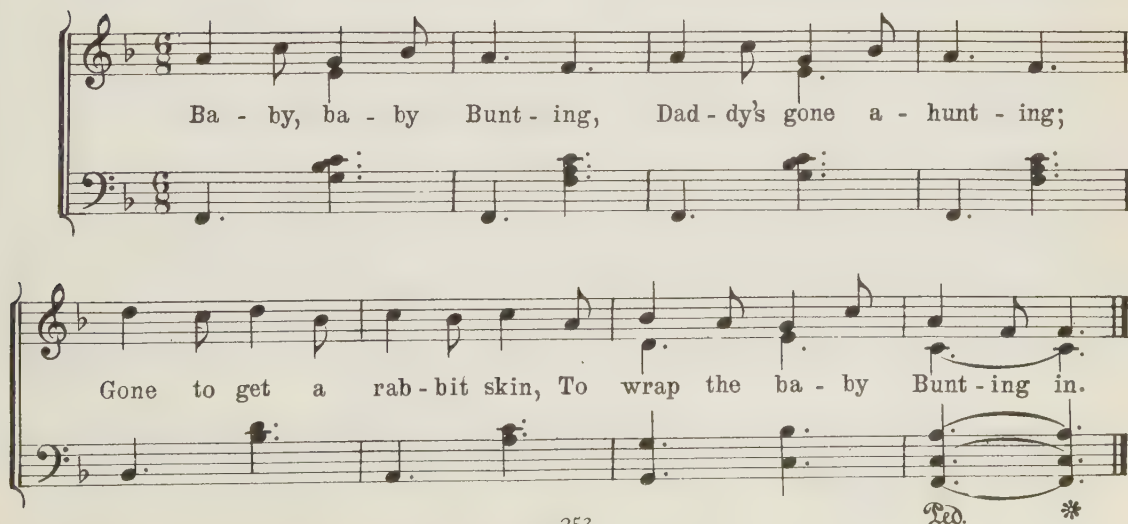
Cock-a-doodle-doo



Cock - a - doo - dle - doo! My dame has lost her shoe! My
 Cock - a - doo - dle - doo! What is my dame to do? If
 Cock - a - doo - dle - doo! My dame has found her shoe! And

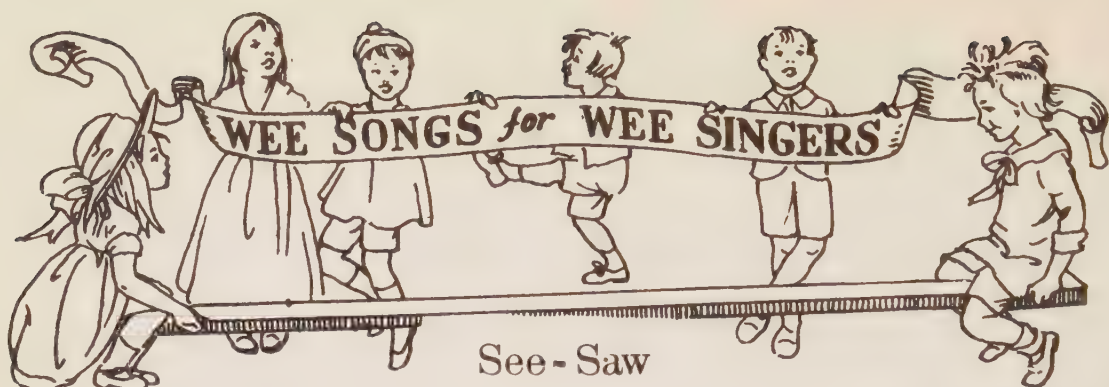
mas - ter's lost his fid - dling stick, And we don't know what to do!
 mas - ter finds his fid - dling stick, She'll dance with out her shoe.
 mas - ter's found his fid - dling stick, So she will dance with you.

Baby Bunting



Ba - by, ba - by Bunt - ing, Dad - dy's gone a - hunt - ing;
 Gone to get a rab - bit skin, To wrap the ba - by Bunt - ing in.

Ted. *



Words and Music by
JEAN TAYLOR

Moderately fast

See - saw! Let us play go-ing a-shop-ping this sun-shin - y day, To

buy some love - ly toys, For ve-ry good lit-tle girls_and boys !

From "Song and Play" by Jean Taylor; Copyright 1920 by Jean Taylor; published by E.W. Wilcox, New York. Used by permission.

Good Morning, Merry Sunshine

Allegretto (♩ = 80)

arr. by W. J. B.

Good morn-ing, mer - ry sun-shine, How did you wake so
 I nev - er go to sleep, dear child, I just go 'round to

soon? You've scared the lit - tle stars a - way And shined a - way the
 see My lit - tle chil-dren of the east Who rise and watch for

moon; I saw you go to sleep last night Be - fore I ceased my
 me; I wak - en - all the birds and bees And flow-ers on my

play-ing; How did you get 'way ov - er there, And where have you been stay - ing?
 way, And last of all the lit - tle child Who stayed out late to play. -

Soldiers Marching

Words and Music by
JEAN TAYLOR

Gaily and with energy

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'See the sol - diers, Here they come! March - ing all to - geth - er They are brave, and fight or drill In all kinds of weath - er, I should like to be a mar,'. The piano accompaniment features a steady march rhythm with chords and moving lines in both hands.

See the sol - diers, Here they come! March - ing all to -

geth - er They are brave, and fight or drill

In all kinds of weath - er, I should like to be a mar,

March - ing, fight - ing, drill - ing, Play the fife or

beat the drum, Oh my! that would be thrill - ing!

See the sol - diers, Here they come! Bands are gai - ly play - ing, While

cresc.
all the peo - ple cheer and cheer the love - ly ban - ners sway - ing!

cresc. *rit.* *ff*

The Child and the Star

Andante con moto e tranquillo

p

1. Lit - tle star that shines so bright, Come and peep at me to-night, For I
 2. Lit - tle star! O tell me, pray, Where you hide your-self all day? Have you
 3. Lit - tle child! at you I peep While you lie so fast a - sleep; But when
 4. For I've ma - ny friendson high, Liv - ing with me in the sky; And a

cresc.

of - ten watch for you In the pret - ty sky so blue.
 got a home like me, And a fa - ther kind to see?
 morn be - gins to break, I my home - ward jour - ney take.
 lov - ing Fa - ther, too, Who com - mands what I'm to do.

p *ten.*

Little Drops of Water

Moderato (♩ = 54)

arr. by W. J. B.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, —
 2. And the lit - tle mo - ments, Hum - ble though they be, —
 3. So our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way —
 4. Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness, Lit - tle words of love, —
 5. Lit - tle seeds of mer - cy, Sown by youth - ful hands, —

Make the might - y o - cean And the beau - teous land.____
 Make the might - y a - ges Of e - tern - i - ty.____
 From the paths of vir - tue, Oft in sin - to stray.____
 Make our earth an E - den Like the Heav'n a - bove.____
 Grow to bless the na - tions Far in heath - en lands.____

Which Way Does the Wind Blow?

MARY LAMB

arr. by W. J. B.

Allegretto (♩=120)

Which way does the wind blow, And where does he go? He
 O'er wood and o'er val - ley, And ov - er the height: Where
 He rag - es and toss - es, When bare is the tree, As,
 But from whence he com - eth, Or whith - er he goes, There's

rides o'er the wa - ter, And ov - er the snow.
 goats can - not tra - verse, He tak - eth his flight.
 when you look up - ward, You plain - ly may see.
 no - one can tell you, There's no - one that knows.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

JANE TAYLOR

arr. by W. J. B.

Andante (♩ = 72)

1. Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star, How I won-der what you are.
 2. When the glor-ious sun is set, And the grass with dew is wet,
 3. Then the trav-eler in the dark Thanks you for your ti-ny spark;
 4. In the dark-blue sky you keep, While you through my cur-tains peep,

Up a - bove the world so high, Like a dia-mond in the sky.
 Then you show your lit-tle light, Twin-kle, twin-kle, all the night.
 He could not see where to go, If you did not twin-kle so.
 And you nev-er shut your eye, Till the sun is in the sky.

Refrain

Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star, How I won-der what you are.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante' with a quarter note equal to 72 beats per minute. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first four lines of the song, with lyrics for four different verses. The second system contains the next four lines of the song. The third system contains the refrain. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with chords and single notes, and a left hand with a continuous eighth-note pattern. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. Dynamics include piano (P) and piano fortissimo (P^{ff}).

Balloons

M. R. KERN

Too - too, too - too, The bal - loon man's go - ing by. If I

had a sil - ver pen - ny, A red one I would buy. A -

gleam in the sun - shine, How beau - ti - ful and gay!

Hold the strings tight - ly Or they'll all sail a - way.

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Baby Bye, Here's a Fly

THEODORE TILTON

G. B. LOOMIS
arr. by W. J. B.

Allegro (♩ = 132)

1. Ba - by bye, here's a fly, We will watch him,
2. Spots of red dot his head; Rain - bows on his
3. Black and brown is his gown, He can wear it

you and I. How he crawls up the walls,
wings are spread! That small speck is his neck -
up - side down! It is laced round his waist,

Yet he nev - er falls. I be - lieve, with
See him nod and beck! I can show you,
I ad - mire his taste! Pret - ty as his

those six legs, You and I could walk on eggs!
if you choose, Where to look to find his shoes:
clothes are made, He will spoil them, Im a - afraid,

There he goes, on his toes, Tick - ling ba - by's nose.
Three small pairs, made of hairs, These he al - ways wears.
If to - night he gets sight Of the can - dle light.

4. In the sun, webs are spun:
What if he gets into one?
When it rains, he complains
On the window-panes.
Tongues to talk have you and I;
God has giv'n the little fly
No such things; so he sings
With his buzzing wings.

6. Round and round, on the ground,
On the ceiling he is found.
Catch him? No; let him go.
Never hurt him so!
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk.
Fie! oh, fie! foolish fly!
How will you get dry?

5. He can eat bread and meat
See his mouth between his feet!
On his back is a sack
Like a peddler's pack.
Does the baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand.
Put a crumb on her thumb,
Maybe he will come.

7. All wet flies twist their thighs;
So they wipe their heads and eyes.
Cats, you know, wash just so;
Then their whiskers grow!
Flies have hair too small to comb;
Flies go all bareheaded home;
But the gnat wears a hat:
Do you laugh at that?

8. Flies can see more than we;
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly, mind your eye,
Spiders are near by.
For a secret I can tell,
Spiders will not treat you well.
Haste away, do not stay.
Little fly, good-day!

Flying Kites

This rhythm may be used with or without the words

JEAN TAYLOR

Andante piu tosto allegretto

poco a poco cresc.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major, 6/8 time. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Andante piu tosto allegretto' and the dynamics 'poco a poco cresc.'.

The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a melisma 'so' and then continues with the lyrics 'I send my kite up like a bird to fly'. The piano accompaniment includes a left-hand part marked 'l.h.' and 'mf'.

mf
l.h.
I send my kite up like a bird to fly so

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'high so high As I un-wind the'.

high so high As I un-wind the

The third system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'string that lets it out the lit - tle winds love toss - ing it a -'.

string that lets it out the lit - tle winds love toss - ing it a -

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bout *p* I send my kite up like a bird to
8va ad lib.

fly so high so high And

when it's sailed and sailed as light as foam *l.h.* I'll

wind and wind and bring my dear kite home. *rit.* *dim.*

Mother Take Me to the Zoo

GRACE PERKINS

Brightly

p

1. The mon-key is a wise one, he knows a thing or two; He
 2. The por-cu-pine is fun-ny, he likes to stick a-round; He's
 3. The hip-po is e-nor-mous, with great big fin-ger nails; His
 4. The el-e-phant's a queer one; but we are al-ways friends, His

p

likes to scratch and al-ways catch A flea be fore he's thru. The
 full of pins and when he grins His whis-kers touch the ground. The
 ears they shake like jel-ly cake, He dines on gnats and snails. The
 tail is where his nose should be, He's got a tail on both ends. I

bears are hand-some crea-tures, I guess they weigh a ton! They
 li-on is a big one, his head is main-ly mane! He's
 snake is long and shin-y, he's noth-in' else but tail! He's
 sure do like the os-trich, all dressed in bal-let skirts! His

lick their paws and smack their jaws And wab-ble when they run. I
 ver - y bad, and when he's mad He roars and rais - es cain! I
 full of spots and sail - or's knots; His tum-my's al - ways pale! The
 plumes they take, it's a big mis - take; It is - n't ver - y nice! But

would-n't be a bear be-cause, I guess it's not much fun!
 guess if he should both - er you, You'd get an aw-ful pain!
 keep - er says that when he's sick, They feed him gin-ger ale!
 la - dies al-ways must have feath-ers, At most an - y price!

Moth - er take me to the zoo, To the zoo, to the zoo!

Moth - er take me to the zoo! I want to see the an-i-mals there.

Doll's Cradle-Song

CARL REINECKE

Andantino

Sleep, Dol-ly, sleep, Soft-ly re- pose

Sleep, Dol-ly, sleep, Your lit- tle eye- lids close.

Whilst in school I am sigh- ing, You in bed are ly- ing;

And have all the day, Time e-nough for play. Sleep, Dol-ly, sleep,

Soft - ly re - pose Sleep, Dol - ly, sleep, Your lit - tle eye - lids

close. Hush, my pret - ty, go to sleep! While I sing you of the sheep,

And the lamb that went to - wan - der With the goose and

wid - dling, wad - dling gan - der. Sleep, my Dol - ly, sleep!

Little Robin Redbreast

Lit-tle Rob-in Redbreast sat up on a tree, Up — went —
 Lit-tle Rob-in Redbreast jump'd up on - a wall, Pus - sy cat jump'd

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two lines of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic structure with some triplet figures in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

Pus-sy cat, and down — went — he; Down — came — Pus - sy cat, a -
 af-ter him and almost got a fall; Lit-tle Rob-in chirp'd and sang, and

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line includes a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic patterns, including a triplet in the right hand.

way — Rob-in ran, Says lit-tle Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can!"
 what did Pus-sy say? Pus-sy cat said "Mew" and Rob-in flew a - way.

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with a final note. The piano accompaniment features a final chord and some triplet figures in the right hand.

My Kiddie Car

(Dear Mama)

GEORGE H. GARTLAN

Waltz time

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef for the piano accompaniment and a single treble clef for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Waltz time' and the dynamics include 'p' (piano). The lyrics are: 'In my Kid-die car, In my Kid-die car, Ri-ding up and down the street, Where all the chil-dren are, Al- though I love my car, I don't go ver-y far, Be- cause I love to pass my house And wave to dear Ma - ma.' The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes chords and single notes, with some measures featuring a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The vocal line is written in a simple, child-friendly style with a treble clef.

p

In my Kid-die car, In my Kid-die car,

Ri-ding up and down the street, Where all the chil-dren are, Al-

though I love my car, I don't go ver-y far, Be-

cause I love to pass my house And wave to dear Ma - ma.

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Singing

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

JEAN TAYLOR

Allegro ma non troppo

Of speck - led eggs the — bird - ie sings, And —

con bravura

nests a-mong the trees; The sail - or sings of —

piu mosso

ropes — and things In — ships up - on the seas. The

piu mosso

p

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cresc.

chil - dren — sing in — far — Ja - pan, The

meno mosso

p with delicacy

cresc.

a tempo

molto espressivo

chil - dren sing — in Spain; The or - gan with the

a tempo

molto espressivo
ff sost.

rit.

or - gan man Is sing - ing in the rain.

rit.

The Train

Words and Music by
JOSEPHINE HILTY

Fast

(Spoken)

Choo choo . choo choo choo choo choo choo

cresc. - pp

The first system of the musical score for 'The Train'. It features a vocal line in G major, 6/8 time, with a tempo marking of 'Fast' and a performance instruction '(Spoken)'. The vocal line consists of a series of eighth notes with lyrics 'Choo choo . choo choo choo choo choo choo'. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment. The piano part has a treble and bass staff. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The treble staff has a series of rests, with a performance instruction '*cresc. - pp*' written below it.

choo choo whis-tle and blow, Pull out the lev-er and

p

fp

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'choo choo whis-tle and blow, Pull out the lev-er and'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The treble staff has a series of chords. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo marking '*p*' is above the vocal line, and '*fp*' is below the piano part.

mer-ri-ly go; Down the val-ley and up the hill,

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'mer-ri-ly go; Down the val-ley and up the hill,'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The treble staff has a series of chords. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

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Speed - ing a - long with a right good will. Choo choo

whis - tle and blow, Pull out the lev - er and mer - ri - ly go.

p Down the val - ley up the *cresc.*

f hill Ding - dong - ding - dong - Sch! sch! Home. *f*

The Cow

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

JEAN TAYLOR

Moderato

The friend-ly cow all

red and white, I— love with all my heart; She

gives me cream with all her might, To eat with ap - ple tart. She

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wan - ders low-ing here and there, And yet she can - not stray, All

in the pleasant o - pen air, The pleas-ant light of day. And

blown by all the winds that pass, And wet with all the showers, She

walks a - mong the mead-ow grass, And eats the mead-ow flowers.

The North Wind Doth Blow

Andantino (♩ = 48)

arr. by W. J. B.

1. The North Wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And
 2. The North Wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And
 3. The North Wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And

what will the Rob-in do then, poor thing? He'll sit in a barn And
 what will the swal-low do then, poor thing? Oh, do you not know He has
 what will the hon-ey bee do, poor thing? In his hive he will stay Till the

keep him-self warm, And hide his head un-der his wing, poor thing!
 gone long a-go, To a coun-try much warm-er than ours, poor thing!
 colds passed a-way, And then he'll come out in the Spring, poor thing!

mf *rit.*

mf *rit.*

* Simplified

5 4 2 1 4 3

4. The North Wind doth blow,
 And we shall have snow,
 And what will the dormouse do then, poor thing? And what will the children do then, poor things?
 Rolled up like a ball
 In his nest, snug and small,
 He'll sleep till warm weather comes back, poor thing? And play till they make themselves warm, poor things!
5. The North Wind doth blow,
 And we shall have snow,
 And what will the children do then, poor things?
 When lessons are done
 They'll jump, skip, and run,
 And play till they make themselves warm, poor things!

Playing Store

E. D. WATKINS

A. M. R. SCHMIDT

Quite lively *mf*

Come to our store, it's the best in the

land; We've the ni-cest mud pies and sug-ar of sand;

Red and white clo-ver and ber-ries so good, And but-ter in

lit-tle round piec-es of wood, Come! Come! Come!

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The Toyman's Shop

EMILIE POULSSON

MILDRED J. HILL

Joyously

1. Oh, who will take a walk with me The toy-man's won-drous
2. Such dolls and hors-es great and small! Such drums, and ev-'ry

shop to see? So ma-ny, ma-ny pret-ty toys He
sort of ball! Such games and dish-es, carts, and boats! Pi-

In rollicking style

has for lit-tle girls and boys. The toy-man's shop, oh,
an-es, too, with tink-ling notes! The toy-man's shop, oh,

From "Holiday Songs" by Emilie Poulsson, published by Milton Bradley Co., used by permission.

THE TOYMAN'S SHOP

ho! oh, ho! That's where all chil - dren love to go; The

The first system of the musical score for 'The Toyman's Shop'. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The vocal line begins with 'ho! oh, ho!' and continues with 'That's where all chil - dren love to go; The'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

toy-man's shop, oh, ho! oh, ho! That's where all chil - dren love to go.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'toy-man's shop, oh, ho! oh, ho! That's where all chil - dren love to go.' The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic patterns, ending with a double bar line.

3. We'll play that Santa Claus is here,
 And says to us: "Now, children dear,
 Just look around on every shelf
 And choose a toy to please yourself."
 The toyman's shop, oh, ho! oh, ho!
 That's where the children love to go.

4. And when each little girl and boy
 Has chosen out a pretty toy,
 We'll take the toys and haste away,
 And with them have a merry play.
 The toyman's shop, oh, ho! oh, ho!
 That's where the children love to go.

A Funny Fiddler

HENRIETTA R. ELLIOTT

JEAN TAYLOR

Lightly, with spirit

What a smart lit-tle fel - low a crick-et— must be, For
But then if a crick-et should hap-pen- to feel Like

The first system of the musical score for 'A Funny Fiddler'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

if what they tell us is true, When he seems to be sing-ing he's
danc-ing, how fine it would be, For with two of his legs he could

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

fid-dling in-stead, Which must be much hard-er to do.
fid-dle the tune, And dance with the oth-ers, you see.

The third system of the musical score, concluding the piece. It features a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

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The Snow Man

ALFRED S. GATTY

mf Quickly

Come out, dear Dolly, and make a snow man, Ha! Ha! Ev-er so big; You must work, Dol-ly, as hard as you can, Ha! Ha! Dig, Dol-ly, dig. You get the snow, while I make his head, And pick me two stones for his eyes, We'll try and make him like Un-cle Ned To take dear papa by surprise. We'll make his arms and his legs ver-y stout, Oh! Dear! Won't it be fun, Just as if poor Un-cle Ned had the gout. Quick! Quick! Let's get it done.

The Swing

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

JEAN TAYLOR

Moderato

How do you like to go up in a swing,

cresc.
Up in the air so blue? Oh, I do think it the pleas-ant-est thing,

cresc.

Ev - er a child can do. Up in the air_ and

ff *dim.* *cresc.*

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cresc.

ov - er the wall, Till I can see so wide — Riv - ers and trees and

cresc.

rit. *p atempo*

cat - tle and all, Ov - er the coun - try side, — Till I look down on the

atempo

rit. *p*

gar - den green, Down on the roof so brown Up in the air I go

fly - ing a - gain, Up in the air and down! —

(Let the old cat die)

rit. *dim.* *p* *pp*

The Stars Are Tiny Daisies High

Anon

R. S. PORTER

The stars are ti - ny dai - sies high, Op - 'ning and

shut - ting in — the sky, The dai - sies are the

stars be - low, Twin-king and spark-ling as — they grow.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a grand staff bracket. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are placed below the vocal staff. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a double bar line.

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Grandma's Garden

GRACE PERKINS

Brightly

My Ma was once a lit - tle girl, She
My Grand - ma tells the ni - cest tales, 'Bout

loved when she Ma was and a Pa, girl, Her How

Pa Grand - is pa now came my to Grand - pa court her And her her

Ma head is was my all Grand - ma, My And
a - whirl, And

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Grand - ma has a - round her house a gar - den
Grand - ma says if she'd said "No" when he asked

full of flow'rs, _____ It's such a pret - ty
her to wed, _____ There would - n't be a

place that I could stay there for hours and hours! _____
lit - tle me! Just on - ly the flow - ers in - stead: _____

CHORUS

In my Grand-ma's gar - den, That's the pret - ti - est place. _____ There are
There are

daf-fo-down - dil - lies and dai-sies and lil - ies And pan-sies and
li - laes and phlox and some big hol - ly - hocks And sweet po - sies of

ros - es there In my Grand - ma's gar - den, A
per - fume rare There

rob - in sings "twee, twee, twee, twee" At a bright ear - ly hour he
buz - zes a big Bum - ble Bee And he hums when he sings and they

wa - kens each flow - er by sing - ing for Grand - ma and me!
say that he stings but he nev - er "stang" Grand - ma and me!

The Wind

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

JEAN TAYLOR

Capricciosamente

I saw you toss the kites on high, And
saw the diff - 'rent things you did, But

blow the birds a - bout the sky; And all a - round I heard you pass Like
al - ways you yourself you hid. I felt you push, I heard you call, I

la - die's skirts a - cross the grass. O wind a - blow - ing all day long, O
could not see your - self at all!

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1. 2.

wind that sings so loud a song. 1 loud a song. O you that are so

1. (2) 2. (3)

strong and cold, O blow-er, are you young or old? Are you a beast of

cresc.

field or tree, Or just a strong-er child than me? O wind a-blow-ing

cresc.

all day long, O wind that sings so loud a song.

molto cresc.

rit.

sf > dim.

The Sparrow on the Tree

ALFRED S. GATTY

Not too fast

“Come in, you naugh-ty bird, The rain is, pour-ing
 “Come in, you naugh-ty bird, I see you're ver-y

down, What will you're moth-er do If you sit there and
 cold, So come in here at once, Or I shall have to

drown? You are a ver-y thought-less bird And nev-er think of
 scold. If you stay out I know you'll have the 'rhu-ma-tics' in the

me? “I'm sure I do not care,” said the spar-row on the tree.
 knee? “I'm sure I do not care,” said the spar-row on the tree.

The Hobby Horse

Lively

Let's get up-on our hob-byhorse, And take a ride to - day; We'll

jog a-long o'er hill and dale, To town so far a - way, And

then we'll buy some gro-cer-ies To put in-to our sack, Some

ice-cream cones and can-dy too, And then we'll hur-ry back.

faster

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Blow, Wind, Blow

JEAN TAYLOR

Not too fast

Blow, wind, blow, and go, mill,

go That the mil-ler may grind the corn; That the

bak-er may take it and in-to bread bake it, and

bring us a loaf in the morn! —

The entire song may be played through as an introduction

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A Million Little Diamonds

Anon.

MORTIMER WILSON

Lively

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Lively'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *mp* (mezzo-piano). The piece concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

p A mil-lion lit-tle dia-monds twin-kled
on the trees, And all the lit-tle maid-ens said. "A jew-el, if you
please!" But while they held their hands out-stretced, to catch the dia-monds gay, A
mil-lion lit-tle sun-beams came And stole them all a-way.

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The Carousel

Words and Music by
JEAN TAYLOR

Merrily moderately fast *A little more slowly*

Oh! we

like to go a - rid - ing on the car - ou - sel, Where the

pret - ty lit - tle ponies gai - ly prance, — And the tunes it plays so merrily we

love them well, For they make the chil - dren laugh and dance!

f *rit.* *cresc.* *rit.* *rit. cresc.*

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Animal Crackers

Words and Music by
I. C. HORN

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system includes a piano dynamic marking 'f' at the beginning. The second system includes a piano dynamic marking 'f' at the beginning. The third system includes a piano dynamic marking 'f' at the beginning. The fourth system includes a piano dynamic marking 'f' at the beginning. The lyrics are: "I play 'I'm a might-y hunt-er And a might-y fisherman too." And all I catch in field or lake, I put in - to my Zoo. My Zoo is made of pa-per, My an-i-mals, all quite wee, Are made of sug-ar and flour and wa-ter, For they're on-ly crack-ers, you see!

f

I play "I'm a might-y hunt-er And a might-y fisherman too." And

f

all I catch in field or lake, I put in - to my Zoo. My

f

Zoo is made of pa-per, My an-i-mals, all quite wee, Are

f

made of sug-ar and flour and wa-ter, For they're on-ly crack-ers, you see!

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Jingle Bells

J. PIERPONT
arr. by W. J. B.

Allegro (♩ = 100)

1. Dash - ing thro' the snow, In a
2. A day or two a - go I
3. Now, the ground is white,

one horse o - pen sleigh, O'er the fields we go,
thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fan - nie Bright Was
Go it while you're young, Take the girls to - night, And

Laugh - ing all the way; Bells on bob - tail ring,
seat - ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank, Mis -
sing this sleigh - ing song. Just get a bob - tailed bay, Two -

Mak - ing spir - its bright; What fun it is to ride and sing A
 for - tune seemed his lot, He got in - to a drift - ed bank And
 for - ty for his speed, Then hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And,

Refrain accompanied by jingling glasses

sleigh - ing song to - night!
 we, we got up - sot!
 crack! you'll take the lead.

Jin - gle bells! Jin - gle bells!

Jin - gle all the way! Oh what fun it is to ride in a

1 one horse o - pen sleigh,
 2 one horse o - pen sleigh.

Jolly Old St. Nicholas

arr. by W. J. B.

Andantino (♩ = 69)

1. Jol - ly old St. Nich - o - las, Lean your ear this way!
 2. When the clock is strik - ing twelve, When I'm fast a - sleep,
 3. John - ny wants a pair of skates, Sus - ie wants a dol - ly,

Don't you tell a sin - gle soul What I'm go'ng to say.
 Down the chim - ney, broad and black, With your pack you'll creep.
 Nel - ly wants a sto - ry - book, She thinks dolls are fol - ly.

Christ - mas Eve is com - ing soon. Now, you dear old man,
 All the stock - ings you will find Hang - ing in a row;
 As for me, my lit - tle brain, Is - n't ve - ry bright;

Whis - per what you'll bring to me, Tell me if you can.
 Mine will be the short - est one, You'll be sure to know.
 Choose for me, old San - ta Claus, What you think is right.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Andantino' with a metronome indication of 69 quarter notes per minute. The score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with some triplet figures. The lyrics are arranged in three verses, with the third verse being a variation of the first. The score ends with a final cadence in the piano part.

Lady Moon*

LORD HOUGHTON

CALVIN BRAINERD CADY

1. La - dy moon, la - dy moon, where are you
 2. Are you not tired with roll - ing, and
 3. "Ask me not this, lit - tle child, if you

rov - ing? "O - ver the sea"
 nev - er Rest - ing to sleep?
 love me, You are too bold.

La - dy moon, la - dy moon, Whom are you
 Why look so pale and so sad, as for -
 I must o - bey the dear Fa - ther a -

lov - ing? "All that love me"
 ev - er Wish - ing to weep?
 bove me, And do as I'm told."

* From "Music - Education," by Calvin B. Cady; used by permission.



Now we dance loo - by, loo - by, loo - by, Now we dance loo - by, loo - by,

loo. Now we dance loo. Put your right hand in, Put your left hand in, Put your right hand Put your left hand

out. Then give your right hand a shake, And turn your-self a - bout.
out. Then give your left hand a shake, And turn your-self a - bout.

Moderately fast

1. Up, down! Up, down! All the way to
 2. Up, down! Up, down! All the way to
 3. Up, down! Up, down! All the way to

Lon - don town_ Here we go with ba - by!
 Lon - don town_ See how fast we're go - ing!
 Lon - don town_ Here we are this min - ute!

p I'm the pa - pa, You're the mam - ma, You're the pret - ty
 Feel the jar Of the car? Feel the wind a -
 Rock a chair A - ny - where, When we two are

la - dy! la - dy! la - dy!
 blow - ing? blow - ing? blow - ing?
 in it! in it! in it!

From "St. Nicholas Songs," Copyright, 1885, by the Century Co; used by permission.

London Bridge

arr. by W. J. B.

Moderato (♩=88)

1. Lon - don Bridge is fall - ing down, Fall - ing down, fall - ing down;
 stole my watch, and kept my keys, Kept my keys, kept my keys; You've
 3. Off to pris - on you must go, You must go, you must go;
 4. Take the key and lock her up, Lock her up, lock her up;

Lon - don Bridge is fall - ing down, My fair la - dy! 2. You've
 stole my watch, and kept my keys, My fair la - dy!
 Off to pris - on you must go, My fair la - dy!
 Take the key and lock her up, My fair la - dy!

Rotary swing of the wrist

The Farmer

arr. by W. J. B.

Moderato (♩=72)

Would you know how does the farm - er, Would you know how does the
 Would you know how does the farm - er, Would you know how does the
 Would you know how does the farm - er, Would you know how does the
 Would you know how does the farm - er, Would you know how does the
 Would you know how does the farm - er, Would you know how does the

Rotary swing of the wrist

farm-er, Would you know how does the farm-er Sow his bar-ley and
 farm-er, Would you know how does the farm-er Reap his bar-ley and
 farm-er, Would you know how does the farm-er Thresh his bar-ley and
 farm-er, Would you know how does the farm-er Sift his bar-ley and
 farm-er, Would you know how does the farm-er Take home his bar-ley and

wheat? Look you so, so, does the farm-er, Look you so, so, does the
 wheat? Look you so, so, does the farm-er, Look you so, so, does the
 wheat? Look you so, so, does the farm-er, Look you so, so, does the
 wheat? Look you so, so, does the farm-er, Look you so, so, does the
 wheat? Look you so, so, does the farm-er, Look you so, so, does the

farm-er, Look you so, so, does the farm-er Sow his bar-ley and wheat.
 farm-er, Look you so, so, does the farm-er Reap his bar-ley and wheat.
 farm-er, Look you so, so, does the farm-er Thresh his bar-ley and wheat.
 farm-er, Look you so, so, does the farm-er Sift his bar-ley and wheat.
 farm-er, Look you so, so, does the farm-er Take home his bar-ley and wheat.

Lucy Locket

arr. by W. J. B.

Moderato (♩=76)

Lu - cy Lock - et lost her pock - et, Kit - ty Fish - er found it,
There was not a pen - ny in it, But the rib - bon round it.

The score is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various fingerings and articulations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like 'P' (piano) and 'Cres.' (crescendo). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

The Muffin Man

arr. by W. J. B.

Allegro (♩=112)

Oh, do you know the muf - fin man, The muf - fin man, the
Oh, yes, I know the muf - fin man, The muf - fin man, the
muf - fin man; Oh, do you know the muf - fin man That lives in Dru - ry Lane?
muf - fin man; Oh, yes, I know the muf - fin man That lives in Dru - ry Lane.

The score is in 2/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various fingerings and articulations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like 'P' (piano), 'Cres.' (crescendo), and 'Rit.' (ritardando). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Miss Jennia Jones *

arr. by W. J. B.

1. We've come to see Miss Jen - ni - a Jones, Miss
 2. Miss Jen - nia Jones is wash - ing, Is
 19. What shall we dress her in, in,
 20. Blue is for sail - ors, for

Jen - ni - a Jones, Miss Jen - ni - a Jones, We've come to see Miss
 wash - ing, Is wash - ing; Miss Jen - nia Jones is
 dress her in, dress her in; What shall we
 sail - ors, for sail - ors, Blue is for

Jen - ni - a Jones, And how is she to - day? _____
 wash - ing, And can't be seen to - day. _____
 dress her in, Shall it be blue? _____
 sail - ors, And that will nev - er do. _____

* The remainder of the words and the directions for playing this game will be found on page 218

The Farmer in the Dell

arr. by W. J. B.

Moderato (♩=69)

1. The farm - er in the dell, _____ The
 2. The farm - er choos-es his wife, _____ The
 3. The wife choos-es the child, _____ The

farm - er in the dell, _____ High - o, the
 farm - er choos-es his wife, _____ High - o, the
 wife choos-es the child, _____ High - o, the

der - ry, Oh, The farm - er in the dell. _____
 der - ry, Oh, The farm - er choos-es his wife. _____
 der - ry, Oh, The wife choos-es the child. _____

4. The child chooses the nurse,
 The child chooses the nurse,
 High-o, the derry, Oh,
 The child chooses the nurse.

5. The nurse chooses the dog,
 The nurse chooses the dog,
 High-o, the derry, Oh,
 The nurse chooses the dog.

6. The dog chooses the cat,
 The dog chooses the cat,
 High-o, the derry, Oh,
 The dog chooses the cat.

7. The cat chooses the rat,
 The cat chooses the rat,
 High-o, the derry, Oh,
 The cat chooses the rat.

8. The rat chooses the cheese,
 The rat chooses the cheese,
 High-o, the derry, Oh,
 The rat chooses the cheese.

9. The cheese stands still,
 The cheese stands still,
 High-o, the derry, Oh,
 The cheese stands still

Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush

Moderato (♩=58)

arr. by W. J. B.

(Intro) Here we go round the mul - ber - ry bush, The
 1. This is the way we wash our clothes,
 2. This is the way we iron our clothes,

mul - ber - ry bush the mul - ber - ry bush, Here we go round the
 Wash our clothes, wash our clothes; This is the way we
 Iron our clothes, iron our clothes; This is the way we

mul - ber - ry bush, So ear - ly in the morn - ing.
 wash our clothes, So ear - ly Mon - day morn - ing. *(Intro.)*
 iron our clothes, So ear - ly Tues - day morn - ing. *(Intro.)*

3. This is the way we scrub the floor,
 Scrub the floor, scrub the floor;
 This is the way we scrub the floor,
 So early Wednesday morning. *(Intro.)*

4. This is the way we mend our clothes,
 Mend our clothes, mend our clothes;
 This is the way we mend our clothes,
 So early Thursday morning. *(Intro.)*

5. This is the way we sweep the house,
 Sweep the house, sweep the house,
 This is the way we sweep the house,
 So early Friday morning. *(Intro.)*

6. Thus we play when our work is done,
 Our work is done, our work is done;
 Thus we play when our work is done,
 So early Saturday morning. *(Intro.)*

Soldier Boy

Lively

The musical score for 'Soldier Boy' is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It consists of four systems of music, each featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'Sol - dier boy, sol - dier boy, where are you go - ing, Wav - ing so proud - ly the Red, White, and Blue? I'm go - ing to my Coun - try where du - ty is call - ing, If you'll be a sol - dier boy, you may come too.' The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests, as well as dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The tempo is indicated as 'Lively'.

Sol - dier boy, sol - dier boy, where are you go - ing,

Wav - ing so proud - ly the Red, White, and Blue? I'm

go - ing to my Coun - try where du - ty is call - ing,

If you'll be a sol - dier boy, you may come too.

With spirit We'll All Go A-Singing

1st Child *2nd Child*

1. I will sing the first part; I'll be num - ber two; —
 2. I will be a butch - er, I will sell the meat; —

3rd Child *4th Child* *All*

I will take the third; And the fourth I'll try to do. And we'll
 I will be a tail - or And I will clothe your feet. And we'll

all go a - sing - ing, a - sing - ing. —
 all go a - trad - ing, a - trad - ing. —

Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley Grow

Quickly

1. Oats, peas, beans and bar-ley grow, Oats, peas, beans and bar - ley grow, Can
 2. Thus the far - mersow his seeds, Thus he stands and takes his ease —

you or I or an - y - one know How oats, peas, beans and bar - ley grow?
 Stamps his foot and claps his hands, And turns a - round and views his lands.

Wait - ing for a part - ner, Wait - ing for a part - ner
 Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la,

O - pen the ring and choose one in While we all gai - ly dance and sing.
 Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la.

Uncle John Is Very Sick

(Tune: Yankee Doodle)

Not very fast

Un-cle John is ver-y sick, what shall we send him?
Har-ry - - - so they say, goes a-court-ing night and day,

Three good wish-es, three good kis-ses, And a slice of gin - ger, What shall we
Sword and pis-tol by his side, takes Su-sie - - to be his bride. Take her by the

send it in? In a piece of pa - per, Pa-per is not good e-nough, but
li-ly white hand; Lead her o'er the wa - ter, Here's a kiss and there's a kiss for

in a gold-en sau - cer. Whom shall we send it by? By the Gov-nor's
Mis-ter - - - daugh - ter. Whom shall be his bride? Mis-ter - - -

daugh - ter, Take her by the li-ly white hand, and lead her o'er the wa - ter.
daugh - ter, Take her by the li-ly white hand, and lead her o'er the wa - ter.

Soldier, Soldier, Will You Marry Me?

Lively

Sol-dier, sol-dier, will you mar-ry me, With your knap-sack, fife and drum? "Oh

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Lively'. The lyrics are 'Sol-dier, sol-dier, will you mar-ry me, With your knap-sack, fife and drum? "Oh'. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff with chords and a simple bass line.

how can I mar-ry such a pret-ty maid as thee, When I've got no coat to put on?"

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'how can I mar-ry such a pret-ty maid as thee, When I've got no coat to put on?"'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a simple bass line.

Chorus

Then she ran a-way to the tail-or's shop, As fast as she could run, And she

The third system begins the chorus. The lyrics are 'Then she ran a-way to the tail-or's shop, As fast as she could run, And she'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a simple bass line.

bought him a coat of the ver-y, ver-y best, And the sol-dier put it on.

The fourth system concludes the chorus. The lyrics are 'bought him a coat of the ver-y, ver-y best, And the sol-dier put it on.'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a simple bass line.

SINGING GAMES AND FOLK DANCES



I'm Very, Very Tall

ELIZABETH ROSE FOGG

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a *Marcato* marking. The lyrics are: "I'm ve - ry, ve - ry tall, I'm ve - ry, ve - ry small;". The second staff continues with the lyrics: "Some - times tall, some - times small, Guess which I am now? *Accel - er - an - do.*". The score includes various dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *pp* (pianissimo).

The children are in a circle with one child in the center who covers her eyes. Some one in the circle is chosen to tell them which they are to be—tall or small—at the end of the game. As they sing, "I'm very, very tall," they all stretch up as high as ever they can. When singing, "I'm very, very small," they make themselves as tiny as possible. They stretch up again as they sing slowly—"sometimes tall" and down with—"sometimes small." After a very short pause while the one named at the beginning of the game gives the signal for them all to be either tall or small, they sing quickly, "Guess which I am now!"

For very little children it is better to change those having the principal parts each time the game is played.

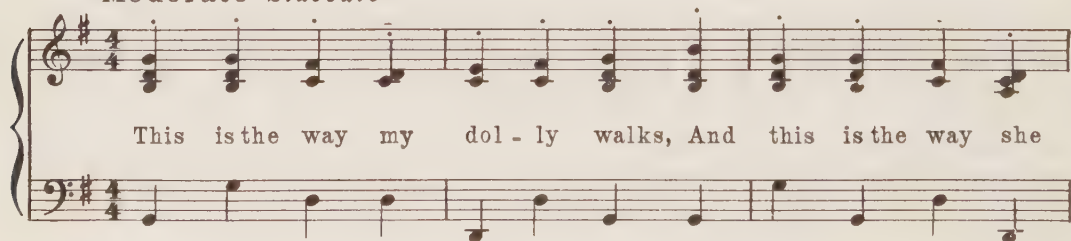
From Crawford's "Dramatic Games and Dances for Little Children," Copyright by A.S. Barnes and Company, Publishers



My Dolly

The children are in a circle. They make themselves very stiff in the joints and move like dolls as they go around singing the first stanza. During the second stanza they run, and during the third, they hop. At the fourth stanza, they push the spring in their chests with great vigor, and many times the words sung are the ones their own dolls speak, instead of the ones written above. It is needless to say that the laughing climax comes spontaneously at the end of the game.

Moderato Staccato



Runs. Allegro.

walks, you see. This is the way my dol - ly runs, and

The musical notation for 'Runs. Allegro.' consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. This is followed by a repeat sign and a 2/4 time signature. The melody continues with a quarter note C, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a quarter note F. The bass line starts with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. This is followed by a repeat sign and a 2/4 time signature. The bass line continues with a quarter note C, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a quarter note F.

Hops. Allegro.

this is the way she runs, you see. This is the way my

The musical notation for 'Hops. Allegro.' consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a quarter note C. This is followed by a repeat sign and a 2/4 time signature. The melody continues with a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a quarter note F. The bass line starts with a quarter note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a quarter note C. This is followed by a repeat sign and a 2/4 time signature. The bass line continues with a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a quarter note F.

dol - ly hops, and this is the way she hops, you see.

The musical notation for 'Hops. Allegro.' continuation consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a quarter note C. This is followed by a repeat sign and a 2/4 time signature. The melody continues with a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a quarter note F. The bass line starts with a quarter note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a quarter note C. This is followed by a repeat sign and a 2/4 time signature. The bass line continues with a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a quarter note F.

Talks. Lightly

This is the way my dol - ly talks, and this is the way she talks, you see.

The musical notation for 'Talks. Lightly.' consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a quarter note C. This is followed by a repeat sign and a 2/4 time signature. The melody continues with a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a quarter note F. The bass line starts with a quarter note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a quarter note C. This is followed by a repeat sign and a 2/4 time signature. The bass line continues with a quarter note D, a quarter note E, and a quarter note F.

CHILDREN'S POLKA

(Kinderpolka)

Formation. Single circle. Partners face each other. Join hands, arms extended at sides, shoulder high.

Measures 1-8. Glide polka towards center—slide, close, slide, close, three running steps in place. Repeat moving outward two measures. Repeat the whole step four measures.

Measures 9-12. Clap thighs with both hands. Clap own hands in slow time. Clap partner's hands three times in quick time. Repeat.

Measures 13-14. Point right toe forward, place right elbow in left hand, and shake finger at partner three times. Repeat left.

Measure 15. Turn complete circle right, with four jumps.

Measure 16. Stamp three times.

Repeat from beginning.

Children's Polka

The musical score for "Children's Polka" is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of 16 numbered measures across four systems. The first system contains measures 1-4, the second system contains measures 5-8, the third system contains measures 9-13, and the fourth system contains measures 14-16. The piano part (treble clef) features a melody with various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bass part (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte), *ff* (fortissimo), and *pp* (pianissimo). The piece concludes with a double bar line after measure 16.

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English Harvesters' Dance

Formation. Single circle. Partners face forward, hands on hips.

Measures 1-8. Run forward sixteen steps. Turn about and run sixteen steps to starting position. Finish facing partners.

Measures 9-16. Hook right arms and run sixteen steps, couple turning in place. Hook left arms and repeat to position. Finish side by side, facing forward.

Measures 17-24. Partners join inside hands and run forward twelve steps, the one on the inside turns in place, leading the one on the outside to the inside position with four running steps. Run twelve steps back to position and repeat the turn with four steps. Finish inside partner behind, outside in front, partners' hands clasped over head.

Repeat from beginning.



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Measures 9-12 of a musical score. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The melody in the treble clef consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass line in the bass clef consists of quarter notes. Measure 9: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3. Measure 10: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3. Measure 11: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3. Measure 12: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3.

Measures 13-16 of a musical score. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The melody in the treble clef consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass line in the bass clef consists of quarter notes. Measure 13: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3. Measure 14: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3. Measure 15: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3. Measure 16: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3.

Measures 17-20 of a musical score. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The melody in the treble clef consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass line in the bass clef consists of quarter notes. Measure 17: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3. Measure 18: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3. Measure 19: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3. Measure 20: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3.

Measures 21-24 of a musical score. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The melody in the treble clef consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass line in the bass clef consists of quarter notes. Measure 21: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3. Measure 22: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3. Measure 23: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3. Measure 24: Treble has F#4, A4, B4, A4, G4; Bass has F#3, A3, B3, A3, G3.

German Clap Dance

Now with your hands go clap, clap, clap, Now with your feet go

tap, tap, tap, Then have a care, My partner there, Or in our fun you'll have no share.

Formation. Two rows of four each, the one facing the other.

While singing: "Now with your hands go clap, clap, clap," (count one-and, two-and, to each measure), clap palms of hands on thighs, on 1st beat; together on "and"; on partner's right hand on 2; together on "and"; on partner's left hand on 1; together on "and"; and both hands of partner on 2. Turn back to back, holding partner's hands.

While singing: "Now with your feet go tap, tap, tap," circle around, reversing positions, and stamping feet in strict time. Turn facing each other.

While singing: "Then have a care, my partner there,
Or in our fun you'll have no share,"

couple at one end raise hands making an arch. Second couple pass under, forming arch in turn; third couple follows under two arches, forming third arch; fourth couple passes through the three arches making the fourth, and first couple passes under the three; all swing around to original positions, on closing bars.

Swedish Clap Dance

(Klappdans)

Formation. Double circle. Partners face forward. Join inside hands, outside hands on hips.

Measures 1-8. Polka step forward, beginning with outside foot—step, close, step; alternating feet.

Measures 1-8 (repeated). Heel and toe polka, bending backward on “heel,” and forward on “toe.”

Measures 9-12. Face partners and bow. Up. Clap three times. Repeat.

Measures 13-14. Clap partner’s right hand. Clap own hands. Clap partner’s left hand. Clap own hands.

Measure 15. Turn to left striking right hand against partner’s.

Measure 16. Stamp three times.

Measures 9-16. Repeat.

Repeat from beginning.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, key of D major (one sharp). It consists of three systems of five measures each, numbered 1 through 16. Measure 16 ends with a double bar line and "D.C." (Da Capo). The notation includes various dynamics: *f* (forte) in measures 1, 9, and 10; and *mf* (mezzo-forte) in measure 13. Accents are placed over many notes. The bass line is generally simpler than the treble line, often providing harmonic support with chords or single notes.

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I SEE YOU

Formation. Form two double rows facing each other. Those in the front stand clasping the hands of their neighbors; those in the rear with hands resting on the hips of those in front.

While singing: "I see you, I see you," front row take one step to the right, then bring left foot to right foot. Now take one step to the left, and bring the right foot to the left foot. Second row peep at the players opposite, first to the left and then to the right over the shoulders of those in front.

While singing: "Ti-ralla-ralla-lalla-la," first row stand still, and sway heads, alternately from right to left. Second row hide behind those in front.
(Repeat.)

While singing: "You see me, and I see you,

And you take me, and I take you,"

first row break hold and clap hands keeping time to the music; stepping back one step as rear row comes forward. Second row step forward to the right of those in front, and each shakes a forefinger at opposite partner, and on the sixth line, swing each other around reversing sides.

While singing: "And you see me, and I see you,

And you take me, and I take you,"

front row faces the rear, repeats the gesture and swing, leaving former front row in the rear and vice versa for next formation.

I See You

I see you, I see you, Ti - ral - la - ral - la -

The first system of the musical score for 'I See You'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with occasional chords.

lal-la - la! I see you, I see you, Ti - ral - la - ral - la - la!

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with a series of eighth notes and a final quarter note. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, with some chords in the treble staff.

You see me and I see you, And you take me and I take you, And

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody includes a half note and a quarter note. The piano accompaniment features a more active treble line with eighth-note runs.

you see me, and I see you, And you take me and I take you.

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with a half note and a quarter note. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the treble staff.

THE CARROUSEL

Formation. Two circles, one within the other.

While singing: "Pretty children, sweet and gay,

Carrousel is running.

It will run all evening,"

the circles turn to the right, all holding hands.

While singing: "Little ones a nickel, big ones a dime.

Hurry up, get a mate, or you'll surely be too late,"

break clasped hands, and dance the "chain," inner circle to the left and outer to the right.

While singing: "Ha-ha-ha, happy are we,

Andersen and Petersen and Hendersen and me

Ha-ha-ha, happy are we,

Andersen and Petersen and Hendersen and me,"

form circles again, holding hands. Inner circle wheels to the left, and outer to the right.

The Carrousel

Pret - ty child - ren, sweet and gay, Car - rou - sel is run - ning,

It will run till eve-ning. Lit - tle ones a nick - el, big ones a dime, Hur - ry

up, get a mate, or you'll sure - ly be too late. Ha - ha - ha,

hap - py are we, An - der - sen and Pet - er - sen and Hen - der - sen and me.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time. The vocal line is on a single treble staff. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand, often using chords and moving lines.

WINDMILL DANCE

Formation. Four children stand in the center of a ring of eight.

While singing: "We're stepping gaily in a ring, in a ring, in a ring—" those in center hold hands and wheel to left; each holding partner's left hand, facing opposite ways. Those in ring hold hands and wheel to right.

While singing: "We're stepping gaily in a ring, All gaily while we sing" both rows repeat, reversing the motion of the rings; those in the center turning and taking partner's right hand, and circle to right.

While singing: "Now round and round, so fast we go, Now round and round so fast we go," those in ring, in couples, link right arms with those in the center, and forming a windmill, wheel to the right.

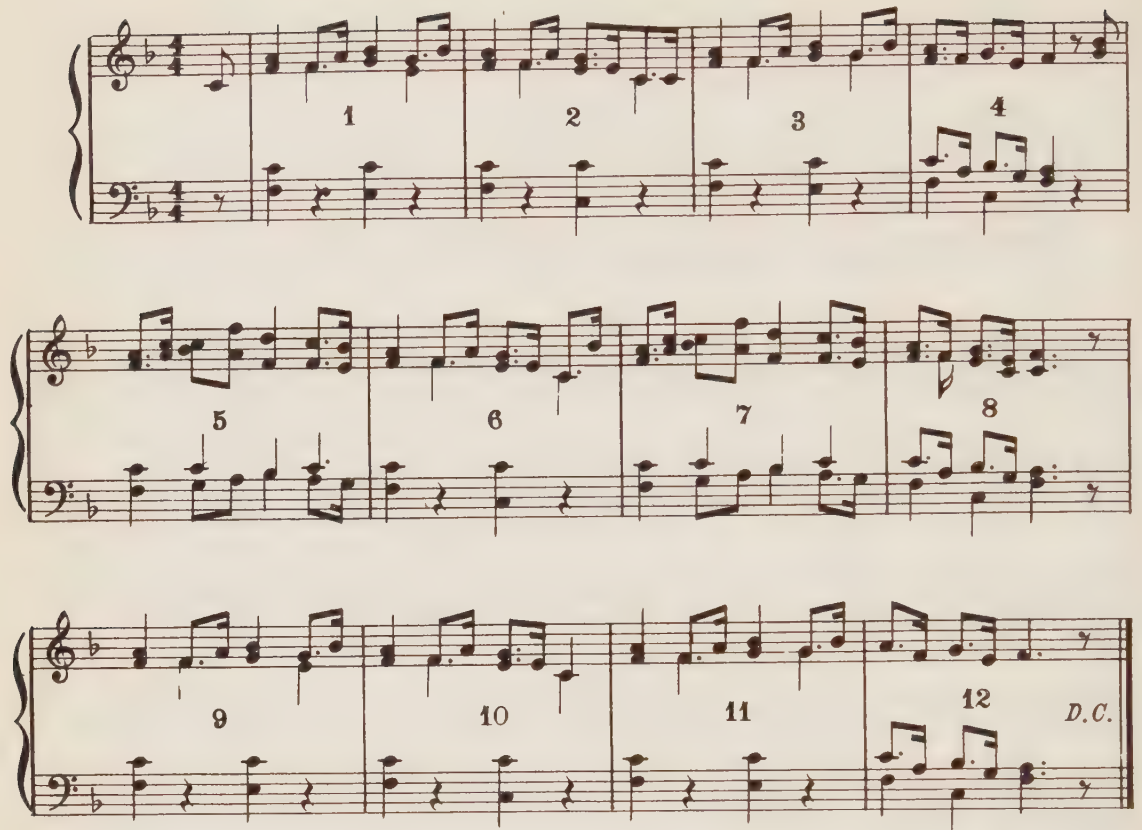
While singing: "We're playing gaily in a ring, All gaily while we sing," those in ring separate from inner circle, face one another, hold hands of partner and swing once. Join hands all around, again forming ring, and circle to left. Those in center continue circling to right.

Windmill Dance

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

We're step-ping gai-ly in a ring, in a ring, in a ring, We're
step-ping gai - ly in a ring, All gai - ly while we sing. Now
round and round so fast they go, Now round and round so fast they go, We're
play - ing gai - ly in a ring, All gai - ly while we sing.

Highland Schottische



Formation. Stand in couples, adjoining arms encircling one another's backs, and opposite hands joined in front.

Measures 1-4. Raise right foot, bringing it across left knee, then slide it forward to right on accentuated beat; bring left foot quickly up to right and hop. Repeat three times, then break encircling hold, and pass under clasped hands which are raised in arch; turn. Repeat with left foot sliding forward, till original positions are resumed.

Measures 5-6. Link right arms, facing opposite ways. Start with right foot, sliding it forward, bring up left foot, with a short step on right. Repeat, alternating the slide from right to left, and back again, four times.

Measures 7-8. Reverse and repeat.

Measures 9-12. Repeat first movement to Measures 1-4.



Three Little Kittens

1. Three lit - tle kit - tens put on their mit - tens To
 2. Three lit - tle kit - tens they lost their mit - tens, And
 3. You naugh - ty kit - tens, go find your mit - tens, Or
 4. Three lit - tle kit - tens they found their mit - tens, And
 5. Oh, gran - ny dear, — our mit - tens are here, Make

eat some Christ - mas pie — Miaou, —
 all be - gan to cry — Miaou, —
 you shall have no pie! — Miaou, —
 joy - ful - ly did cry — Miaou, —
 haste and cut the pie! — Purr - rr,

miaou, — miaou, — miaou!
 miaou, — miaou, — miaou!
 miaou, — miaou, — miaou!
 miaou, — miaou, — miaou!
 purr - rr, purr - rr, purr.

See also "Songs for The Camp" in "WOODCRAFT AND CAMPING"

George C. Holland

O Canada

Lavallée-Tremblay

Maestoso e risoluto

mf sostenuto *poco rit.*

mf

O Ca - na - da, my coun - try vast and free, Dow - er'd art thou by
 O Ca - na - da, no sor - did dream be - guiled Thy pi - o - neers to
 O Ca - na - da, with bound - less faith in thee, Thy peo - ple hail thy

mp

Na - ture lav - ish - ly. All the wealth is thine of
 seek the for - est wild. With de - vot - ed hearts and
 glo - rious des - ti - ny. May the cir - cling years thy

p

stream and hill, Of for - est lake and plain; Thine the
 pur - pose pure Their lives they gave to thee, That thy
 pow'r ex - pand, Thy sway and Tame in - crease; May thy

fruit-ful soil that free-men till And treas-ure of the main.
 broad do-main, from foes se-cure, Should Free-dom's dwell-ing be.
 loy-al sons u-nit-ed stand For broth-er-hood and peace.

f
 O land be-loved, what-e'er be-tide,
 O land be-loved, what-e'er be-tide,
 O land be-loved, what-e'er be-tide,

For home and Em-pire stand with God thy guide,
 For home and Em-pire stand with God thy guide,
 For home and Em-pire stand with God thy guide,

For home and Em-pire stand with God thy guide. *D.C.*
 For home and Em-pire stand with God thy guide. *D.C.*
 For home and Em-pire stand with God thy guide. *D.C.*

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground

WALTER KITTREDGE

arr. by W. J. B.

Moderato (♩ = 80)

1. We're tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground,
 2. We've been tent - ing to - night on the old camp ground,
 3. We are tir - ed of war on the old camp ground,
 4. We've been fight - ing to - day on the old camp ground,

legato

Give us a song to cheer Our wea - ry hearts, a
 Think-ing of days gone by, Of the lov'd ones at home that
 Man - y are dead and gone; Of the brave and true who've
 Man - y are ly - ing near; Some are dead and

song of home, And friends we love so dear,
 gave us the hand, And the tear that said "Good - bye!"
 left their homes, Others been wound - ed long.
 some are dy - ing, Man - y are in tears.

Man - y are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night,

Wish-ing for the war to cease, Man-y are the hearts that are

look-ing for the right To see the dawn of peace.

p meno mosso *rit. e dim.*
 Tent-ing to - night, Tent ing to - night, Tent-ing on the old camp ground.
 Dy - ing to - night, dy - ing to - night, dy - ing on the old camp ground.

The Quilting Party

arr. by W. J. B.

Allegro (♩=100)

1. In the sky the bright stars glit - tered, On the
 2. On my arm a soft hand rest - ed, Rest - ed
 3. On my lips a whis - per trem - bled, Trem - bled
 4. On my life new hopes were dawn - ing, And those

legato

bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
 light as o - cean foam; And 'twas
 till it dared to come; And 'twas
 hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas

from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty I was
 from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty I was
 from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty I was
 from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty I was

Chorus

see - ing Nell-ie home.
 see - ing Nell-ie home.
 see - ing Nell-ie home.
 see - ing Nell-ie home.

I was see - ing Nell - ie

home, I was see - ing Nell - ie

home; And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's

quilt-ing par - ty I was see - ing Nell - ie home.

Long, Long Ago

T. H. BAYLY
arr. by W. J. B.

Moderato (♩ = 76)

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go,
2. Do you re - mem - ber the path where we met; Long, long a - go,
3. Though by your kind - ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go,

long, long a - go. Sing me the songs I de -
long, long a - go? Ah! yes, you told me you
long, long a - go. You by more el - e - quent

light - ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
ne'er would for - get, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
lips have been praised, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

Now you are come all my grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so
 Then to all oth - ers my smile you pre-ferred, Love, when you spoke, gave a
 But by long ab - sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I

long you have roved, Let me be - lieve that you
 charm to each word; Still my heart treas - ures the
 lis - ten with pride, Blest as I was when I

love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
 prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a go.
 sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a go.

Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground

S.C. FOSTER
arr. by W. J. B.

Moderato (♩ = 76)

Round de mea-dows an a - ring - ing, De dark - ies' mourn - ful
When de au - tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were
Mas - sa make de dark - ies love him, 'Cayse he was so

song, cold, kind, 'Twas hard to hear old mas - sa call - ing,
Now dey sad - ly weep a - bove him,

Hap - py as de day am long. Where de iv - y am a -
'Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or - ange trees am
Mourning 'cayse he leave dem be - hind. I can - not work be - fore to -

creep - ing O'er de grass - y mound,
bloom - ing On de san - dy shore,
mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow; I

Dere old mas-sa am a - sleep - ing Sleep-ing in de cold, cold
 Now de sum-mer days am com - ing, Mas - sa neb - er calls no
 try to drive a - way my sor - row Pick - ing on de old ban -

ground.
 more.
 jo. Down in de corn - field,

Hear dat mourn - ful sound; All de dark - ies am a

weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

The Jolly Miller

Old Air

Allegro moderato

There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Lived on the riv - er Dee; — He
I live by my mill, She is to me Like pa - rent, child, and wife; — I

leggiero

worked and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he. — And
would not change my sta - tion, For an - y oth - er in life. — No

poco

this the bur - den of his song For - ev - er used to be: — I
law - yer, sur - geon, doc - tor, Ev - er had a goat from me: — I

cresc.

care for no - bod - y, no, not I, And no - bod - y cares for me. —
care for no - bod - y, no, not I, And no - bod - y cares for me. —

Old Folks at Home

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Moderato

mp

1. Way down up-on de Swa-nee River, Far, far a-way,
 { All up an' down de whole cre - a-tion Sad - ly I roam,
 2. All roun' de lit - tle farm I wander'd When I was young,
 { When I was play-in' wid my brother, Hap - py was I;
 3. One lit-tle hut a - mong de bushes, One dat I love,
 { When will I see de bees a - hummin' All roun' de comb?

1 2

{ Dere's wha' my heart is turning ever, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
 { Still long-in' for de old plantation, An' for de old folks at home.
 { Den man-y hap-py days I squander'd, Many de songs I sung.
 { Oh! take me to my kind old mother, Dare let me live and die..
 { Still sad - ly to my men'ry rushes, No matter where I rove.
 { When will I hear de ban-jo tunmin' Down in my good old home!

Chorus

mf

O, all de world am sad and drear-y Ev'-ry-where I roam;

mp

Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

My Old Kentucky Home

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Andante con tenuto

p

I. The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home, 'Tis
The young folks roll on the lit - tle cabin floor, All

summer the darkies are gay; The
merry, all hap-py and bright; By'n

corntop's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, while the
by hard times comes a-knocking at the door, Then my

1 2
birds make mus - ic all the day;
old Ken - tuck - y home, good night!

Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to -

day! We will sing one song for the

old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home, far a - way.

2 They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
 On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
 On the bench by the old cabin door;
 The days go by like a shadow o'er the heart,
 With sorrow where all was delight;
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

3 The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
 Wherever the darky may go;
 A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
 In the field where the sugar-canes grow;
 A few more days for to tote the weary load,
 No matter, 'twill never be light;
 A few more days till we totter on the road,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Old Black Joe

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Andante moderato



mf

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The



Gone are my friends from the cot-ton-fields a - way;
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain,
 child - ren so dear, that I held up - on my knee?



Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know; I
 Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go? I
 Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I



hear those gen - tle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
 hear those gen - tle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
 hear those gen - tle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Chorus

p

I'm com - ing, I'm com-ing, for my head is bend-ing low; I

mf

hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

My Bonnie

In waltz time

American Folk Melody

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean,... My Bon - nie lies

2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low,... Last night as I

3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean,... And blow, ye winds,

4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean.... The winds have blown

o - ver the sea;..... My Bon - nie lies o - ver the

lay on my bed;..... Last night as I lay on my

o - ver the sea;..... Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the

o - ver the sea;..... The winds have blown o - ver the

o - cean,.... Oh, bring back my Bon-nie to me.....
 pil - low,.... I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.....
 o - -cean,.... And bring back my Bon-nie to me.....
 o - -cean,.... And bro't back my Bon-nie to me.....

Chorus (slower)

Bring back, bring back, bring back my

Bon - nie to me, to me; Bring back,

bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me.....

Home, Sweet Home

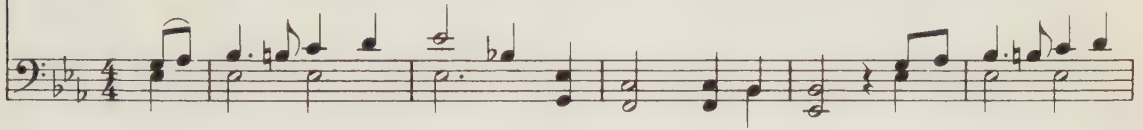
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

HENRY R. BISHOP

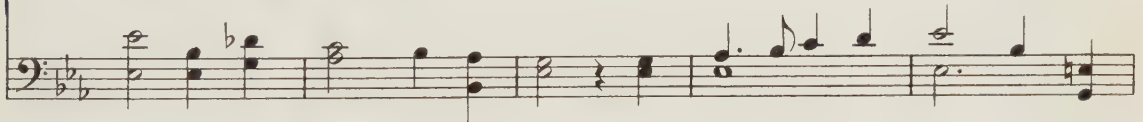
Andantino



1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain, Oh! give me my
3. How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile, And the cares of a



hum - ble there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to
low - ly thatch'd cot - age a - gain! The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that
moth - er to soothe and be - guile. Let oth - ers de - light 'mid new



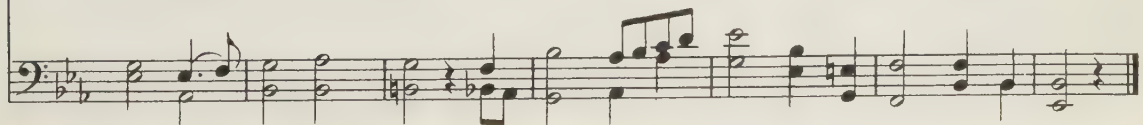
hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
come at my call; Give me them, and that peace of mind dear - er than all.
pleasures to roam, But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.



Chorus



Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There is no place like home, There is no place like home.



I Been Workin' on the Railroad

Moderato



Oh! I've been work - in' on the rail - road,

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line begins with a treble clef staff containing a single eighth note F#4, followed by a double bar line and a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The bass clef staff starts with a whole note F#3, followed by a double bar line and a series of eighth notes: G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3. The piece concludes with a final chord of F#3 and C5 in the bass clef, held for two measures.

All the live long day. I've been work - in' on the

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line begins with a treble clef staff containing a single eighth note F#4, followed by a double bar line and a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The bass clef staff starts with a whole note F#3, followed by a double bar line and a series of eighth notes: G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3. The piece concludes with a final chord of F#3 and C5 in the bass clef, held for two measures.

rail - road, just to pass the time a - way.

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line begins with a treble clef staff containing a single eighth note F#4, followed by a double bar line and a series of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The bass clef staff starts with a whole note F#3, followed by a double bar line and a series of eighth notes: G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3. The piece concludes with a final chord of F#3 and C5 in the bass clef, held for two measures.

Don't you hear the whis - tle blow - in ?

Rise up so ear-ly in the morn',

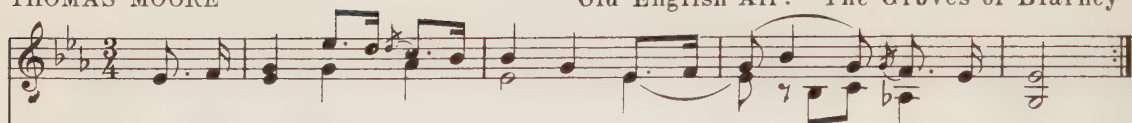
Don't you hear the cap - tain shout - ing:

"Din - ah, blow your horn." (Oh) horn."—

The Last Rose of Summer

THOMAS MOORE

Old English Air: "The Groves of Blarney"



1 { 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom - ing alone;
All her love - ly com - panions Are fad - ed and gone;



No flow'r of her kindred, No rose - bud is nigh.....



To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.



2 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!

To pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

3 So soon may I follow

When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Juanita

CAROLINE NORTON

Spanish Melody

Moderato



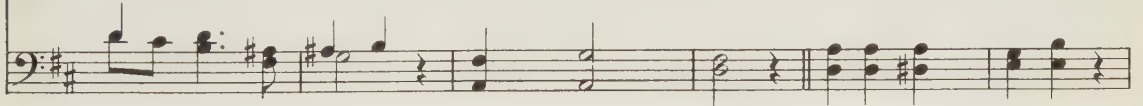
Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain,
When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beam-ing



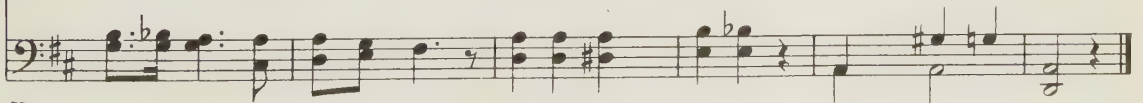
Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain; Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,



Weary looks yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!



Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!



Allegretto

(L) (C) (L)

mf

1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, Tral la la, Tral la la, As

(C) (L) (C)

through an Alpine village passed, Tral la la la! A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A

rall. Chorus *a tempo*

banner with the strange device: U - pi-dee - i, dee - i, - da, U - pi-dee, U - pi-da,

Fine

U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee - i - da! (rattle) r-r-r yah! yah! yah! yah!

(L)—Leader or Soloist; (C)—All the crowd

2. His brow was sad, his eye beneath, Tra-etc.
Flashed like a falchion from its sheaf, Tra-etc.
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue:—СНО.
4. At break of day as heavenward, Tra-etc.
The pious monks of Saint Bernard, Tra-etc.
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air:—СНО.
3. "O stay," the maiden said, "and rest," Tra-etc.
"Thy weary head upon this breast," Tra-etc.
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh:—СНО.
5. A traveller, by the faithful hound, Tra-etc.
Half buried in the snow was found, Tra-etc.
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device:—СНО

Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

Moderato

mf

1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And nev - er brought to
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes. And pu'd the gow-ans

mind? Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
 fine, We've wander'd mony a wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll

take a cup o' kindness yet, For auld lang syne.

3. We twa ha'e sported i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine,
 But seas between us braid ha'e roared
 Sin' auld lang syne.

4. And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
 And gie's a hand o' thine,
 We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

Annie Laurie

Moderato



1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, 'Twas
 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her



there that An - nie Lau - rie Gi'd me her prom - ise true; Gi'd
 face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That



me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for
 e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for



bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down an' dee.



Polly Wolly Doodle

American Folk Tune



1. Oh. I went down South for to see my Sal; Sing
 2. Oh, my Sal she am a maid - en fair; Sing
 3. Oh! I came to a river, an' I couldn't get a-cross, Sing

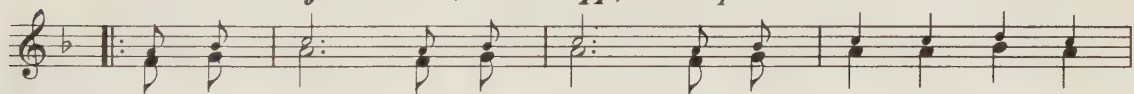


- "Pol - ly - Wol - ly - Doo - dle" all the day! My Sal - ly am a
 "Pol - ly - Wol - ly - Doo - dle" all the day! With laughing eyes and
 "Pol - ly - Wol - ly - Doo - dle" all the day! An' I jumped upon a donkey, for I



- spunk - y gal, Sing
 cur - ly hair, Sing "Pol - ly - Wol - ly - Doo - dle" all the day!
 thought he was a hoss, Sing

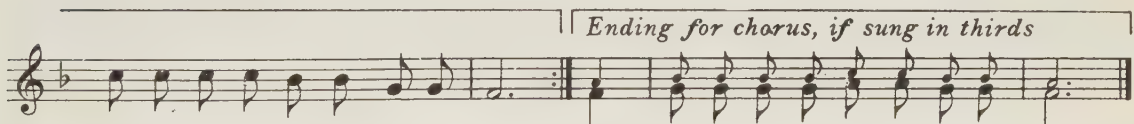
Chorus 1st time *f*, in unison, 2nd time *pp*, in two parts



- Fare-thee-well! Fare-thee-well, Fare - thee - well, my fai - ry



- fay! Oh, I'm off to Louisi - an - a, for to see my Su - sy An-na, Singing



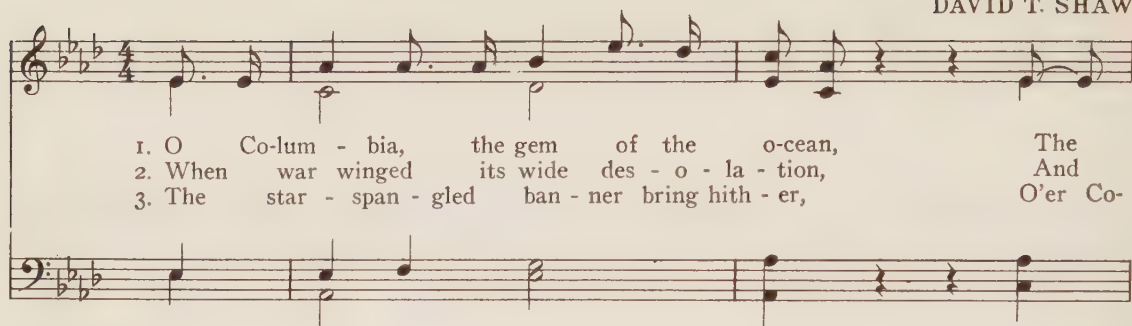
Ending for chorus, if sung in thirds

- "Pol-ly-Wol-ly - Doo-dle" all the day. Sing "Pol-ly-Wol-ly-Doo-dle" all the day.

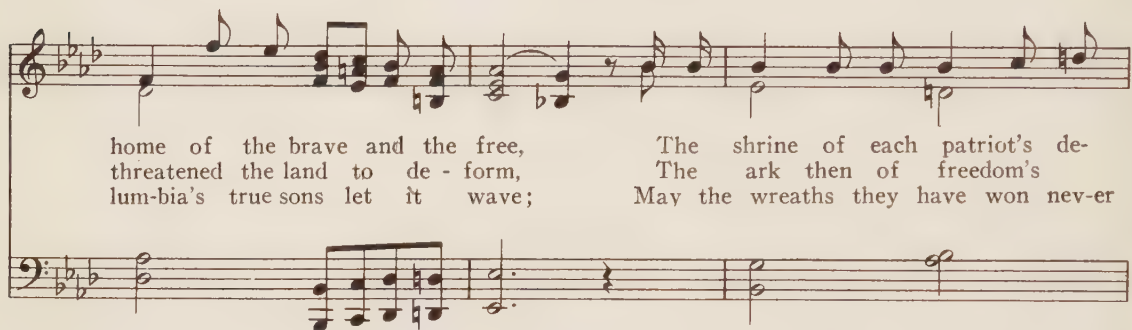
4. Oh! grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track; Sing "Polly, etc."
 A-pickin' his teeth with a carpet tack, Sing "Polly, etc."
5. Behind de barn down, down on my knees; Sing "Polly, etc."
 I thought I heard a chicken sneeze, Sing "Polly, etc."
6. He sneezed so hard with the whoopin' cough; Sing "Polly, etc."
 He sneezed his head an' his tail right off; Sing "Polly, etc."
7. There was an old lady, and she had a bad dream; Sing "Polly, etc."
 She dreamt that a donkey swallowed her sewing-machine; Sing "Polly, etc."

Columbia the Gem of the Ocean

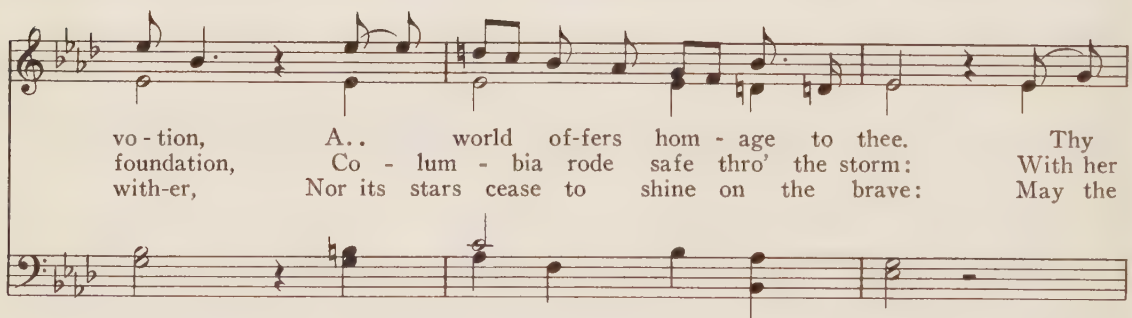
DAVID T. SHAW



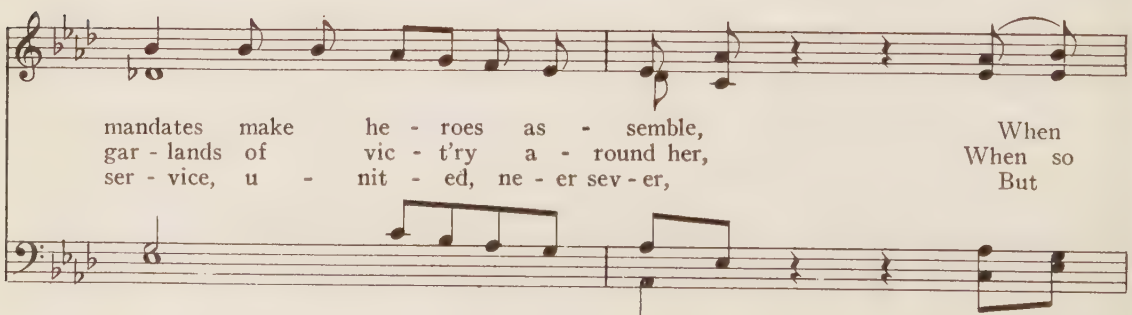
1. O Co-lum - bia, the gem of the o-cean, The
 2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And
 3. The star - span - gled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Co-



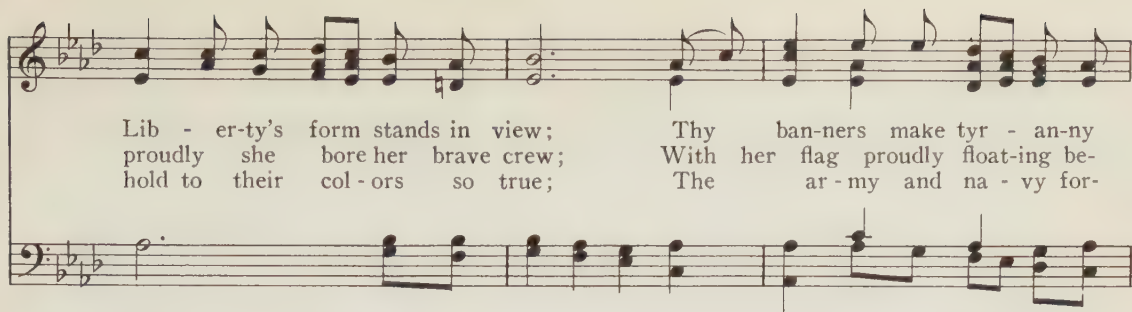
home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each patriot's de-
 threatened the land to de - form, The ark then of freedom's
 lum-bia's true sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won nev-er



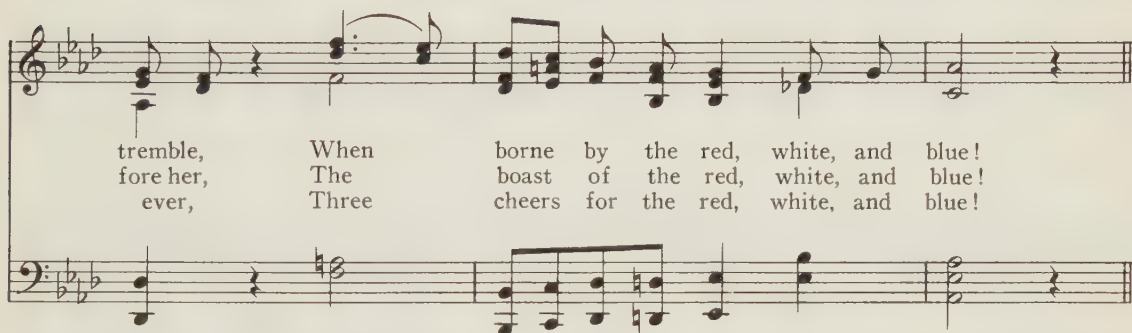
vo - tion, A.. world of-fers hom - age to thee. Thy
 foundation, Co - lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm: With her
 with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave: May the



mandates make he - roes as - semble, When
 gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so
 ser - vice, u - nit - ed, ne - ver sev - er, But




Lib - er-ty's form stands in view; Thy ban-ners make tyr - an-ny
proudly she bore her brave crew; With her flag proudly float-ing be-
hold to their col - ors so true; The ar - my and na - vy for-

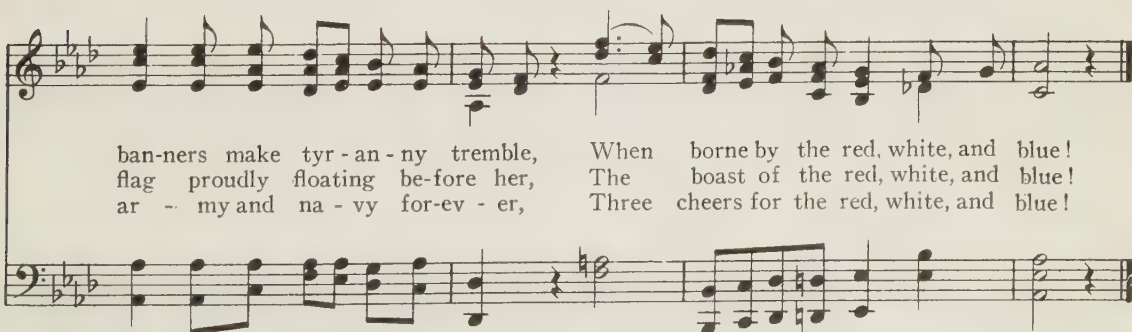


tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
ever, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Chorus



When borne by the red, white, and blue! When borne by the red, white, and blue! Thy
The boast of the red, white, and blue! The boast of the red, white, and blue! With her
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! The



ban-ners make tyr - an - ny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
flag proudly floating be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
ar - my and na - vy for-ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Dixie

I. { 1 wish I was in de land ob cotton, Old times dar am not forgot-ten, Look a-
 In Dix-ie land whar I was born in, Early on one frost-y mornin', Look a-

way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land I'll

take my stand to lib and die in Dix-ie, A - way, A - way, A -

way down south in Dixie, A - way, A-way, A-way down south in Dixie.

Old Missus marry "Will de-Weaber"
Willium, was a gay deceaber;

Look away, etc.

But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder,

Look away, etc.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab'er ;

Look away, etc.

Old Missus acted the foolish part,
An' died for a man dat broke her heart,

Look away, etc.

Now here's a health to de next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;

Look away, etc.

But if you want to drive 'way sorrow
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,

Look away, etc.

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;

Look away, etc.

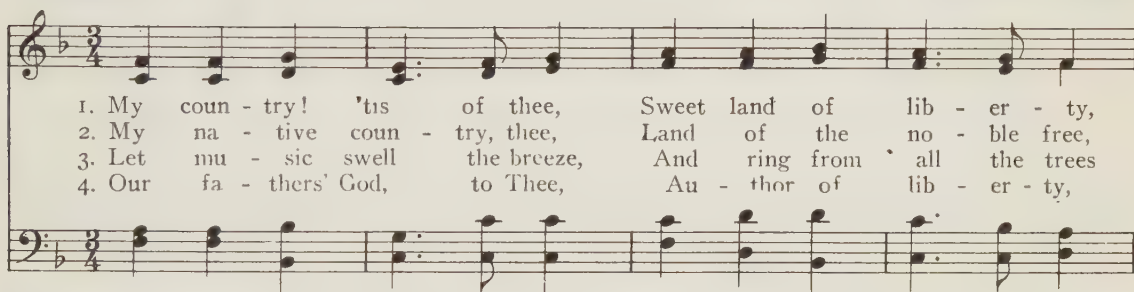
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabble,

Look away, etc.

My Country 'tis of Thee

S. F. SMITH

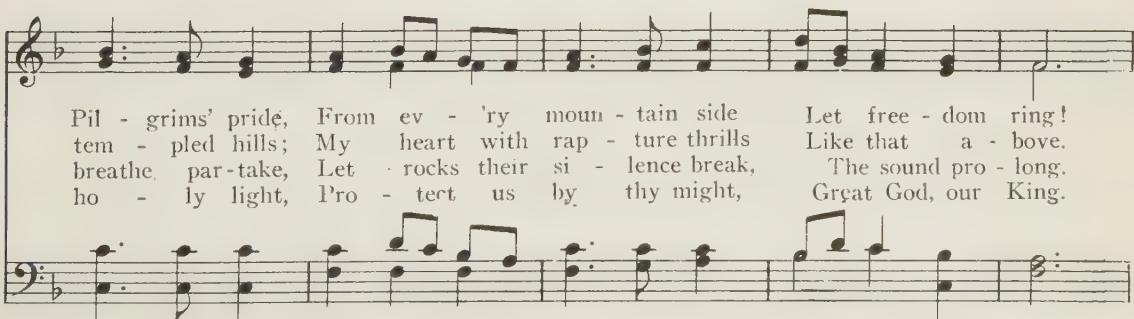
HENRY CAREY



1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's



Pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

The Star Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

With spirit (♩ = 104)

1. O . . . say! can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
 2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
 3. O . . . thus be it ev-er when, freemen shall stand Be -

proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad
 foe's haughty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
 tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with

stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
 that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
 vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the

ramparts we watched, were so gal - lant - ly streaming?
 fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es?
 Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion!

mf

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full
 Then . . conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And

mf

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
 glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines on the stream:
 this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!"

Chorus (♩ = 96)

f

O . . say, does that Star - span - gled Ban - ner yet wave O'er the
 'Tis the Star - span - gled Banner, O long may it wave O'er the
 And the Star - span - gled Banner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the

f

ff

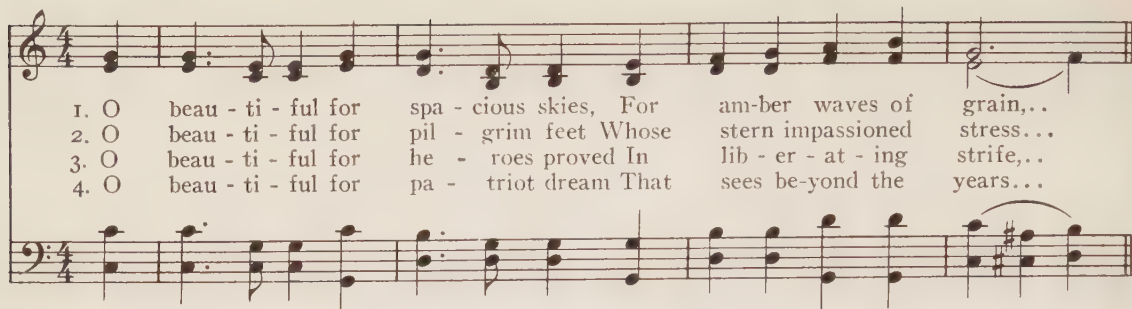
land of the free and the home of the brave?
 land of the free and the home of the brave?
 land of the free and the home of the brave!

ff


America the Beautiful

KATHARINE LEE BATES

SAMUEL A. WARD



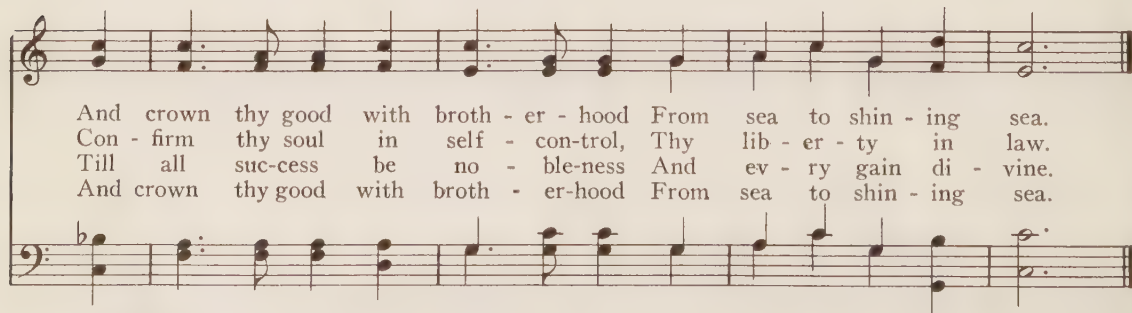
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain...
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet Whose stern impassioned stress...
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife...
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years...



For pur - ple mountain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain...
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness...
 Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life....
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Undimmed by hu - man tears...



A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee...
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - ry flaw...
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine...
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee...



And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law.
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness And ev - ry gain di - vine.
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

The Bass strongly marked from * to *.

Yankee Doodle

American Folk Song



1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A-
2. And there we saw a thousand men, As
3. And there was Cap - tain Wash-ing-ton, Up-
4. And then the feath - ers in his hat, They



- long with Captain Good'in, And there we saw the
rich as Squire Da - vid; And what they wast-ed
on a slapping stal - lion, A - giv - ing or - ders
look'd so ve - ry fine, ah! I want - ed pesk - i -



- men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
to his men; I guess there was a mil - lion.
ly to get To give to my Je - mi - ma.

Chorus.



- Yan - kee Doo - dle, keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle Dan - dy;



- Mind the music and the step and with the girls be han - dy.

5. And there I saw a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.—CHO.

6. And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder.
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.—CHO.

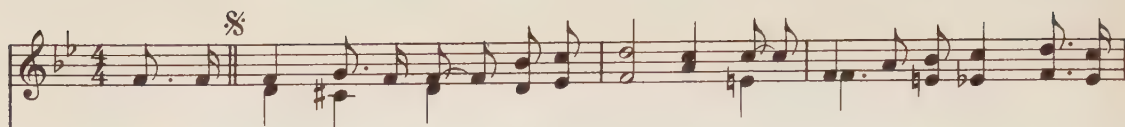
7. And there I saw a little keg,
Its head all made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the men together.—CHO

8. And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.—CHO.

9. The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.—CHO.

10. It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home
Locked up in mother's chamber.—CHO.

The Church in the Wildwood



1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild-wood, No love-li - er place in the
Come to the church in the wild-wood O, come to the church in the



dale, No spot is so dear to my child - hood as the
dale, No spot is so dear to my child - hood as the



lit - tle brown church in the vale. O come, come, come, come,



2 Come to the church in the wildwood,
To the tree where the wildflowers bloom;
Where the parting hymn shall be chanted
We will rest by the side of the tomb.

CHO. Then come; — — — come to the church in the wildwood,
For there's where my love used to be;
She could dance, she could sing, she could turn a hand-spring.
She could climb up a sycamore tree.

To the New Year (Ring Out, Wild Bells)

ALFRED TENNYSON

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN



1. Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring,
 2. Ring out old shapes of foul dis-ease; Ring
 3. Ring in the va-liant man and free, The



hap - py bells, a - cross the snow, The year is go - ing,
 out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand
 larg - er heart, the kind - lier hand; Ring out the darkness



let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.
 wars of old, Ring in the thou-sand years of peace,
 of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.







